

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY



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1907

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SAPOLIO

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A Prayer for Holy Night

Lord, let Thine Eastern Star that led those three
Upon whom years agone sweet Mary smiled,
Send down its beams where babeless Marys be
With hungry hearts, all wistful for a child.

Lord, bid Thy Star that poured its ruby light
A glowing pathway, trod by angel feet,
Send down its beams where angels plod to-night,
Sad-eyed, unwinged, along the frozen street.

Lord, let Thy Star on Wise Men burn so bright
That it will lead their steps into that place
Where children toil, each thinking on this night
With bitter tears upon a small white face.

Garnet Noel Wiley.



The Royal Picture Gallery, Dresden

THE SISTINE MADONNA, BY RAPHAEL

From a color print by Hansstaengl

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PAINTING AND THE WORD

THE WORD OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN



PAINTERS very properly resent the suggestion of their art being beholden to literature. They assert its independence as an art of expression; and not the less stoutly because certain painters have exhibited a dependence upon literature, or, at least, the literary point of view. But that Rossetti, for example, expended much of his talent in transmuting the word-pictures of Dante into pictures of paint, they regard, not as a phase of principle, but as an exceptional episode due to the individual bias of that artist. It is one that is to be taken rather as a warning than an example. For Rossetti from boyhood was steeped in the literature of Dante; he was himself as much poet as painter, and in each direction his art suffered by the confusion of motives.

It was because I concur, as all thoughtful persons must, in this *amour propre* of the painter, that, when I was asked to write something about the relation of Painting and Literature, I selected the above title—Painting and the Word. It may sound a little enigmatic, but is simple enough when we have cleared up the meaning that we attach to "the Word." Then, I think, we shall find we have a very convenient topic for discussion, since it presents a fixed central idea, and yet admits an adjustable radius, so that we can circumscribe the subject closely or expand it at will.

I am then seeking back of painting and of literature for that force which has influenced both to separate forms of expression—the thought of the age. Whether it originated in the mind of one man or simultaneously in the minds of many, it is at first like the Spirit of God moving upon

the face of the waters. Then the Spirit speaks; someone gathers the vagueness of thought into the form of speech, and there is Light. To the spoken word, in time, is given the precision of the written word; and this after many rewritings may evolve into the permanence of literature. Meanwhile, whether it does or not, the thought in the spoken and written word is germinating in the minds and hearts of the people, a vital force that affects belief and conduct. It is no monopoly of the literary man; it is the common property of its age, a possession of strength or weakness to each and every one, according as the individual works in harmony with or in opposition to the collective force. I do not forget that in a given age the written and the spoken word that makes itself most heard may be claptrap. If so, it is because it is the word of fashion and not of life; the formulation of what passes current in the self-constituted superiority that happens to be the Society of the day. It is not an expression of those deeper, often unconscious impulses that well up out of the massed heart of the people. It was to this latter source that Richard Wagner looked for that impulse which "urges from Life into the Work of Art." His position, as laid down in "The Art Work of the Future," is summed up by Arthur Symons: "The people alone can feel a common and collective want; without this want there can be no need; without need no necessary action; where there is no necessary action, caprice enters, and caprice is the mother of all unnaturalness. Out of caprice, or an imagined need, come luxury, fashion and the whole art-traffic of our shameless age."

It is, then, the *vox populi*, the utterance through the spoken or written word of a common or collective want, in its influence upon painting at different periods, that I shall try to examine. We may pass in review the varying effects of the Word of Classic Literature; the Dramatic Word, as spoken from the stage; the Poetic Word, and the Word of Realistic Prose

and of the present Daily Press; but begin with the most important—the Word of the Christian Faith.

I call it the most important, not because of its intrinsic import, which is another matter, but because of its potency during the greatest period of painting, so that the noblest works of the Italian Renaissance are religious, at least in subject. On the other hand, because the art of religious painting has gradually declined, until to-day it is practically non-existent, it need not be suggested that in religion itself there has been a corresponding decay of vitality. That again is another matter. The truer inference, from the point of view of our present subject, is that the common and collective religious want of to-day no longer has need of expressing itself in the art of painting; that it even recoils from the naïveté and inadequacy of the attempt. Whether the religious need of to-day be satisfied with the recognition of a divinely sanctioned ethical system, or seek to discover the spiritual relation of humanity to the universe, it demands an interpretation and expression, on the one hand more practical, on the other more complex and embracing than pictures in paint can give. For the world has grown too old to find ideas seem more real when interpreted into bodily forms. On the contrary, such forms are apt to act as limitations to the imagination.

But it was not so in the days of the Renaissance, any more than in the classic age of Hellas. In both periods the common and collective need demanded that the Word be embodied in the likeness of human form. At no other time has that need been so single-hearted; consequently never have the artists of form been so necessary to the community or enjoyed such opportunities of service as in those periods. In each case the need was a twofold one, voicing itself in the word of religious Faith and in the word of life. The consciousness of life was poignant and intense; the joy of life unbounded; the beauty of external form was the



Avenue Chapel, Padua

THE ENTOMBMENT, BY Giotto (1266-1337)

symbol not only of life but of faith. It is worth while to note the correspondences and differences represented by these two periods.

The Classic, as the Renaissance, was a period of renewal of health after sickness—a time of exalted mind and of glorying in recovered strength such as we may have experienced in our own selves after nearly mortal sickness. For, while we know the Renaissance to have come to birth from the throes of the Middle Ages, it is apt to be overlooked that the Classic age also emerged from a corresponding jungle of darkness. In each case a period of high enthusiasm and of great art had been born of spiritual conflict. For Hellas not only had experienced the fury and confusion of foreign invasion and domestic rivalries, but she had emerged from the darkness of

spiritual conflict with the powers invisible. It is only necessary to read the tragedy of Oedipus to realize the horror of the conflict. Laius of Thebes and his wife Jocasta, for no fault of their own, as it appears, but only on the general principle that human prosperity is hateful to the divine powers, are condemned to the horrible destiny that the child of their marriage shall murder his father and commit incest with his mother. The wretched parents, in a futile effort to escape their doom, compass the crime of making away with their innocent child. The latter, preserved from death and grown to man's estate, fulfills unconsciously his hideous destiny; and the penalty therefor involves, for himself, a prolonged existence as a blind outcast, and for the mother and the

four children of incest violent deaths. Here is the Word quarried out of the confused thought of the past which had struggled to discover the relation of man to the invisible powers surrounding him; crude and repellent, until the master-hand of Sophocles shaped it into the sculptural-literary form of drama. Under the magic of his hand the horror of the theme was no whit abated, yet the horror was subordinated to a prevailing sense of harmonious proportion. Out of the impotence of man in the presence of Destiny is raised up a triumph of the Will. *Oedipus* and his daughter *Antigone*, while conforming to their Destiny, rise superior to it; the balance is adjusted, the harmony of Will with Destiny secured.

Before the Word attained to the architectonic grandeur of the Sophoclean drama, through what conditions of confusion and compromise must the attempts at interpretation have passed! just as sculpture faltered and blundered ere it reached the sublime balance and harmony of Pheidias. Alike in the drama and sculpture of classic Hellas, the balance and harmony were not reached until the consciousness of conflict with the invisible had become ameliorated by a recognition of the dignity and beauty and, one might almost say, the sufficiency of life. Similarly, in the times of the Italian Renaissance, art did not develop its highest possibilities until the goodness of this life was balanced with the conceptions of the life to come; in fact, until an adjustment of life and religion was effected. The realization of the value of life came to the Italians through their humanistic studies of the Greek classics; a subject to occupy us later. At present, it is with the influence of the Word of Religion that we are concerned.

The spiritual conflict of the Middle Ages was infinitely more poignant and intense than that of early Hellas; inasmuch as Christianity is a personal religion, compared with which the religion of Hellas was communal, affecting humanity in the mass. Thus the conflict of man with the hidden

powers of darkness had become splintered into a myriad conflicts, the battle-ground of each of which was the soul of the individual man and woman, the object to be fought for, personal salvation. The world, darkened with desolation, lurid with the fires of perpetual fighting, scoured with pestilence, had become to the religious imagination Gehenna, sodden with the blood poured out to Tophet, a valley raging with horrible passions, through which the soul in its own loneliness must tread a difficult path. Not through self-expansion, but self-repression, through denial of the natural man only, could salvation be reached. This Word, so appalling in its significance, received its final and perennial expression in Dante's "Divine Comedy." Herein the poet, representing the Soul of Man, passes from the sin of Hell to ultimate salvation in Paradise: Hell and Paradise—so far Dante is one with Gothic intensity, crystallizing and refining upon the awful alternative which preoccupied the religious imagination of the Middle Ages. His poem, so far, is the drama of its spiritual conflict. But in its entirety it is more than that. With an Italian aptitude for compromise, prefiguring that of Machiavelli, Dante anticipated the Roman Church's later adoption of the doctrine of Purgatory.

It is noticeable that, whereas the spiritual conflict of Hellas found literary expression in the sculpturesque or plastic art of the drama, Dante's poem is rather akin to the art of painting; for he not only interpreted the Word into form, but supplied the latter with environment. The thought involved had become too intense and complex to be adequately expressed by form; it needed the emotional accompaniment of color and atmosphere. Thus, also, in the domain of the arts of design, it was painting, rather than architecture or sculpture, that most adequately expressed the common and collective need of the Italian Renaissance. Painting became the characteristic art of the period.



St. Maddalena dei Pazzi, Florence,

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THE CRUCIFIXION, BY PERUGINO (1446-1524)

Photograph by Alinari



Louvre Museum, Paris

THE HOLY FAMILY, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO (1486-1531)

With Cimabue and Giotto, in his early work, painting still follows the Byzantine tradition. Its motive is primarily, and almost exclusively, symbolical. Form is not regarded as of value for its own sake, but as the means of expressing an idea. Presently, however, Giotto, representing episodes in the lives of Christ and the saints, begins to give character and expression to the forms; expressing individual sentiments through the medium of gesture and facial expression. Yet his use of color and treatment of form are still simple; but little more, one might say, than sculpture flattened and colored; the

accessories, such as trees and rocks, still exhibit the naïveté of Gothic sculpture; the whole scene is felt as a drama of action, set in front of a plastic background. It is not until some seventy years later that Masaccio draws the background forward and unites it to the foreground by filling in the intervening space with atmosphere, so that the figures are enveloped in their environment. With him painting emerges from the sculptural manner and becomes independently and characteristically pictorial. From Masaccio the step is short to Perugino, who, like Dante, creates an environment that corresponds to and en-

forces the sentiment of the forms, at the same time expressing a sentiment too abstract for expression by dramatic gesture—a condition of soul contemplation.

By this time the Word of religious Faith inherited from the Middle Ages had run its course, as a single and unalloyed need, and painting in the interpretation thereof had exhausted its gamut of expression. Henceforth the Word of Religion shares influence with the Word of Life, the common and collective need aroused by humanistic studies. The notes in the gamut of expression have been—symbolical, realistic, the allegorical, which is a blend of the two, and the devotional, or that of soul-expression. These terms are not intended as sharp distinctions, separating one class of pictures from another, for these qualities may be found in combination, but rather as convenient indications of the various aspects of interpretation, demanded of and rendered by painting.

The symbolical motive, as seen in early Italian painting, is without the subtlety that characterizes modern symbolism. It is, rather, a frank and simple attempt to bring home to the minds of the people the mysteries of dogma: the mystery, for example, of the Trinity, of Christ's agony, of the doctrine of Transubstantiation; and, at first especially, it makes constant use of symbolism of objects consecrated by devout association. No more useful example of religious symbolism can be cited than the "Dogma of the Christian Faith," by John S. Sargent, in the public Library of Boston. For its conception and general treatment have been frankly borrowed from existing examples of the past, so that it presents a summary of the old symbolical point of view and method; while the fact of its appearing in a city where the dominant religious attitude is Unitarian, opens up a sharp challenge as to the fitness of such motive and method to interpret the Word of Faith to-day.

One recalls that in the upper part

of the arched space sit enthroned the three Persons of the Holy Trinity, grave, motionless figures, with closed eyes and hands upraised in blessing. Beneath the central figure is suspended a symbolic representation of the Fall of Man and his Redemption through the Sacrifice of Christ. It is purely symbolic, not allegorical, for no suggestion of realism is introduced. The Cross, itself, is of ornamental design, and attached below the arms is a framed panel, in which on either side of the Christ crouch Adam and Eve, so that the arrangement of the figures offers the suggestion of a triptych. The nail which pierces the feet of Christ pins to the Cross the head of the serpent, whose coils encumber the feet of the man and woman. They are holding chalices to receive the blood which flows from the Sacred Hands; the woman in an attitude of submission and devotion, the man with a freer gesture, as of one confident that he is about to obtain strength for his release. The stole of the priesthood, hanging from the shoulders of the Priest-Christ, binds the three bodies together in token that it is through the medium of the Church that the benefits of Redemption are secured. Below the Cross stretches an old inscription, whose play upon words and pregnant conciseness may be rendered somewhat freely: *I BEING MADE MAN, MYSELF THE MAKER OF MAN, AND THE REDEEMER OF THAT WHICH I HAVE MADE, DO REDEEM THROUGH MY BODY THEIR BODIES, AND THEIR SOULS AS WELL, BEING GOD.** At the foot of the Cross appears a symbol of the pelican feeding its young from her own breast which she has pierced. The nest and cross are upheld by two angels, beside whom, forming a band of figures are other angels holding the reed, the nails, the spear, the hammer and pincers, the column of scourging, the crown of thorns and the ladder—the symbols of the Passion. Their heads are encircled with halos, as

* *Factus Homo, Factor Hominis, Factique Redemptor, Redimo Corporeus Corpora, Corda Deus.*

are those of the Trinity. Only in the figures of the angels is there any intrusion of aught but what is purely symbolic. The beauty of their forms and fair young faces may draw off one's attention somewhat toward physical joy; though even here the painter may have desired to symbolize the beauty of holiness and of the life unstained. Otherwise the sole impression of the painting is spiritual, an appeal direct and poignant to devoutness of soul, if—of course—you can accept and be moved by the peculiar language of the symbolism. To the high churchman among Episcopalians, as to the devout Roman Catholic, who has been trained to an intimate and penetrating contemplation of the mystery of the Passion, I believe that the significance of each and every symbol and of the totality of the symbolism is as moving as the corresponding pictures of antiquity were to the devout souls of that day. On the contrary, to numbers of modern Christians, who have learned to draw nigh to spiritual truths by mental pathways entirely different, the painting must be spiritually unacceptable, and may well seem morbid and bizarre.

From the respective acceptability or inacceptability of the decoration, we may gather a clue as to the use of symbolism in painting. It is Pater, is it not? who says that the most enlightening criticism is a man's frank statement of how a given work of art affects himself. Well, then, for my own part, I know of no other modern religious painting that has moved me as this one. But, as a youth, I was habitually familiar with the language of mediæval symbolism; consequently, when I look at one of the symbols, still more at the symbolic group of Christ, the Man and the Woman, it is like a shot fired among the mountain heights. The single note, caught and flung back by every peak of memory in turn, swells into a tumult of embracing emotion. It is no longer the symbol, as such, that counts, but the association of memories, ideas and experiences that it

has aroused. *Per contra*, it is just because modern Protestant religion has abandoned the language of symbolism,* that religious painting has lost its significance. The painter has not been able to create any new form of symbolism, expressive of the new attitude toward the spiritual, and, accordingly, in his picture or decorated window simply tells a story. He may do so with a dignity of composition and a splendor of color that make the work enjoyable to the senses. But the mind is tethered to the episodical facts of the representation; there is no abstract appeal to spiritual experience; the appeal of the work is insignificant beside what we really feel and know. In these days we have to look outside of religious painting for the profound suggestiveness of symbolism; to a Boecklin, for example, who, to cite one instance, has created a symbolism that fills our imagination with the silence and solitude, the poignant awe, of deep woods or unfrequented mountains.

The realistic note entered into religious painting as soon as the artist was encouraged to tell a story by depicting scenes from the Bible, or episodes from the life of Christ or from the lives and legends of the saints. Giotto was first; yet still so close to mediæval painting that some of the manner, if not of the spirit, of its symbolism pervades his work. Large expanses of flatly painted draperies, alternating with simply treated spaces of background, form a particularly handsome patterning of composition. This is so ample and striking that Giotto still holds his own as a master decorator; though the fascination which his paintings exercise over the modern imagination is due to a further and more vital cause. He could not draw in the later sense of the word; had none of that learned and facile skill in the rendering of form that characterized the later Florentines, and to-day is displayed by the French school and

* The primitive Protestant substitute for mediæval symbolism is the allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress."



THE HOLY FAMILY, BY MURILLO (1618-1682)

Prado Museum, Madrid



Louvre Museum, Paris

Photograph by Braun

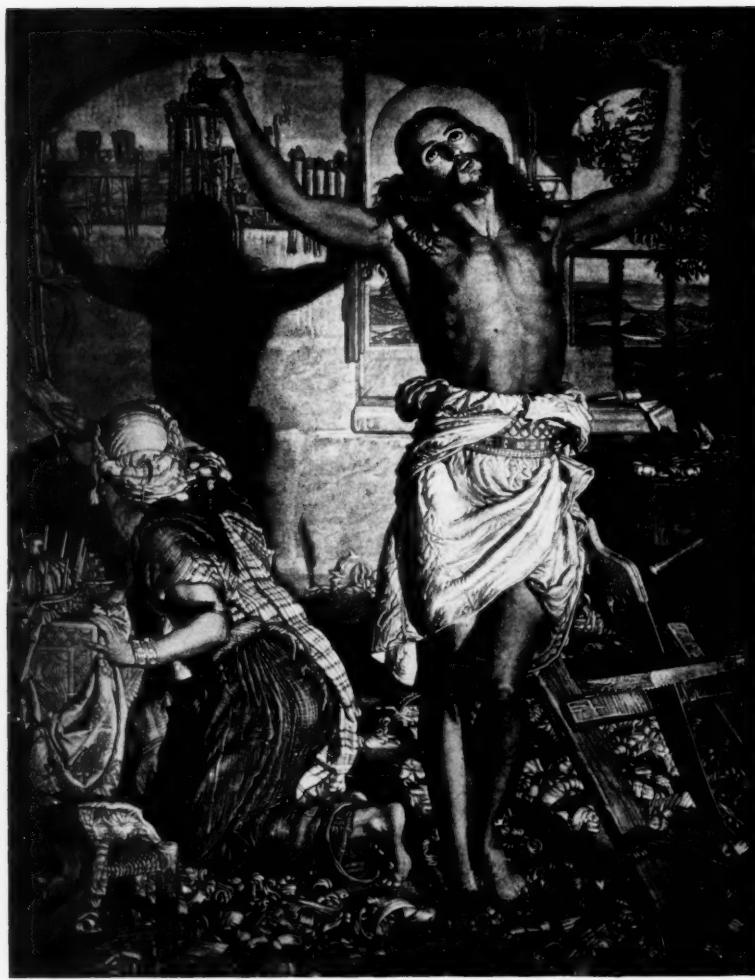
VISIT TO EMMAUS, BY REMBRANDT (1606-1669)

its students. On the other hand he had a sense of form, a feeling for form, as strong probably as ever an artist had; but it was not an interest so much in form *per se*, as in the expressional capacity of form. The bent of his mind was dramatic, interested in interpreting mental and emotional conditions through action, gesture and facial expression. And, fortunately for his subsequent fame, he had not that skill of drawing which we now know as academical, that rivets one's attention on the merely outward and physical aspects of form. From these Giotto withdraws our attention, concentrating it solely and forcibly upon the essential significance of movement and gesture. Hence, beside the architectonic decorativeness and fundamentally dramatic quality of his works, those, for example, of Carpaccio or Ghirlandajo, with all their nimble cleverness, are merely elaborate story illustrations; or, if you will, theatric but not dramatic. In a word, then, Giotto's motive was realistic, inasmuch as it was dramatic, intent on holding up the mirror to nature; but his method, in its omission of everything but what was essential, and in its affecting us, not by elaborate explanation, but by suggestion to the imagination, is symbolical.

It is now nearly six hundred years since Giotto died, and in the revolution of the wheel the principle of his greatness has come up again as the most advanced motive of modern art; only now it is not the *omission* but the *suppression* of everything save what is essential. I might quote Puvis de Chavannes as an example. But inasmuch as Giotto's work was dramatic there is a more apt, as well as a more matured and consistently perfect example in the Italian actress, Duse. While the genius of Bernhardt consists in converting her body into an instrument upon which she manipulates every phase of emotional situation in analytical sequence, until the audience is as entranced with the marvellous capacity of the instrument as with the emotion expressed—nay,

may be distracted from the latter by absorption in the external display of action and gesture; Duse withdraws into herself, concentrates within herself the dramatic emotion, at the same time rendering her audience clairvoyant. Their imaginations awakened, they are alive to the minutest shades of physical expression; they follow her less with the eyes than with the mind; in their own minds the dramatic conflict is being reproduced. Surely there is here a great example for the modern painter who would revive religious painting, or adequately compass its modern counterpart—the decorating of our great public buildings with mural paintings. It is not by the explanatory, illustrative methods that he will move us, not by thrusting into our view the facts of form or the form of facts; but by kindling our imagination with the inward significance and the soul of facts.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to follow the course of the realistic motive in Italian painting, until it becomes modified by Hellenic influences. We have mentioned Carpaccio and Ghirlandajo, and they are representative of its general tendency toward the merely story-telling picture. With the Spanish painters of the seventeenth century, however, and with Rembrandt in the same period, realism takes on a new and vital meaning. Already Giovanni Bellini had freely drawn his types from the people of the streets and quays of Venice; transferring the heads of fishermen to the shoulders of his saints and dignitaries, and capturing the gamin for service in the angelic choirs. But although he did not idealize the types, the general character of his stately compositions is the antithesis of realism. In Spain, however, as with Rembrandt, the motive went much farther than the introduction of local types. It included the conscious and deliberate purpose of translating the Bible story or saintly legend into the vernacular of Seville or Amsterdam. Both Murillo—for he is a typical ex-



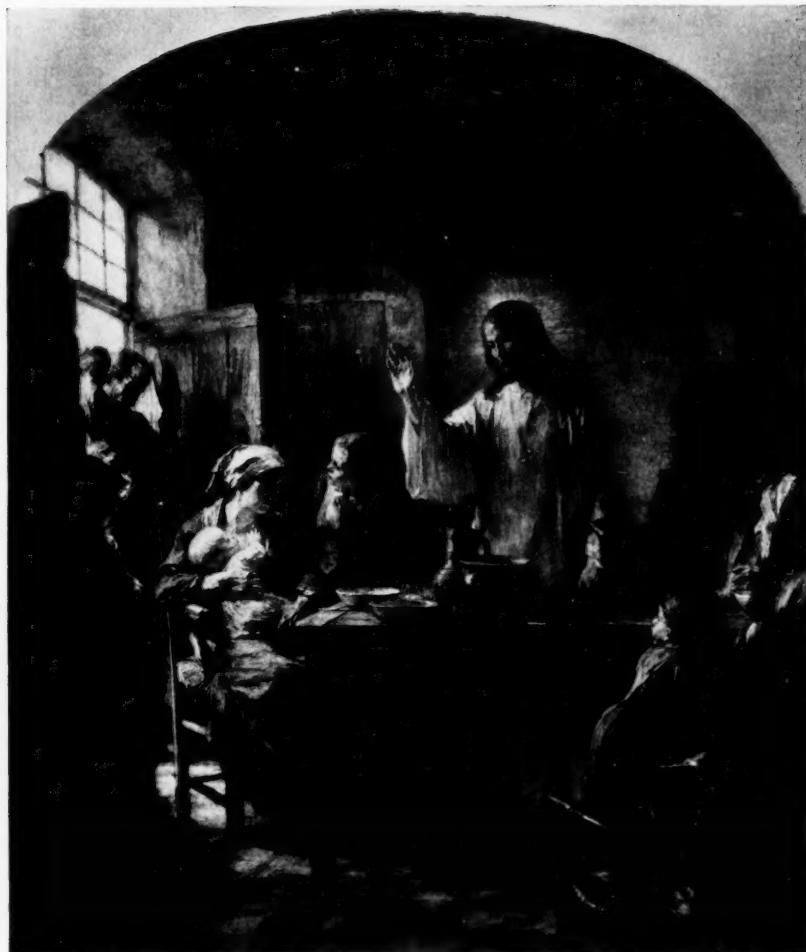
Manchester Art Galler

THE SHADOW OF DEATH, BY WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT (1827—)

ample of this phase of Spanish art—and Rembrandt brought the sacred theme into contact with the actual life of their day; painting the scene as an artist would have done, for example, if he had lived in the days of Christ and had visited the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. But Christ "yet liveth," and in Murillo's time was found in the house of a Sevillian carpenter, or with Rembrandt appeared after His resurrection to the three

disciples in a village inn near Amsterdam.

The logic of this is so simple and sincere, its application so free from affectation, that, one may well believe, no religious paintings have ever been as close to the heart of their times as those of Rembrandt and the Spanish period. For in each case they were a natural product of local conditions. Both the Spaniards and the Dutch were centred in their own



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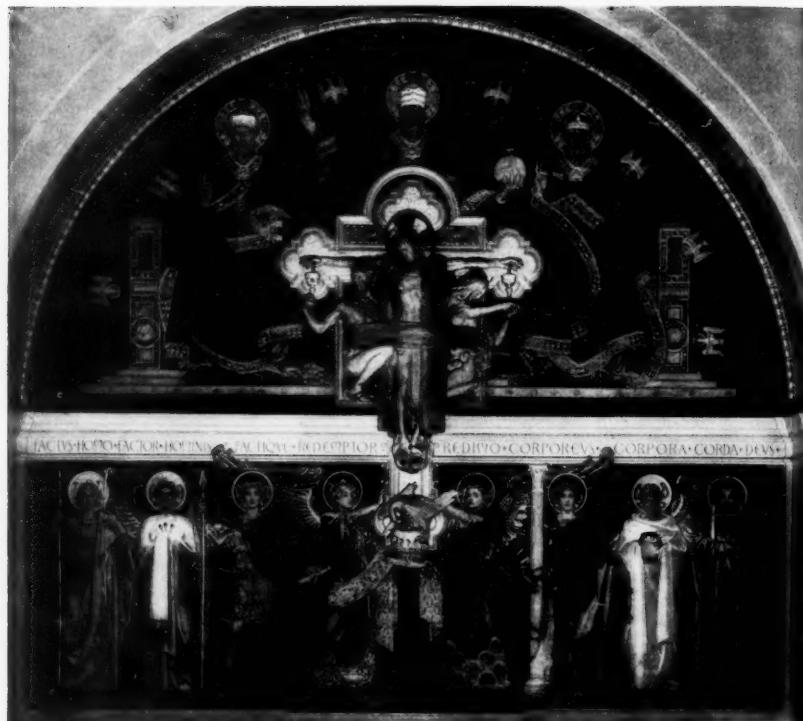
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AMONG THE LOWLY, BY LEON AUGUSTIN LHERMITTE (1844-—)

concerns, profoundly interested in their own lives. The art of the Dutch was a portraiture of themselves; so was that of Spain in the seventeenth century. Rembrandt's interest may at first have been aroused by the picturesqueness of the poor; but after Saskia's death and when troubles piled upon him, and he himself was become a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, it is sympathy with the poor and suffering that moves him, and in his pictures the sacred drama is re-enacted among

them in its poignant truth. The Church in Spain was distinguished, as an institution, by the purity of life of the priesthood and its devotion to religion and the good of the people; so that religion was a real and cherished part of people's lives. It was both a cause and a result of this that the painters were encouraged by their ecclesiastical patrons to represent the religious theme naturalistically and, as it were, in the vernacular of the people.

The example of Rembrandt and the



Boston Public Library

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THE DOGMA OF THE REDEMPTION, BY JOHN S. SARGENT (1856- ——)

Spanish has influenced certain modern painters, the German, Fritz von Uhde, for example, and the Frenchman, Léon Lhermitte. The former leads the way with a picture of "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me." The scene is a village schoolroom; the sun streaming through the open windows upon the tiled floor, straw mats, rush-bottomed chairs and flowers in pots. The village pastor has finished the scripture lesson, as Christ enters, garbed in a long robe. He takes the teacher's chair and the children gather round him, one little one in advance of the others. Meanwhile the pastor stands aside with hands clasped in prayer, and other grown people are crowding the open doorway. A beautiful reverence, tenderness and sincerity pervade the picture, which suggests no incongruity, or to my mind even any

shock of surprise. One finds oneself, as one watches the scene, a part of the group of villagers, to whose simple devoutness the miracle, if it occurred, would seem quite natural. This is the source of its quiet convincingness; but it is significant that, to obtain this necessary reinforcement of a common collective need, Von Uhde had to leave the society of his own rank in life and search for it among the peasants in the Bavarian hills. Lhermitte, on the other hand, himself a peasant by birth, had but to live and work in the home of his boyhood, at Château-Thierry in the valley of the Marne, to find among the peasants enough naïve, unquestioning faith to suggest and warrant such a picture as "Among the Lowly."

When, however, Jean Béraud turns from subjects of Parisian elegance and

stage-life to depict religious subjects, his pictures no longer present an illusion of convincingness, but the shock of incongruity. Here, for example, is a stag-party in the house of a modern Pharisee; the coffee and liquors are being handed round, and the light jest circulates; the host has left his seat to chat with a guest, and the Saviour appears and takes his chair. At the same moment a modern Magdalen, in evening toilette, enters and flings herself in a paroxysm of remorse at his feet. However sincere may have been the painter's intention, the work is bizarre and sensational; the presence of Christ is not made reasonable, but seems to be an audacious solecism; not even necessary to the moral significance of the idea.

In contrast with these efforts, more or less acceptable, to clothe the Word of the Christian Faith in modern garb, was the attempt to put it back into the trappings of the past. It was a phase of realism that rebelled against the classic draperies and poses of Raphael. Gebhardt, in Germany, recognizing the religious intensity of the works of the Van Eycks, Memling, Dürer and Holbein, sought to revive it by dressing his figures in the costumes of the fifteenth century. Menzel and Liebermann represented the sacred scenes as being enacted by Polish Jews of their own day; while Holman Hunt, followed by James Tissot, sought for realities of impression by an exact representation of the human types and their costumes and environment in modern Palestine, presuming that these did not differ from those of the time of Christ. Such a method of arousing the religious consciousness is curiously antipodal to that of Giotto at the dawn of modern painting. For, while the latter reached spiritual suggestion

through a minimum of external *vraisemblance*, Hunt and Tissot, by an exact and almost painful reliance upon externals, reach—what? However, pending your own reply, it is important to remark, that realism was with Hunt a religion, while Tissot, under the influence of religion, having "found it," as revivalists would say, applied to it the principles of realism that had interested him in his unregenerate days.

Yet both these points of view and all this effort at archaeological rehabilitation of religious painting only seem to emphasize the hollow pretensions on which this branch of art now languishes. It is no longer expressive of a common and collective need, but the invention of a painter's individual theories. Indeed, as we have already suggested, it may be that for religion, as understood by Protestant Churches, painting is not an adequate form of expression. For that of the Roman Catholic it would certainly seem as if it should be; but it is one of the curiosities of the history of painting, that the Roman Catholic Church is no longer the discriminating and generous patron of the art that it once was. Even in Rome the modern embellishments of churches and of St. Peter's itself, as witness the ingeniously inartistic reproductions in mosaic of Raphael's paintings, exhibit a lack of aesthetic taste and knowledge. It would seem as if the mental attitude were: Religion is all in all, and everything else is to be considered, not as having any possibilities of virtue in itself, but solely as a means to an end. Thus, for example, the pictures representing the Stations of the Cross are selected much as you would select a broom to sweep out the sacristy.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

AN APPRECIATION, APROPOS OF THE POET'S CENTENARY

By H. W. BOYNTON



FTER living many years within a few miles of the Whittier birthplace, I recently found myself a rather languid party to a pilgrimage thither. I have, I fear, less reverence than I ought to have for shrines and relics; I went because a guest proved to be intent upon going. I assured him plaintively that I had a book which gave a full description of the birthplace, and contained excellent pictures of the birthplace, if he really felt that the birthplace mattered. It was of no use; he did not want books and pictures. He wanted the birthplace itself; and he got it. He seemed to take comfort in the acquisition; and I fancied him taking home (to the middle West) something that I had failed to get, or to understand even. As for me, the birthplace looked exactly as I had expected it to look, and I was not greatly impressed. It was such a little old farmhouse as you may see on any New England hillside: blunt and porchless of front, sloping of roof, painted white before and red behind. There are lilacs in the dooryard, and a wellsweep, long disused. Inside, the room of interest is the kitchen, to which piety has restored many properties which were there in Whittier's boyhood: "properties" one calls them involuntarily, since the room is now a showroom, and has the conscious air inseparable from the rôle. The things themselves are merely such as may be found in any house of the kind which has not been despoiled by the black-

walnut housewife of a generation ago, or the old furniture collector of more recent date. After a due amount of nosing, we took our way through the back garden to the brook which used to drive the mill-wheel of the Whittiers, a century or two ago.

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow
brook.

The lines came dimly to mind; but the enchantment was, after all, in them rather than in the place. The brook was dispirited, almost dry. A party of fellow-pilgrims followed us from the house. It was very hot; and we heeded the call of a cooling trolley-car far up the road.

Afterward, when my zealous friend had taken his westward way, after the little experience seemed to have found its place among other memories of trivial adventure, I found it unexpectedly developing a kind of meaning, a meaning which I gradually began to fancy almost without parallel in our American experience, in the preservation of that homely shrine in the outskirts of Haverhill, such meaning as attaches to the cherishing of a certain bald little cottage in Ayrshire where Whittier's acknowledged master came into being. Whittier, quite as truly as Burns—and of what other American poet can it be said with any approach to truth?—was indigenous, incorrigibly provincial in the narrow sense, yet, through his very loyalty to the province which nature had made his own, achieving an integrity of effort and result hardly to be at-

tained by the most ardent cosmopolitanism, the most skilful compliance. The Haverhill farmhouse was not merely Whittier's birthplace; it was his home for some thirty years, and the rest of his long life was lived within a few miles of it. He did not "drag at each remove a lengthening chain," for there were no removes. He was not translated from one state to another, from one plane of living to another, like Longfellow and Bryant. He would never travel; he refused repeatedly to go to England, though the warmest of welcomes awaited him there. He was content to take always deeper root in the soil from which he sprang. There

are plenty of farmers in the neighborhood to-day who are equally immovable, equally stubborn in their parochialism. They are a silent race, but they have had their voice.

Critics often appear to take for granted that every poet is the better off for being able to sign himself a Something-or-other of Arts. As a matter of fact "it might have been" is sometimes a word even sillier than sad. What man really thinks himself fit to blue-pencil Providence? Who knows that a little more learning might not have tied Whittier's tongue, or given it a conscious stammer? For any evidence we have to the contrary, the conditions of his birth and rearing, yes, and health, may have been the happiest possible for the development of his rare powers. By his powers I do not mean his practical effectiveness, or his elo-

quence. The notion is not uncommon that he is chiefly memorable as the prophet of anti-slavery and the painter of New England country life. Reformer and *genre* poet he was; but

he has a clearer title to fame in the fact that he is a true singer—the only remarkable singer America has certainly produced. Due tribute has been paid to his ardent and generous services of a public nature and to the beautiful serenity and purity of his private life. We may remember him here for a moment as a singing voice.

There were books in the Quaker farmhouse, but they were a sober lot—Baxter and Bunyan rather than the bright spots in a library

beginning (in the boy Whittier's rhymed catalogue of it) with

How Captain Riley and his crew
Were on Sahara's desert threw.
How Rollins to obtain the cash
Wrote a dull history of trash;

and ending, but for some jog-trot biographies, with

A book concerning John's baptism,
Elias Smith's "Universalism."

The most amazing thing that ever happened to Whittier, the nearest approach to a "conversion," a sudden illumination of life, was the gift which at the age of nineteen he received from an unaccountably liberal-minded uncle.

New Light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.



J. G. Whittier
From a miniature by Porter
about 1838

From "John Greenleaf Whittier," by Bliss Perry
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Was it then, after all, unnecessary
to look backward or afar to find the
materials of poetry?—

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet-brier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

It was a revelation Whittier never forgot; indeed, he was far truer to it than his master. He had not a trace of Burns's uneasy sense of social inferiority, he had no wish to "rise in the world"; he was not a peasant. Nor was his main ambition to be a poet, if we are to take him at his word. He had barely reached his majority when we find him declaring, "I would rather leave the memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, and a Clarkson than the undying fame of a Byron." "Than a Burns" he could perhaps not quite have brought himself to say. He was about to accept, at the instance of Garrison, the editorship of the *Philanthropist*, a rather obscure "temperance" sheet, and there is an unmistakable note of boyish exultation in the remark. This much is certainly true, that he was never content with the pursuit of poetry as an end. His poems were never the effect of study; sometimes they sprang from pure impulse, and sometimes, less happily, from some purely didactic intent. I confess that except as documents the majority of his anti-slavery and political poems do not interest me. They contain some noble lines, and a deal of platform eloquence, which is to say poetical fustian:

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,

When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of slavery's curse?

Such verse was very useful in its time: a kind of rude trumpet-call sounding the charge at a critical moment in the national conflict. It is hardly poetry. One quaint characteristic of Whittier's verse is suggested by the passage just quoted. You note that "curse" rhymes shamelessly with "us." He habitually mates "been" and "men," "dawning," and "morning," "forth" and "path," "God" and "sword"; and so on—the true Yankee tang sounding quite clearly, as much a part of Whittier as the Ayrshire dialect was a part of Burns. It was not only that an affected accent would have been impossible for Whittier, but he had little or no interest in poetic form. He could not sing in a cage. Now and then you find him apparently beginning a sonnet, only to shift, after a quatrain or two, to a freer measure:

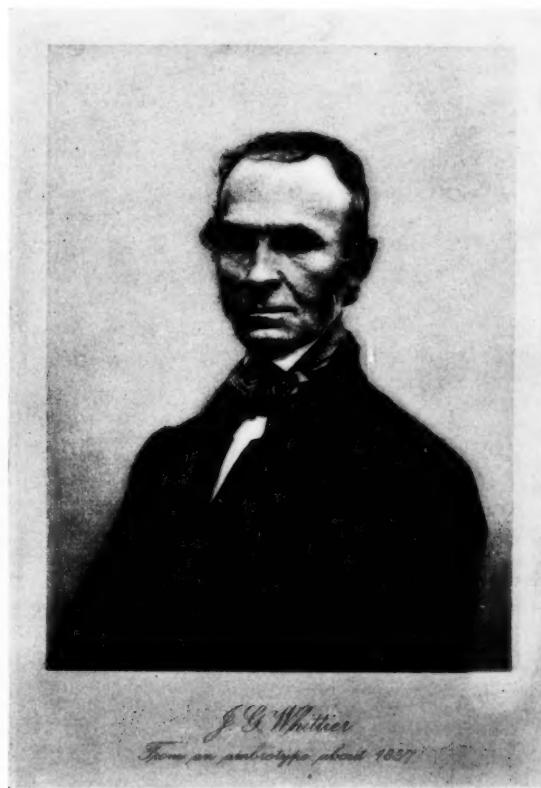
The firmament breaks up. In black
eclipse

Light after light goes out. One evil star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of war,
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,
Drags others down. . . .

Do you not think yourself fairly launched upon the snug pinnace of the sonnet? Behold, there follow some two dozen irregularly rhymed verses. The poet's eagerness of speech makes him impatient of restraint. He improvises, declaims, and, in a sense, is lost. There is no "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints" to be found among his rhetorical rhapsodies and eager diatribes. There is, to be sure, a "Massachusetts to Virginia," most spirited and eloquent of challenges; but who now considers it a poem of a high order?

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness
we have borne
In answer to our faith and trust your insult
and your scorn.

You've spurned our kindest counsels,—
you've hunted for our lives,
And shaken round our hearths and homes
your manacles and gyves.



From "John Greenleaf Whittier," by Bliss Perry
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A wonderful bit of pamphleteering—what else? Whittier himself was under no delusion as to the kind of value attaching to this kind of verse. In the "Proem" to the collected edition of his poems (1857), he says:

Not mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to
find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were
my own.

This he could truly say, and more

he might have said; for he produced poems of a rare kind. There is something too much of modesty in the disclaimer:

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace
Or softer shades of Nature's face;
I view her common forms with unanointed
eyes.

Whose pictures of New England, then, possess more of dreamy grace, display more unmistakably the anointed eye?—

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning,
the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened
as he sped;

Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened
and subdued
On the cornfields and the orchards, and
softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping
to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze
with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he
glorified the hill,
And beneath it pond and meadow lay
brighter, greener still.

Contrast this with Longfellow's

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods.
Or with Lowell's

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through mo-
tionless air,

Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures
bare,

As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant
hills,

And smiles and shakes abroad her misty,
tremulous hair.

How tame sounds the one, how
studied and bookish the other beside
the free swing of Whittier's song.
The truth is, no other American poet
has had so intimate a knowledge of
the subtle lines and softer shades
of Nature's face. As for his view of
common forms we need not refer to
the famous descriptions in "Snow-
bound"; had Burns, had Words-
worth a more loving and com-
prehending eye than that which looked
upon this homely scene? —

The brown old farmhouse like a bird's nest
hung.

With home-life sounds the desert air was
stirred:

The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in-the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they
fell;

Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed;
the gate

Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the
merry weight

Of sun-brown children, listening, while
they swung,

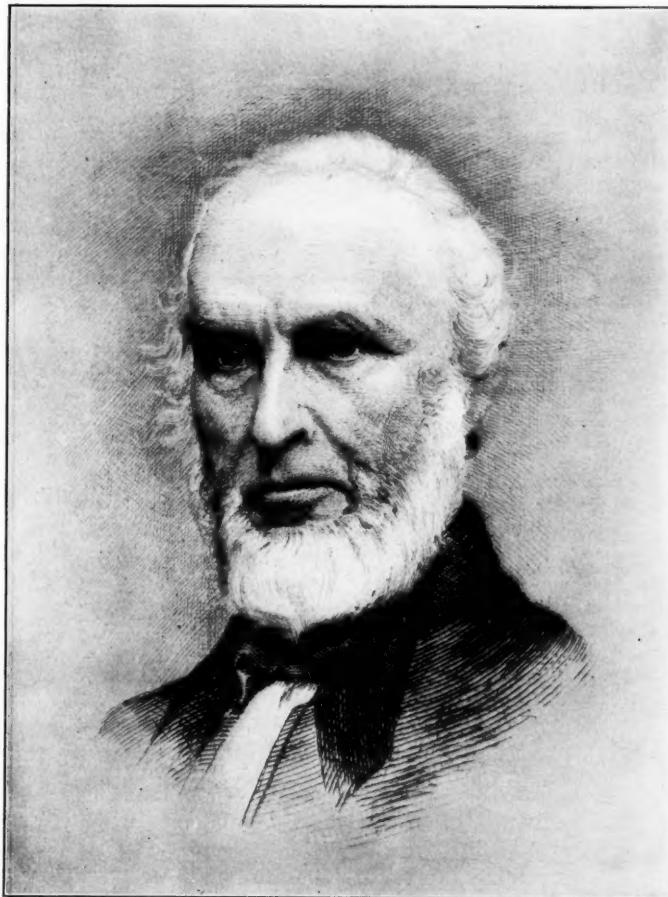
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings
clear,

The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

In the end, however, as I think of Whittier's poetry, I find myself dwelling upon the songs rather than upon the descriptive poems. As a bachelor and a man of perfectly regular life he might be supposed to have lacked something of the experience from which lyrical poetry of a high order commonly springs. His devotion to the cause of liberty was his only passion; and, as we have seen, it did not produce remarkably good poetry. But of the sentiment of love the poet was by no means ignorant. He had, like Burns, his Mary; but there was only one, and she was never more to him than a fond dream. She became the wife of a Kentucky judge, and Whittier's relation to her was apparently limited to a life-long correspondence. Nevertheless she evidently embodied to him all the romance of womanhood, as his sister represented all that was devoted and companionable. After all, it is clear that "Mary" meant more to him as a cherished vision than as an affectionate letter-writing reality. Years after their separation he keeps his tender memories of her undimmed:

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah, memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than
they!

The sweetness of girlhood is a theme to which he is always recurring, especially in his songs. Sweet looks, gentle fingers, "eyes glad with smiles and brow of pearl," these are common phrases with Whittier. There is, to say truth, a touch of the oriental in his preoccupation with the flower-like and virginal aspects of womanhood. Not seldom, as in "Maud Muller," he



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
17 December 1807—1892 September 7

sinks to a vein of sheer popular sentimentality. The fair Maud is, after all, a stage haymaker, and the Judge, quaint New England substitute for the Fairy Prince of tradition, had much better not have turned her head. The "something better than she had known" for which the maiden artlessly longed was rather too obviously the "silks so fine" and other perquisites of a judge's consort; and the awful catastrophe was that she should marry a man unlearned and poor and be fated to have many children play round her door. Then

follows the astonishing corollary that a man who is unlearned and poor and the father of many children naturally does nothing but sit by the chimney-lug, dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug. It all rings absolutely false to Whittier's experience and creed. The dignity and beauty of labor inspired him to far more spontaneous flights of song than the beauty of human liberty. And how pure and true his sentiment may ring one finds in the most beautiful of his "Home Ballads," "Telling the Bees"; or in that lovely close of "Cobbler

Keezar's Vision," a strain of haunting sweetness:

And still, in the summer twilights,
When the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory,
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers
Beside the charmèd stream,
And the sky and the golden water
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,
The rosy signals fly;
Her homestead beckons from the clouds,
And love goes sailing by!

Of prophets and strong - doers, preachers, reformers, and mere authors, the world has had enough and to spare: but how few voices like this! We do well to remember the singer, and even to preserve with reverence the homely New England nest from which his song arose.

TWO FAMOUS MUSICIANS JOACHIM AND GRIEG

By RICHARD ALDRICH

I.—JOSEPH JOACHIM



HERE is hardly needed a further historical perspective than his long life and labors have given us, to be sure that Joseph Joachim is properly to be ranged among the greatest of all musical interpreters. Nobly and unselfishly devoted to the highest in his art, he was one of those whose influence has counted most in the last half-century for purity of taste, and for devotion to the higher and spiritual message of music; for what a distinguished French critic has called a "religious fervor" for music. He was one of those of whom Browning wrote:

My cup was filled with rapture to the brim
When night by night—ah, memory, how it haunts!—
Music was poured forth by perfect ministrants:

By Hallé, Schumann, Patti, Joachim.

And of these the greatest was Joachim. He was signally the exemplar of the "grand style." He inherited

and cherished and passed along the great traditions of the art of the violin. He was truly a "classical" master; yet not what many falsely conceive to be connoted by the word classical, as implying coldness or aloofness from the human heart. His fine quality was that of a man, virile, warm, deeply felt; and in everything he did he was the great interpreter of great music—the interpreter who truly re-creates the work of great masters, and says through it all that they conceived and intended to say. For George Eliot, who spoke truly for two generations of music-lovers, it was

Joachim,
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate.
It was the greatness of his power as an interpreter that differentiated him from all the tribe of virtuosos of his time—and his time was extraordinary in the history of music for its development of instrumental virtuosos. Great executant though he was in his prime, and from his boyhood years—for Joachim, like most who have reached greatness in music, was precocious in the art,—in purely technical powers he was doubtless, even in his best days, surpassed by others.



Joseph Joachim
1906.

JOSEPH JOACHIM

He was not, like Paganini, and Liszt, a pioneer, discovering and exploiting new and bewildering effects upon his instrument. He did not contribute much, if anything, to the advancement of the technique of the violin. But he did more than any other one man, probably, to make the great violin works of Bach and Beethoven and Brahms understood and loved of the people. And as quartet player he showed forth, as few others had the power to do, the cryptic beauty, the lofty but recondite eloquence of Beethoven's later quartets; and he established a standard for the performance of the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, and in later times of Brahms and others of the moderns, toward which every good quartet player must needs strive.

Joachim's activity covered a long span. He appeared as a boy of eight in Pesth in 1839; and at the age of twelve he went from Leipzig, with the warmest recommendations Mendelssohn could give him, to London, where he was destined to spend much time in his subsequent career and to exert a potent influence. He established his string quartet in Berlin in 1869: an organization in which there were not a few changes in the remaining thirty-eight years of his life, but whose spirit and unity and distinctive style were singularly preserved by the leader's dominating power.

It is to be regretted that Joachim, always sure of an eager welcome, prolonged his public career into his old age. Before he was seized by his last illness he had no intention of retiring. Those who did not hear him more than fifteen years ago know not the real greatness of the man: for his physical powers had sadly waned since then. His old man's fingers, bent with age, no longer truly obeyed the artist's brain. His playing in his later years was uncertain in intonation and failing in power. And though, in his earlier years, he was ambitious as a composer, what he produced has commanded little more than the decent respect due to the

master incomparable in his own field.

With Joachim's death is broken one of the few remaining links that bind the present with the golden days of the early nineteenth century. He was the pupil and friend of Mendelssohn, the intimate of Robert Schumann, the comfort and support of Clara Schumann in the days of her heavy trials and thereafter; the comrade of Brahms, as they started out together, young men, to conquer the world. To the ideals of Wagner and Liszt and those who have succeeded them in the modern movement of music, he could not give his adhesion. His appointed task was a different one, but in it he achieved the highest.

II.—EDVARD GRIEG

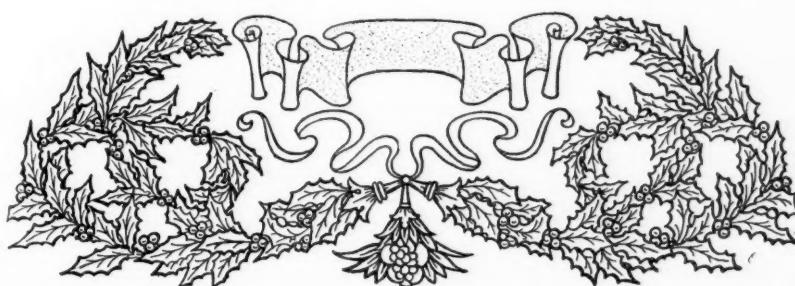
EDWARD GRIEG'S death brings to many musical households, to many who cultivated the "enjoyment of God at home," a sense of personal loss. More people, doubtless, had intimate relations with his music than with any other that has been produced since Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." One who has given that kind and degree of pleasure gains the affection of his public as few can do who speak with a more sustained power of weightier or more recondite matters. For this very reason he has had ardent champions who insist that he was one of the greatest of the moderns. He was without doubt one of the most interesting of the composers who have deliberately submitted themselves to the "national" influences in music; who have given expression in artistic forms to the spirit of their native folk-songs, not by embodying such songs corporeally into their music, but by catching their flavor and cadence, their melodic contour, their rhythmic peculiarities, in their own artistic expression. He started out deliberately to do this after he had received the conservative training of Leipzig. There he had become imbued with the romanticism of Schumann; but, done with it in 1862, at the age of nineteen, he came under

the influence of his compatriots Ole Bull and Rikard Nordraak, a young Norwegian musician taken by death before his time, and turned toward the exploitation of the Norwegian spirit. Gade had already found inspiration in it, but Grieg devoted himself to it heart and soul. "In style and form I have remained a German romanticist of Schumann's school," he wrote much later, after his name was made; "but at the same time I have dipped deep into the rich treasury of the folk-song of my native land; and from this hitherto unexplored utterance of the Norwegian people's spirit have attempted to create a national art." That there is much more than a Norwegian spirit in Grieg's work is evident; he could never have attained his widespread popularity outside of his native land, and held it, without his own strong and potent individuality. In his later years, when this personal inspiration seems sometimes to have flagged, there remain always these Norse formulas, so to speak, as a mannerism in his music; but in the best of it there is a haunting charm, an insinuating grace, a rugged boisterousness, sometimes reaching uncouthness; an intense passive melancholy almost oppressive; and the formula and the musical thought seem as one, inseparable. The "Halling" and the "Springtanz" set the pace for many of his sonata finales; his slow movements breathe

the mournful croonings of peasant songs; and through much of his work runs now the strange, harsh coloring of the Scandinavian music, again a subtle refinement of chromatic harmony that is peculiarly his own.

Grieg was essentially a lyric poet in music; and in this vein he achieved his greatest success. His songs, his smaller piano pieces, especially those composed before the later years of his life, are his most characteristic utterance, and have attained most popularity. He was cautious in attempting longer flights, and was less successful in them. His violin sonatas, his string quartet, his piano concerto are all favorite pieces, yet they all show more originality and skill in the treatment of detail than a power of sustained eloquence. He published no symphony; his most popular orchestral piece is the first "Peer Gynt" suite, made up of incidental music that he wrote for Ibsen's drama. He wrote a few strong choral works.

This is the record of one who busied himself chiefly and most successfully with the minor forms of his art. Does it entitle him to be put among the greatest of modern musicians? Perhaps not; but it leaves him among the most individual and charming workers in the genre of miniature; a strong and pungently original talent, one whose influence will not soon be dissipated.



WITH GRIEG IN NORWAY

IMPRESSIONS OF A SUMMER SOJOURN IN THE COMPOSER'S NEIGHBORHOOD

By DR. GERRIT SMITH



ROM the northeast coast of England (Hull), to the west coast of Norway is a matter of some twenty-four hours of discomfort. Let us therefore rather take the journey there together in spirit, and drop anchor at evening in the quiet harbor of Stavanger—a haven impregnate with the fresh, indescribable smells of a fishing village, —the still waters of its fjord aglow with every tint of sunset sky, to be answered at midnight by the rising moon and caught and reflected by the sea and mountain-tops. At such an hour it seems the entrance to an enchanted land.

Early morning finds us lying in the dark blue-green waters of the fjord at Bergen, whence Nansen set sail for the North Pole—a quaint old city, the birthplace of many Norsemen whose names have more than national repute. In no other northern town is preserved so much of the atmosphere of the olden time. All who know Bergen think of its seven mountains as shrouded in mist the greater part of the year; but where else can one find such brilliant, sunny summer days, such pure, sweet air, fragrant with the breath of the fields? Or who can forget the harbor as seen from the deck of a vessel slowly gliding in of a summer evening amid the gray and solitary peaks which stretch their feet down to the dark green waters of the sea?

I had written to Grieg from London, a month before, enclosing letters which I thought would ensure an answer; but no answer had come. In the meantime, through the music publishers in Bergen, I had been wired that he was in the mountains, a day and a half distant. I had set out from England, therefore, fully expecting to have to search for him among the wilds of Norway—and even were it only to meet him but for an hour, it seemed as though my trouble would be repaid. Shortly after my arrival, however, and after I had engaged passage for another long journey to his place of sojourn, I learned that he would return from his long summer holiday the next day.

Now Grieg was a very difficult man to meet: he did not care to make acquaintances, and actually guarded against intrusion. I had heard this in London; and my banker, one of the representative men of Bergen, assured me that he himself scarcely knew Dr. Grieg, who was acquainted with only two or three people in Bergen.

Without further encouragement, I proceeded to cultivate the music publishers, who happened to be not only intimate friends of Grieg, but also to be women. Cordial relations were established by means of the German language, the expenditure of some forty or fifty krone on music, and an amiable word or two. Through their kindness, then, a meeting was arranged, to take place within a few days at their shop.

Grieg lived about six miles from Bergen—a mile away from the railway line, and just outside the little village of Hop, his villa being very near the fjord. As I wished to be as close to him as possible, and to appear to be already settled and to have come to stay, I made inquiries about an abiding-place. By great good fortune, a charming room was found in an isolated little inn about a mile away from the fjord. To reach this one had to walk up a mile and a half over the steep hills from the little town of Fjøsanger. The first building which I mistook for the inn proved to be the German Consulate: the Kaiser, whose yacht was lying at Bergen, had just left there a few minutes before. The Consul was good enough to walk a little distance with me, and set me on my way again through a lonely country.

Growing a little troubled after another half-mile, with dusty, purple mountains looming above me, I ventured to knock at the door of a solitary dwelling which resembled an inn. The charming pink face of a young Swedish girl was thrust out of the upper window—and spoke French. Upon which, words failed me—that is, in French. I tried German and English; the young lady could not comprehend, but she would come

down—and she did. Better still, she accompanied me the remaining half-mile to my destination, and when I had made arrangements, brought me back again. I mention this incident, because my guide proved to be a niece of the American Consul (a Norwegian) who was the largest landowner thereabouts and whose first wife is now the wife of the composer Sinding in Christiania.

Promptly at the appointed hour, I waited for Dr. Grieg at the music store. Soon he entered—a few minutes late, and with profuse apologies.

A little, kindly man, with rather long, prematurely grayish hair, and warmly tinted delicate complexion—though afterward I saw him paler, when he was tired; deep-set, alert, true, cordial, bluish eyes, that spoke at once of sincerity and interest, of observation and simplicity; a sensitive mouth veiled by a slight moustache; and a head that appeared almost massive in comparison with the delicate frame. A man of keen wit, at once a poet, a dreamer, a thinker and a musician—one to be regarded with deep affection and almost with veneration.

We were invited across the hall into the piano wareroom, and seating ourselves on two stools, face to face, to talk a minute, we stayed for over an hour.

Song 1864.

Andante soprano

Piano

Troshagen 22

8/0

Ernest Grieg

A FEW BARS FROM "ICH LIEBE DICH"

"A countryman," he said, "a farmer like myself, who comes into town on Saturdays to do 'errands,' is a regular pack-mule, and so I was late, which I trust you will excuse."

We spoke of London, and friends there—Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, Mackenzie and others, from all of whom I bore regards to him. I told him that Mr. Lindler wanted him there, at Bechstein Hall, for concerts—at his own price; but the thought of crossing salt water did not appeal to him.

Then we talked of music in this country. He had one or two friends here—Dr. William Mason, Henry T. Finck the critic, Van der Stücken, William H. Sherwood and Victor Herbert, I believe. He had heard of MacDowell, and thought he had heard of one or two others. Of me he knew,—perhaps because, some ten years before, an evening of his works was given by the Composers' Club of this City, of which I happened to be the Director, at Mendelssohn Hall, and for this occasion he had sent his photograph and an autograph letter. The condition of music in this country interested him extremely—but what seemed to interest him above all else was the dangerous condition of the Brooklyn Bridge! He took it rather hardly that I evinced so little interest: he was himself so intensely patriotic.

The question of his coming to America was broached, but met with no approval, owing to his own and his wife's dread of the sea, his dislike of extreme weather variations, the incessant hurry-scurry of American life and the dangers to be apprehended from tall buildings.

He observed that on the faces of those who return from America, wrinkles and marks of nervous care have grown apace; and I had to admit that it was not precisely the place of *dolce far niente* of which the poet and the composer dream. He feared, moreover, that he would find no singers to interpret his songs, for he believes they should be sung in the original dialect.

"But, Herr Doctor," I said, "you

certainly speak English, do you not?"

(This after half an hour. My German, by this time, was getting a little worn.)

"Oh, yes, a little," he replied.

And this seemed to open up a new vista of thought for both of us. We spoke of Sinding, Ole Olesen, Swendsen and other Scandinavian writers, and ended by agreeing that music was the only universal language. We parted in the street—I with an apology for having detained him so long,—he with the declaration that Norwegians never knew what time was. He asked me to come and see him. "At what time?" "Any time," he replied. And so, ere long, I ventured.

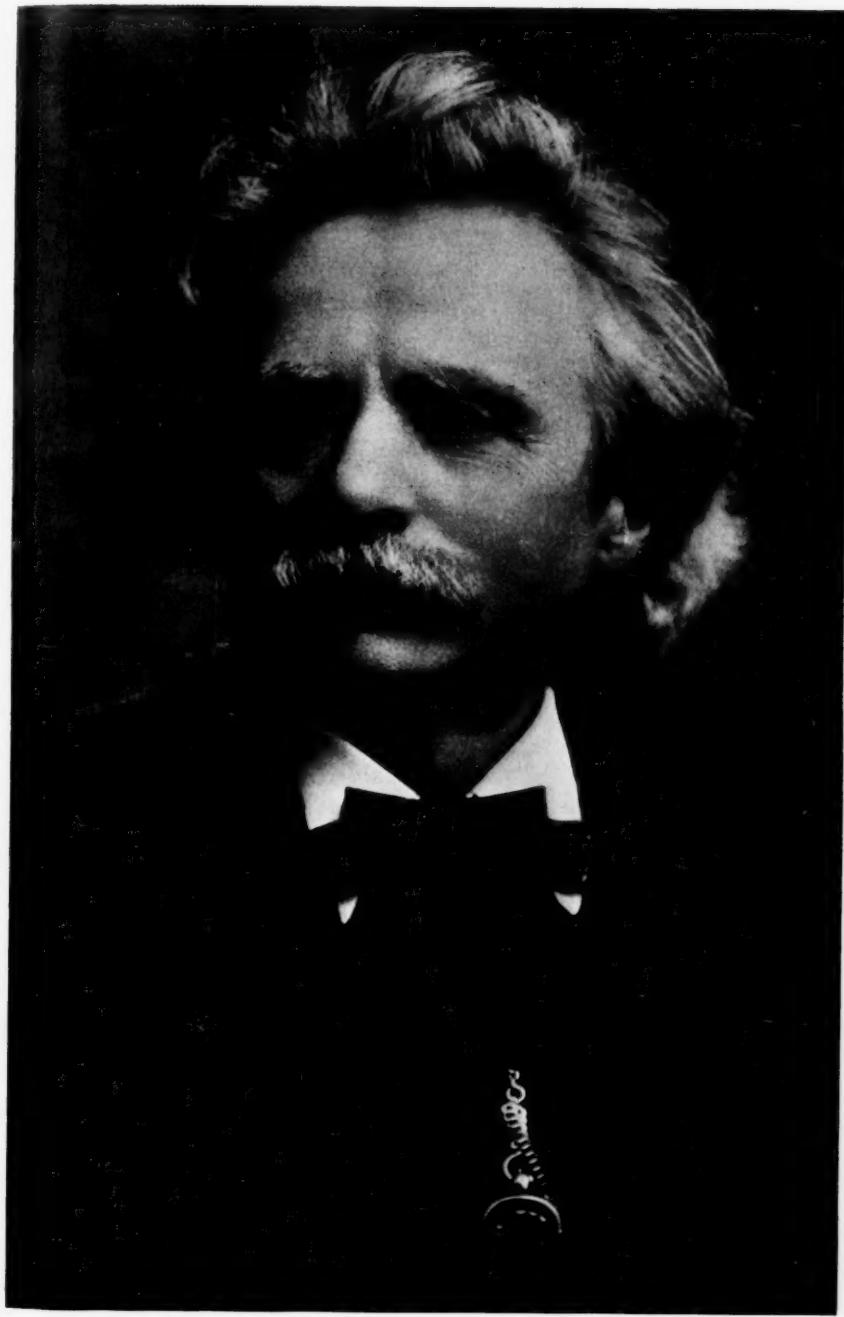
A lovely walk of a mile or more down from my height, toward the rocky shores of the fjord. No one at home—no one to speak English; and so I waited in the garden in front of the house. Soon he came out from the porch—a little figure wrapped in a military cloak, and wearing a soft hat.

"Das ist aber sehr freundlich! Wollen sie mal herein kommen?" etc.

But he had just promised an important hour of conversation with some one about the musical history of Norway. "Could I—would I—return in an hour and a half for supper, quite informally?" I could, I would, and I did. There was no place to go but home, so I spent the next hour walking. On my return, Mme. Grieg and a relative were waiting to welcome me—the former a bright, piquant, rosy-faced, gray-haired child of Norway, with a wealth of friendliness and hospitality. Then came supper—a simple meal,—followed by an evening of quiet, friendly talk, and a long walk home through the darkness.

This was only a beginning. After that I went often—took some of my own music—played for an hour or so the next time,—the dear old man standing by and telling me to keep on, with his encouragement of "zehr hübsch!"

One afternoon I got off the train at Hop, and stopped at a little farm to



EDVARD GRIEG

get some roses for Mme. Grieg. At the turning of the road I found Dr. Grieg awaiting me; he had walked down a short half-mile to meet me at the train. He was not feeling well and did not look strong. We sauntered along, pausing every half-minute, I think (at least twenty times), in the path through the woods to his house. A true German style of conversation, impossible to be maintained while walking; no commas allowed, only periods or full stops: right about and face your interlocutor, until the important point has been decided.

We spoke of the geniality of the Norwegian, I maintaining that the American was somewhat similar, but that the Englishman was "unresponsive." This was an unfortunate word, as Grieg took it to mean *unverantwortlich* (irresponsible), and it required several protracted full stops to straighten matters out. The rain, which was always with us here, began to threaten. I complained of the last few weeks of wetness, but he said it was nothing, by comparison with the drenching rains of September, October and November. For these months he went to Christiania or Copenhagen.

Just inside the gate of his place are ravines—one leading to the small house where he worked. A middle path leads to the front of the house itself, which faces on the fjord. In many places this is thick and wild with trees and shrubs, through which, in the clearings, the reflected sunlight slants up bright and clear from the waters. All about are flowers—especially wild flowers, and the beautiful hyacinthine Norwegian heather, which purples all the hills wherever the gray rocks do not forbid.

After a while he said, "Would you like to see my workshop?" And so we walked down there. To me, it perfectly symbolized the name of the place—"Troldhaugen" (the Glen of the Trolls). The little house is planted on a rock by the water and almost hidden by trees. The sun streams in all the morning, but it is damp there, as he said, and so he

put on over his boots his large comical shoes of plaited straw—to keep out the rheumatism. "It is nothing, but a workshop," as he said. A piano, a writing table with manuscripts, a valuable mass of scores on shelves, a few pictures of the mountains, a Norwegian violin with a double set of strings, one under the other, vibrating and making a mysterious sound; and a picture of the best Norwegian player on this instrument, whom Ole Bull brought out in public.

We spoke of the use of the piano in composition. He feared he used it too much: thought the inspiration should come from the *geist* (tapping his head). He has a soft attachment to the piano, which pleases him chiefly, because, in the summer, the young men and maidens rowed over the fjord and paused just below his open window, to listen, and he could not compose well before listeners. People were very intrusive. Some Americans he spoke of, who came in uninvited. One man even found his way down to the sanctum, and asked if he were Mr. Grieg, to which he replied "No"; whereupon the intruder handed him a card and requested him to give it to Mr. Grieg. "Which I did, later," said the composer.

At the house were Mrs. Grieg's mother and sister. We discussed musical subjects for an hour, and Grieg looked over some of my work, about which he was complimentary and wished me to continue, but to write in larger form and to study all the great masters. We were speaking of the study of composition and how few were capable of giving instruction therein. He said that at Leipzig, where he spent three years, he was with Reinecke (from whom he learned nothing). At his first lesson he showed his master some songs he had written, and Reinecke remarked, "Ah, yes, I have written to those words myself." "Not particularly helpful," said Grieg. Then Reinecke told him to write a string quartette, just as he might have told him to design a cathedral. Grieg had never played a

stringed instrument and knew nothing about string quartettes; but he went to his books to learn how to write one. It was from books and music that he got most of his education—not from teachers; which seems to me to tally pretty well with the experiences of other composers. The work of the musical composer, he thought, makes heavier draughts upon one's physical and mental strength than that of any other creator in art. Certainly it took much out of him, and it is easy, in this instance, to observe how distant and subjective one may become through such work.

After supper Mme. Grieg sang several of her husband's songs for me, in fascinating style. She pretended to sing no more, but she will never lose the charm of interpretation. A personal friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann once declared that Mme. Grieg's singing reminded her of Jenny Lind's in its captivating abandon, dramatic vivacity, soulful treatment of the poem, and unaffected manner. The songs (which I recall his playing for her in perfect style, revealing the poetic details of the piano part—clean, vigorous, appealing) were "Jeg reiste en Deilig Sommerwald," "Eit hab" (Hope), "Borte" (Departure) "Eit Seyn" (A Vision) and "Ich Liebe Dich" (by request). His best songs were written for her; they embody his strongest feelings, and he confessed that he could no more have stopped expressing them in song than he could have stopped breathing.

It is an interesting case, showing how conjugal affection may be an inspirer of the arts, quite as well as the romantic love which precedes marriage. If one wishes to behold

the freshness and the poetry of the sentiment which still lingers in this direction, let one hear or play the "Hochzeit's Tag auf Troldhaugen," Op. 65, written for the anniversary of their wedding, in 1897.

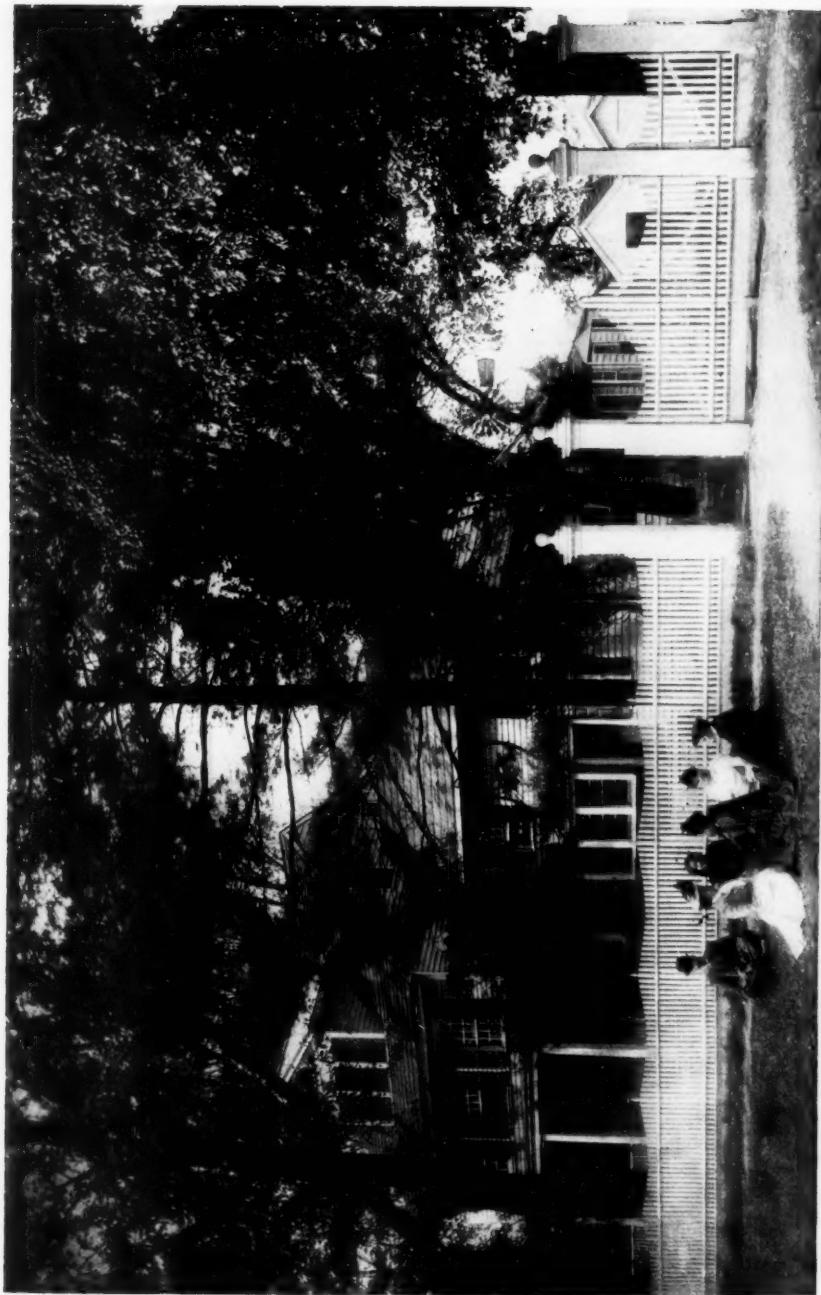
The Steinway grand—a recent present from his admirers in Bergen—was excellent. (Grieg regarded the Steinway piano as the finest one made and the Bechstein as next in merit.)

He drank to my success, gave me his photograph and autograph, and wrote the opening bars of "Ich Lebe Dich," for me on a separate sheet saying that he hoped to see me again next year. Such unaffected interest in another's work is not frequently met with. The Norwegian people said it was unusual for him to show such cordiality to any one. But I felt there was a sympathy between us from the beginning, and he must have observed and understood my admiration for him, without feeling that it was thrust upon him.

This last evening the rain had been pouring down, as he says, "fortissimo." The long walk home through the inky darkness was fraught with difficulties. The roaring streams came rushing down from the mountain side, making a tremendous din; and one might well be troubled for fear of being lost; but in some way the beauty of it all filled my soul, and I went onward, groping my way, as if in a dream—and humming quietly to myself the lonely, lovely melody of his expressive piano piece, "Der Einsamer Wanderer."

Thus I said good-bye to one of the sweetest spirits and the kindest personalities that it ever has been my good fortune to meet.

Mr. Gerrit Smith on kind
remembrance of
Edvard Grieg.
Troldhaugen. 24/8/01.



"THE OLD HOUSE"

THE OLD HOUSE

I

HOME of my forebears, home of my dreaming childhood,
House that I love with a love instinctive, changeless,
Ancestral, mystical, passionate, tender, sorrowful;—
Old house where I was born and my mother before me,—
Strangely the old house speaks to its child returning,
Speaks with a tone affectionate, intimate, sweet;
Made, mysterious, out of the voices of many—
Out of the accents of them, the loving, the loyal,
That still in memory soothe and murmur and call;
Voices that greeted my life and guided the journey,
Human voices, long hushed, and the subtler speech
That steals from the dumb, dead walls, and whispers and thrills
From the shadowy chimney-places, and haunted nooks;
These centuried walls, this roof, and the buoyant branches
Of large-leaved, mottled buttonwoods, towering mightily,
And pines that my father planted, now loftily dying,—
These are the vibrant notes of the one deep chord
That sings in my heart, here by the ancient hearthstone.

II

Five are the generations this place have humaned,
Leaving their impress, I think, on the breathëd air,—
For full is the house of relics of lives departed:
Carvings strange that some wanderer here enharbored,
Bringing the Orient's touch to the wondering child;
And Arctic gatherings; hints of the torrid zone;
And quaint embroideries worked by hands ancestral,
Deft for the spinning of flax on these silent wheels;
Books of a day when each was a treasure, a star,—
And chief of them all, to the trembling heart of a boy,
The verse of him, the singer of song sonorous,
Whose voice was the voice of trumpets and many waters,
Whose soul went forth with angels and archangels,
Nor stood dismayed before the Eternal presence.

Pictures of faces whose features I see in my own,—
That I see re-imaged, by laws unfathomed, fateful,
In my own children's pleading, innocent faces;
Volumes of lore outgrown, or a living art;
Bibles and books of devotion, where names are enrolled
In letters that fade like the image of souls long dead.
Not without tears may I ponder the yellowing leaves
Where record was made of secretest dreams and prayers,—
Records of love accomplished, or unfulfilled.
Were the aged faces I knew the timorous maidens
Who, wistful, their innocent passions here hinted, or hid?
This wife new-married, so young, so sweet, so appealing,
Was this the angelical mother, she of great sorrows,
Loving and dreaming in age, as in palpitant girlhood?
This lock, among many a tress so lovingly treasured,—
Ah! this is my own, by hands that I knew so well
Cut from a golden head that long has been silvered.

III

The old house speaks, and low in the glimmering twilight,
It murmurs of days that are gone, and spirits lamented,—
A girlish face with a smile all radiant, loving,—
Sweet cousin mine! where, in the land of shadows,
Doth that smile illume, that voice bring joy as of old?
This quaint and closeted chamber, ah, here was unfolded
The love of a child for a child,—through years and through sorrows
Remembered and cherished by each—the love of the old
For the old, now,—the love of the old for lost youth
And comrades long gone, and loved and remembered together.

And she with the heart of a queen, and the soul of a martyr
In young days serene and blithe, and undaunted in age,—
Who loved the old house, even as I—her birthplace, her refuge,—
She in a vision comes near; and quick I remember
One night of all nights, when a messenger stood in the doorway,
Silent he stood, and we knew the message unspoken!
O night of nights, when a wife turned sudden a widow,
And a child, 'neath the solacing stars, passed swift into manhood.

IV

But of childhood the old house whispers and murmurs to-night,
Of the twilight hour in the arms of her the beloved
And loving sister of her who gave me my being,—
Who like a second mother encompassed my childhood
With song and with story, with gleams of fairy and hero,
Chanting in twilight gray the ancient ballads,
Or crooning, as if to herself, the love-songs of girlhood;
Or, again, she fashioned the tales of her own young days:
Of the country balls, in the time when winter was winter,
And the snows were piled—high as the head of a man,
And the ringing sleighs sped over the fields and the fences
To the revels and routs in the taverns of long ago,—
When the dancing would last till dawn, and the dancers flew
From village to village, and tavern to tavern, all night;
Turning the snow-lit dark to rollicking day.
O days and nights of a far and happy world!

V

Of childhood the old house whispers, of wintry sports
With sled and skate on the ponds long filled and forgotten;
Wild joys of meadow and woods and waters; of branches
Laden with black-heart cherries, where boys and birds
Alternate shared the wealth of the aëry feast.

Of boyhood the old house whispers, of moonlit voyages
On the wooded stream, that wound in silent reaches,
Far through the mystic land of awakening life.

VI

And now, in the twilight hour, dear, living voices
The voices of children I hear, they comé to my call;
And I tell of the days that are gone, and they hark with delight,—
As I, in my youth, heard the tales of the ancient days;
Then good-night, and to bed! But the teller of ancient tales
Stays by the dying fire and listens, again,
To the thronging voices that murmur to him alone.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RABELAIS CLUB

By BRANDER MATTHEWS



IN the most amusing and the least brutal of Smollett's novels, "Humphrey Clinker," there is a discussion of the virtue of hospitality, more especially as it is displayed in the British Isles, and one of the characters asserts boldly that his countrymen "are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally destitute of this virtue." Then he goes on to assert that "I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with persons of distinction, who complained of having been inhospitably used in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy or Germany who has entertained and lodged an Englishman at his house, when he afterwards meets with his guest in London, is asked to dinner at the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head, the Boar's Head or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port and is allowed to pay his share of the reckoning."

It is now a century and a half since this was written; and yet the same charge is still echoed now and again by wandering Americans who have failed to be received in London with the cordiality they thought they had a right to expect. Perhaps there is a foundation for the accusation to be sought in some peculiarity of the British character; and perhaps the Englishman feels more keenly than the men of other races that his house is his castle and that he needs to be very careful as to those whom he is willing to admit within his

gates. On the other hand it might be possible to deny sharply that the British are any less hospitable than the French or than the Italians; and the experience of those who have travelled most widely and who have the broadest acquaintance with foreign countries would probably bear out the assertion that the Englishman is rather more likely to invite a foreigner to his house than the Frenchman is or the Italian. Certainly this would be the testimony of many an American, who has met with a warm welcome in London and who has spent a delightful autumn, passing along from house-party to house-party and finding a new host in every new friend.

But when the character in Smollett's story tells us that an Englishman is wont to take a foreigner to the Saracen's Head or the Turk's Head, we are allowed to see how national characteristics survive after a hundred and fifty years, modified a little it may be, and yet clearly recognizable to-day. The famous "ordinary" of old, at the Boar's Head or the Bear, has now developed into the more commodious club; and to-day it is to the club and not to the tavern that the Londoner accompanies his guests. A little later, after he has had a chance to get better acquainted with them, he may bid them to his house also. But at all events there is the club, and he is prompt to put them up there, at least, in a first effort to make them feel themselves at home.

In the summer, when Americans flock across the water, there is scarcely a club in London in which we

cannot find an infusion of our countrymen. At the Savile, for example, one of the pleasantest of semi-literary clubs, the rule is most liberal, allowing the members to put up a stranger for a period that may extend to three months. Even at the austere and reserved Athenæum the committee is allowed to extend an invitation for a month to a dozen or fourteen foreigners of distinction. And eligible Americans who go to England frequently and who linger long in London are likely to be elected into the clubs of their choice as regular members. Probably there is not a single club in London, however exclusive, which has not American names on its roll of members. There are even dining-clubs like the Pilgrims, the special object of which is to bring together the two branches of those who speak the English language. The Kinsmen, again, is a dining-club, founded in New York, more than a score of years ago, and now flourishing in London.

But probably of all the English dining-clubs, that most hospitable to Americans was the Rabelais, which was founded more than a quarter of a century ago, which flourished for perhaps ten years and which has been defunct for now nearly fifteen years. It had among its organizers the late Lord Houghton, that staunch friend of the Union through all the uncertain years of the civil war, and Sir Walter Besant, always untiring in his efforts to assure the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples. Among the original members when the Rabelais gave its first dinner in 1879 were Charles Godfrey Leland, Bret Harte and Mr. Henry James, all then resident in England. Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes were elected to the club in 1880. Afterward other Americans were added to the roll—E. A. Abbey, Lawrence Barrett, John Hay, W. D. Howells, Clarence King and the present writer. Of all these, the one who took the most active part in the earliest days of the club's existence was Leland, the author of "Hans Breitmann."

Indeed, it was the perusal of the pleasant papers in which Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell has recently recorded her recollections of her versatile uncle that revived my own memories of the Rabelais and recalled to mind the half-dozen of its delightful dinners which I had the good fortune to attend a score of years ago. It was in 1881, I think, that I was first invited to be a guest at one of the Rabelaisian gatherings; and I was made a member a year or two later. Mrs. Pennell's extracts from Leland's letters prove plainly that his was the original suggestion that there should be a Rabelais Club, and that the first steps to establish it were taken in the early months of 1878. His most cordially was Walter Besant; and together they interested Lord Houghton, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, the late Sir Frederick Pollock (the editor of "Macready's Memoirs") and his son the present Sir Frederick, who had just been revealing his hereditary brilliancy by that extraordinarily clever series of legal parodies, which he had called "Leading Cases done into English."

For the future of this offspring of his invention Leland had the loftiest ambitions, which he sought to awaken also in Besant. He wanted wisely to begin by making the Rabelais distinguished and exclusive; and to be able to accomplish this he wished so far as possible to reserve to Besant and to himself the control of the club, and more especially the choice of its earlier members. Mrs. Pennell has printed for us one of Leland's letters to Besant in which he sets down plainly his proposed method of procedure.

"Now this Rabelais is, and must be, *in your hands and mine*. We ought to manage it, without doubt. It is a grand idea. We invented it. Carry it out as it should be carried out, and we shall make a great power of it. Let us go step by step, and only admit strong men of European or world fame. Just now we are (beyond ourselves) Lord Houghton,

Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Bret Harte, Pollock, Palmer, James, Collier. . . .

"Just now we need *Names*. Of course names with genius. It is all very pleasant for us to have jolly and clever boys, but we must not yield to personal friendship. I want these smaller men to apply to us. . . . My dear friend, if to these names we should add Lowell and the great French and German guns, we shall make at once a world-name."

From other passages of the correspondence which Mrs. Pennell has made public, it is easy to see how much Leland desired that the Rabelais Club should be "not only a friendly association, of writers and artists, but a tremendous force, a wide influence." He expected to make a power of it, declaring that "we, its founders, must be earnest and true." He thought it possible even that "we may make it the very first in London if we are wise and careful." He held this dream of future supremacy to be the more likely because the new society had rallied around the name of Rabelais, one of the great masters of all who seek to understand the world as it is. As he wrote at the time—and here again I am quoting from the fragments of his correspondence which his niece chose to publish in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1905,—as he asserted when he was working strenuously to establish the new club, "to understand and feel Rabelais is *per se* a proof of belonging to a higher order—the very aristocracy of intellect. As etching is 'an art for artists' only, and a love of etching reveals the true art sense, so Rabelais is a writer for writers only."

When Leland returned to America for a visit in 1880, he won the adhesion of Doctor Holmes, which was some consolation to him for the failure to capture Browning:—"Great names draw great names and make us a great club,—small or mediocre names detract from every advantage. We don't want Anybody who is other than ourselves. . . . Now the Rabelais has enough men to be jolly at

its dinner—but not enough *great* men. When it is so strong that nobody can afford to decline, when it is distinctly a proof of the very highest literary social position *per se* to be in it—when we shall be all known men, then I shall be satisfied to admit the mute Miltons. I have never got over Browning's declining. I want him to regret it. He will regret it if we progress as we are doing."

In another letter he expresses his desire for the success of the club even more vigorously: "I want the Rabelais to coruscate—whiz, blaze and sparkle, fulminate and bang. It must be great and wise and good, bland, dynamitic, gentle, awful, tender and tremulous. *That* is the kind of Tongs we must be. Tongs, I say, and not hairpins like the Philistines—nor clothespins like the vulgar. Handsome drawing-room tongs fit for ladies to handle. The American public only recognizes hairpins and clothespins. I add tongs. Strive, my son, to be *tongs* in this life and not a mere hairpin."

Unfortunately for Leland's hopes, the Rabelais Club never succeeded in attaining the lofty heights where he aspired to behold it. For a few years it added to the pleasure of those who belonged to it, but it never became a power in the land. Perhaps Leland's characteristic optimism was responsible for his belief that what was, after all, only a dining-club, could ever become a power in the land. But even if the Rabelais did not draw enough great names to become a great club, it did succeed in winning enough men and just the right men "to be jolly at dinner." Indeed, for the jollity of the dinners themselves, it was well perhaps that the rest of the members did not take the club quite so seriously as Leland did. In time, even an intimate knowledge of "Gargantua" was not required from those who were admitted to the more modest repasts of the club. I can recall the genial smile with which Besant told me that any candidate for membership must qualify in one of two conditions; he

must declare on oath either that he had read all the wise words of the Master, or else that he had not read them; and so long as he could make affidavit in either of these forms, he was eligible for election.

It was the article of Mrs. Pennell with all these extracts from her uncle's hopeful and enthusiastic letters that led me to look up again the several volumes of the "Recreations of the Rabelais Club," which Besant edited for the members only, with the aid of Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, then the editor of the *Saturday Review*. Whether the suggestion was due to Leland or to Besant or to Pollock, I do not know, but there was early established a practice of printing a leaflet or a pamphlet of some sort which every diner would find at his plate when he took his seat at a Rabelais banquet. These leaflets or pamphlets, as the case might be, were always uniform in type and page; and whensoever enough of them had accumulated, they were bound together in a broad-margined book, with an innocent cover of white cloth. There were three of these volumes altogether; one covering the years of 1880-1881, another extending from 1882 to 1885, while the last, thinner than the second as the second had been scantier than the first, contained the spoils of the dinners in the final years of the club's existence from 1885 to 1888.

At the beginning these casual and occasional papers had more or less to do with Rabelais himself; they were humorous imitations of his manner and satirical applications of his method to modern topics. But after a while squibs were let off at the dinner-table which had little or no relation to the Master in whose honor the club had been named. In the first volume I find that about half of the score of papers have a connection of some sort with the author of "Gargantua"; and the rest are upon all sorts of themes. In my copy of this volume Besant kindly initialled the several contributions, whereby I discover that Besant himself and

the present Sir Frederick Pollock were the most frequent contributors; and Leland came forward only once—with a striking and suggestive comparison of Rabelais's storm with that in Shakespeare's "Tempest" seeking to show how the great English humorist had made his profit out of the labor of the great French humorist. I perceive that Mr. Edmund Gosse was responsible for a Rabelaisian "Ballade of Panurge concerning his Marriage," and that another *ballade*—for the *ballade* was just making its way in English a quarter of a century ago,—the "Piteous Ballade of Poets who have nothing to say," is to be credited to the frolicsome pen of Besant himself.

In this same volume are half a dozen "Arabesques from the Bazaars," briskly versified anecdotes in which oriental topics are handled with occidental humor. They were contributed by that most extraordinary man, Professor E. H. Palmer, an intimate friend of both Leland and Besant, who went out to Egypt at the request of the British government, at the time of the Arabi Pasha revolt, going in disguise inside the rebel lines, where he, a civilian, ultimately met his death, in the discharge of his patriotic duty. Besant wrote his biography; and in the second volume of these "Recreations" are the memorial verses in various languages in which his fellow-Rabelaisians set forth their sorrow at his loss. These tributes are in Latin and in Greek, as well as in English, in French, and in Italian. The Rabelais was a club for scholars at play; and its polyglot members delighted in turning a copy of verses into another tongue. In the first volume there is a brief stanza written in German by the present Sir Frederick Pollock in laudation of the whole series of Beethoven's Symphonies then recently performed at the Richter concerts in London. This Mr. Samuel Lee turned into Latin, which Besant put into English that Professor Saintsbury might render it again into Greek and Professor Palmer into Arabic. In the third volume

the same game is played once more with ten lines of Dr. Holmes's, which were translated into Latin by one member; and from Latin they were transferred into Greek by another, and then from the Greek they were brought back into English by Mr. Andrew Lang, to be turned thereupon into French by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock; and finally they were made out of the French into Italian.

George Du Maurier was an early member of the Rabelais; and he contributed to the second volume of its "Recreations" a poem in French, "Aux Poëtes de la France (épître d'un dynamitard)." The author of "Trilby" was bilingual by birth and by education; and he wrote French as well as he did English, just as he proved himself quite as adroit with the pen as with the pencil. Another linguistic feat was a *ballade* in British slang in imitation of Villon, written by the late W. E. Henley. And a third was one of Leland's in the familiar Hans Breitmann dialect; and as this seemingly was never included in any of the successive editions of Leland's Anglo-Teutonic verses, it may be well to transcribe it here:

THE GYPSY LOVER

Id vas a schwartz Zigeuner,
Dot on a viddle blayed,
Und onderneat a vinder
He mak't a serenade.

Dot vas a lofely Gountess
Who heard de gipsy blayin',
Said she, "Who mak't de musik,
Vot sound so wunder scheen?"

Dot was de schwartz Zigeuner
Who vas fery quick to twig,
Und he singt a lofe-ballade,
How his hearts vas proken—pig!

Dot vas de lofely Gountess,
Who ask him, "Who you are?"
He saidt, "Mein name ist Yanosh,
De Lord of Temesvar!"

Dot vas de lofely Gountess
Saidt, "Come more near to me,
I vants to dalk on pusiness,
Und I'll trow you down de key!"

Dot vas de moon kept lighten
De Gountess in her room,
Boot someding moost hafe vritten,
De minsrel did not coom.

Dot vas a tredful oudgry,
Ven early in de morn
Dey foundt de hens vas missin',
Und all de Wasch' vas gone!

Dot vas a schwartz Zigeuner
Vot sat opon de dirt,
A-eadin' roasted schickens—
All in a new glean shirt.

Another little lyric, to be credited apparently to the pen of the present Sir Frederick Pollock, deserves also to be rescued for its spontaneity and grace. This is entitled

TO A CHILD

(With a copy of Grimtn's "Märchen.")

New-made tales are daily told,
New-made songs are daily sung:
These I give you, they were old
When Old England's name was young:
Dull are wits that fain would mock
At the wisdom these can teach,
Growth of sturdy German stock,
Heart of homely German speech.

From their root in ancient soil
Springs the blossom ever bright,
And men ponder it with toil
Till they know the tale aright;
And their oldest words are new
And their far-off story near,
And wise men must prove it true,
But a child may read it clear.

The brother of this last lyrist, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, once gave the Rabelais Club a pair of poems in which he sought to recall the impression made by Sir Henry Irving as Mephistopheles and by Miss Ellen Terry as Gretchen in the late Mr. Wills's stage version of "Faust." Perhaps the former is the more striking of the two:

IRVING'S MEPHISTOPHELES

When the gray shapes of dread, adoring,
fall
Before the Red One towering o'er them all,

The one whose voice and gesture, face and form,
Proclaim the Prince of the unhallowed storm:
Who stands unmoved amid the fiery tide
And rain of flame that sweep the mountain-side,
Then, as the ribald pageant fades from view
We think the Fiend himself commands the crew.
But when the mask is down, and when a smile
Wreaths the dark face, and flattering words beguile,
When, whimsical, half careless of deceiving,
He plays upon the student's fond believing,
When, from beneath the Cavalier's disguise,
The Snake unveils the menace of his eyes,
When, with a far-off ring of his despair,
His terrifying laughter fills the air.—
Then, more than in the Brocken's mad-dening revel,
We seem to see and hear the living Devil.

Sometimes the contributions were in prose and sometimes they were in verse. Sometimes they were lyrics of considerable length and sometimes they were tiny epigrams of but a few lines, a quatrain only, or even a couplet as the case might be. There are two of these little epigrams, each of them signed with a single initial, H, and therefore to be ascribed in all probability to the late Lord Houghton. They have the concision and the polish to be found in his other poems, even if they lack the playful sentiment which lends charm to certain of his longer lyrics. One of them, a couplet only, has not even a title:

God gave Free Will to People and to Prince;
And has been sorry for it ever since.

The other is a quatrain which he called

A CLUSTER OF CRIMES

On the Twelfth of September, one Sabbath morn,
I shot a hen-pheasant in standing corn,
Without a license. Combine who can
Such a cluster of crimes against God and man.

A third epigram was written by Sir Walter Besant after Mr. Andrew Lang had published "He" as a playful parody on the "She" of his friend and future collaborator, Mr. Rider Haggard:

OF HE AND SHE

In lonely slumber lay the earliest He,
While from his rib was framed a lesser She.
Lo! now the miracle reversed we see:
From She unconscious springs a lesser He.
Of He and She doubts fall on me and thee.
How if the old tale with the new agree?
How if 't was She that slumbered, and
that He

Was from the first a parody of She?

From the very beginning Leland and the other founders of the Rabelais Club had been especially desirous of enrolling Dr. Holmes. On his return to America in 1880, Leland was able to enlist Holmes's interest; and in the second volume of the "Recreations" there is printed the letter which the Autocrat wrote to his "personally unknown brothers, intimates, and very dear friends" acknowledging the receipt of the first volume of the "Recreations." He explained further that "I am little of a doctor, not having killed a patient for the last thirty years, but I have a partiality for my professional confrères, Messires Rabelais, Smollett, Goldsmith, and for another of them with whose name most of you are familiar, good, wise, quaint, shrewd, chatty old Ambroise Paré." And this letter is followed by a metrical epistle to the Autocrat on his seventy-fifth birthday; written in America by a member of the Rabelais Club who was paying a visit to the United States, and whose verse has not a little of the felicitous ease of Holmes's own lighter lyrics:

Take, wise and genial friend of man,
Your reader's homage;—ask not whether
Of British or American,
But English, one and all together.

When it became known in London that Dr. Holmes was about to visit Europe again, fifty years after he had first crossed the ocean to study his

profession, the Rabelais Club made haste to write over to America and to secure his presence at a special banquet. To this dinner, arranged long in advance, there came not a few of the notabilities of literary London, glad to do honor to one who so well described himself in the words with which he had praised Ambroise Paré—"good, wise, quaint, shrewd, chatty." In the chapters of cheerful gossip and of witty comment in which Dr. Holmes recorded the episodes of his second journey across the Atlantic, and which he called "One Hundred Days in Europe," he noted this dinner and expressed his preliminary fear that the gentlemen who met

To laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair, might be "more hilarious and demonstrative in their mirth" than was fit for "a sober New Englander." But at the banquet itself he found "no uproarious jollity; on the contrary, it was a pleasant gathering of literary people and artists who took their pleasure not sadly but serenely, and I do not remember a single explosive guffaw."

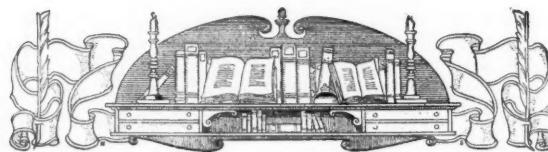
The tone of Dr. Holmes's recollections is so modest that one is in doubt whether he really apprehended the flattering fact that he was the "Lion of the London Season"—just as Buffalo Bill was the lion of a later year. Apparently he took this ban-

quet as one of the ordinary dinners of the Rabelais. Apparently he did not see that it was an extraordinary dinner in the number of men of letters who had gathered as a tribute of affectionate regard for him and of cordial respect. Lord Houghton was there, of course, and Dr. Holmes sat by his side. Mr. George Meredith was there also, with his leonine head towering above the guest of honor. There also was the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, master of familiar verse, who had declared a score of years earlier that Holmes was the chief of all living writers of *vers de société*.

This dinner of the Rabelais Club to Dr. Holmes in 1886, arranged long before he left his beloved Boston, whose bard he was and whose titles to glory he was ever glad to proclaim —this dinner was the largest ever given by the club, and it was perhaps its last effort to establish itself solidly.

Other dinners there were from time to time within the next two or three years; and then there were no more, and the Rabelais Club ceased to be. It had run its course, and it came to an untimely end at last, for some reason not easy to ascertain. Like the famous party of Hans Breitmann, its founder, it faded

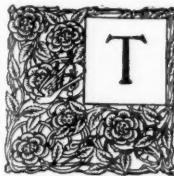
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LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS TO SAMUEL WARD

WITH COMMENTARY BY HENRY MARION HALL

III



HE Longfellow letters thus far considered in this series cover a period of years extending from 1836 to 1842, and during this time, the poet apparently wrote oftener to Samuel Ward than he afterwards wrote to him or to any one else. The last letter from Longfellow to Ward hitherto printed is in Samuel Longfellow's Life and Letters of his brother. It bears the date December 20, 1842.

The correspondence continued active, however, for some time longer, and I am glad to be able to edit the missing letters of 1842 and 1843. There remain unpublished, besides those mentioned, one letter of 1857, five of 1874 and two of 1875. Unlike the early correspondence they are short, hasty notes, dealing with Ward's poems, Longfellow's criticisms of them and his efforts (not invariably successful) to have them published. Space forbids my making citations from them here, but it is worthy of notice that in Longfellow's earliest correspondence, one reads frequent reference to Ward's kindness in finding publishers for Longfellow's poems, while in the last correspondence, written just thirty-nine years later, this state of affairs is directly reversed.

As Longfellow was not in good health in 1842, that year did not prove so successful for him as the previous one had proved, but much of the correspondence then written is full of interest. The first letter that I

shall give shows the poet's placid way of accepting criticism of his poems, and tells also how near Longfellow came to destroying his long-cherished "Student of Alcalà" ("The Spanish Student").

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 14th, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

Two days ago, on receiving yours of the 10th and 11th, I sat down and wrote you a long letter in reply, which alas! I forgot to put into the post office, and consequently shall now put into the fire, as being old. You shall have a new one. And it shall begin, by saying that I told you as plainly as pen could write the words, the first time I spoke of Judge Story,—that he would stop at the Astor House if he stopped at all. And there let it end.

The Review has at length reached me, but I have not yet had time to read Mersch's Article. Thank Cogswell for his notice of me. He handles me almost too daintily; and I half envy W. Lester, who comes next, the vivid satisfaction of being fired into with broken bottles.

Who emitted that asinine bray against Harvard College on page 221? I mean in the notice of *The Method of Nature*. Cogswell should be above petty ill-humor and unfairness. Which *Method of Nature* do you prefer, Van Zandt's or Emerson's?—Out of revenge I had an Episcopal clergyman to dine with me on Wednesday. I did not ask him to say grace. Just as we were finishing dinner, Knoop came in with your letter, and accompanied by Hening. I gave them a cordial reception; and made their hearts merry with Johannisberg, coffee and cigars. They sat an hour and were quite jolly! ("*Hast du vor'm rother Womms nicht mehr Respect?*") He—that is Knoop, not Morpeth (nor Mephisto) gives a concert soon, and I am all impatience to hear your "connecting link with another world"—(Do you mean the *Old World* or the *Next World*?—

I intended to send you the large-paper edition of the ballads by John Astor; but he slipped through my fingers. I shall not encourage Harden; his charges being

too enormous, but will send you the books some *beau matin*, together with the new edition of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" which is just out, in two volumes.

Have you read Sumner's article on the Right of Search, in the Boston Daily Advertiser? It is a very able, diplomatic paper. I will send you a copy by this mail, for fear you may not have seen it.

As to the *Student of Alcalá*, I have no longer any courage to look at it. Neither you, nor Sumner, nor Ticknor, nor Felton likes it; and I am so weary, that I cannot nerve my mind to the task of connecting it. I shall probably throw it into the fire.

Farewell, Ever thine,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. I shall not tell you how I like the notice of my poems, until you tell me who wrote it.

The next letter begins with a characteristic remark on a criticism of his poems. It was written shortly after Charles Dickens had come to this country to gather materials for his "American Notes"; and when one remembers how bitter toward us the novelist showed himself in that book one is glad that Longfellow should have taken him to see Bunker Hill Monument. As has already been remarked, Longfellow disliked parodies on his work, and it is evident that the one he mentions on "Excelsior" nettled him considerably. The newspaper clipping containing it remains in the letter, and the parody is as follows:

AIR—"EXCELSIOR."

The hour for evening drill had pass'd,
The blinds were closed, the door was fast,
When from the Eastern guard-room came
A daring youth well known to fame,
Bearing aloft a banner fair,
With this inscription blazon'd there,
Brownbread!

His form was short, his eye was bright,
Which archly flash'd with mirthful light,
As on he march'd with measur'd tread,
His banner waving o'er his head;
As upward oft he cast his eye,
He'd utter loud this mystic cry,
Brownbread!

There followed in his path a band,
Known as the Lime Rock through the land,
Playing, with most consummate skill,
The lofty airs of Acte's Hill!
Yet oft in accents loud and clear,
Would break upon the list'ning ear,
Brownbread!

A traveller, startled by the sound,
In wonder cast his eyes around,
Then, slowly wander'd up the lane,
Lured onward by the pleasing strain!
And while his soul with joy was stirr'd,
This strange discordant sound he heard,
Brownbread!

The music ceas'd, and all was still,
The traveller saunter'd down the hill,
And as he musing stroll'd along,
He thought he heard the voice of song—
He paus'd, and on his listening ear
Broke forth in accents loud and clear,
Brownbread!

Soon all was hush'd, and one and all
For home went from the armed hall;
Above, the stars in beauty shone,
As homeward went this youth alone,
And when he gained the distant height,
He thus his comrades bade good-night—
Brownbread!

Direct for bed he took his way,
And soon thereon in slumber lay—
When in the fiction of a dream,
He saw aloft his banner gleam—
And rousing up at fancy's call,
He, sleeping, wrote upon the wall—
Brownbread!

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 30, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I am much obliged to Mr. King for showing Armstrong his *béjaune* in regard to that stanza; and in return for Halleck's criticism on the "falling star," ask him what he means by

"One of the few, the *immortal* names,
That were not born to die."

Things *immortal* are not generally born to die, are they? Put that in your pipe.

To-day I have walked ten miles; namely, to town, through town, and out of town to Charlestown, (Bunker Hill) and back again. I went to hear Father Taylor preach, with Dickens and Sumner, and then we made a pilgrimage through North End, over Copp's Hill to Bunker's. Dickens is a glorious fellow. You will be delighted with him; and I have promised him a letter to you, and want you to see him first, on his arrival in New York,—before anyone has laid hands upon him. He will reach New York on Saturday week—that is, Feb. 12. I beg you have him and his wife to dine that day, with Irving, Halleck and Dr. Francis. And in order to secure to yourself the great pleasure of introducing to each other two such men as Irving and Dickens, write an invitation to Dickens, and inclose it to me, and I and Sumner will arrange the whole matter beforehand, if you like the plan.

When shall you be here? Dickens breakfasts with me on Friday. Will you come? Let me know beforehand, for

every place at table is precious;—but I shall count upon you.

How do you like the parody on *Excelsior*? The *idea* is good,—but the execution execrable. The builder of that rhyme is no artist.

Well—in May I go into exile on the Rhine. I presented my request to the Corporation yesterday, and it was allowed forthwith, and I cross the great sea again. I hope I shall return with a sound body and mind.

Julia is enjoying herself much in Boston, and making many friends and admirers. Felton is in love with her; and in speaking of her uses the superlative degree only. Park Street was never more brilliant than now.

Good night; my great lamp is going out and darkness falling on the sheet. Nevertheless, "while the lamp holds out to burn," and long afterwards,

Yours very truly,

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. I shall take this to the office to-morrow morning before breakfast. It must be in your hands on Tuesday.

In the next No.—the March No. of *Graham's Magazine*, you will find a short Article by me on Heine, which I want you to glance at. Graham pays me \$50 per paper, without regard to length.

About a month after the preceding was written, we find Longfellow making preparations to sail for Europe. The Mersch whom he mentions was a scientific man of some note, for whom Mr. Ward was anxious to secure a professorship at Harvard University. The invitation sent to Longfellow by Dickens was afterwards accepted, but the poet did not, as he had hoped, procure an introduction to George Sand from the French critic Janin. How different travel was in the year this letter was written from what it is to-day may be guessed from Longfellow's utter distrust of ocean-going steamships.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 27, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I trust you duly received my letter, written some three days ago, with a few words for Mersch. I now send the other documents, and most sincerely hope they may prove effectual in securing the Professorial Chair you have in view. As to the Bussey bequest, it does not operate upon the College until it has killed three old women, and how long that will be, is not known. I hope Mersch may finally be placed in those fair domains. Keep an eye upon that.

Felton has returned from New York

radiant and rejoicing. Yesterday Willis, Sumner, Hillard and he dined with me, together with a younger brother of Willis. Felton entertained us with his New York experiences—his "*roistering and oystering*" as Hillard calls it. He must have had a merry time. You have given him new youth and beauty. He brought me a note from Dickens, containing a very cordial invitation to stay with him in London—"have no home but his house, and make him my host and cicero." Inclosed is the answer: which I beg you to hand to him, if he has not left N. York; and if he has, give it to David C. Colden, who is his agent—or what not.

I am making my arrangements for a start on the first of May. What ship sails for Havre on that day? and how long in advance should I secure my berth? I am decidedly of your opinion, that a Packet ship is better than a steamer. The steamer of the 4th is not yet in. Great fears are entertained for her safety.

I begin my Lectures tomorrow. Two months will soon be over; and I shall pass a few brief days with you—and away. O that you were going with me!

I have not yet read the *Compagnon*; but will give my first leisure to it. I hope I shall see Geo. Sand. How can I bring it about? Can you put me in the way of making her acquaintance through Janin?

Thank you for Schmeide's *Novellen*. Are they good? Who is Schmeide?

I saw the Ticknors a day or two ago. They are well; and Anna rejoices exceedingly in the *Symphonies* you sent her. She is *at play* upon them; and finds them delightful.

This is my birth-day. I am thirty-five. Do you not wish you were as old, my dear? We have snow today; a quiet fall of snow. Sumner is passing the Sunday with me; we wish you were here. He is at this present moment down at Felton's. They both desire their kindest remembrances to you.

Ever most truly yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The next two letters tell about Longfellow's departure.

CAMBRIDGE, March 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have three letters from you, making all together five pages. I have to thank you for comparing me to Prince Egmont with his *santé désespérante*; and to say that I will attend to Amary's Wine at the earliest moment.

I see by the papers that the *Ville de Lyon* sails for Havre on the 24th of April—and is a very large ship. I think I must go in her. I shall gain a week, and *Ich habe mein Herz darauf gestellt*. This will be better than the Utica, will it not? I have an idea that the *Ville de Lyon* is what one may call a splendid ship. How

long beforehand ought I to secure my passage in order to get a good berth?

You speak of Colman's note soon due, as being the last. How can that be? He has not yet paid \$300. All I have received from him is \$72.50. Then there was the \$250 due to you, of which I paid \$50. In reality he has paid only \$272 out of \$500; and 15 copies of the book. I am anxious to see what price he will put upon those. I do not want you to give yourself any trouble about this; but when you see the Broker, who has the notes in his hands, please ask him about it. I should like, if possible, to make a final settlement with Colman before sailing.

Dr. Tellkampf, a German Professor—one of the unlucky Göttingen Exiles, was here a few days ago on his way to New York. He is to leave some letters of introduction with you for me. So, if a package comes to hand addressed to me, keep it till I come.

Evening. Felton and myself have been dining with Cleveland. On my way down I took from the office another page from you.

March 6. A stormy Sunday. I have been to Church, and heard a dull sermon which edified me about as much as St. Anthony's did the fishes, as described by Abraham a Santa Clara, in his uncouth Rhyme. Now, having no special vocation nor urgent need for writing, I will dip into *Ritterwesen*.

Very affectionately,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. I look forward with the greatest pleasure to my short visit with you. You must so manage it, that I can be under your roof. I can sleep on a sofa in the library—"wisely, if not *too well*." By hook or by crook we can arrange it. Then it will be a visit to you; otherwise I shall not come to New York till the day the ship sails.

CAMBRIDGE, April 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I received your last on Saturday evening. I had just come from town where I had seen Ticknor who told me of Cogswell's destiny* as a great secret. On leaving the house, I took a stroll down Beacon Street with Prescott. He told me the same story. "But it is a great secret, Ticknor says," quoth I. "Yes, a very great secret" said Ferdinand, "it is in all the New York papers." On reaching home I found your letter confirming the news. I am both glad and sorry. I hoped to have Cogswell as a fellow-passenger in the *Ville de Lyon*, and I think he would have enjoyed a short residence at the Court of Spain.

My plans are now pretty clearly defined. I shall sail for Havre in the *Ville de Lyon*:

* Cogswell was appointed librarian of the Astor Library.

—and I shall want you to go to the ship and select me a stateroom: put my name on the lower berth, and that of Richard S. Willis on the upper. This is a younger brother of Nat. P. Willis. We go together. If the agent wants the money he may draw upon me and Willis separately at sight: tho' I don't think it worth while unless he is very hungry for money. Upon the whole this seems the best arrangement we can make: for I fear the vessels direct to Antwerp will not be very good: and I like a little comfort at sea. The *Ville de Lyon* is advertised for April 24th which is Sunday. Will she sail on that day or Saturday? or Monday?

Willis is going to pass three or four years in Germany to study music. He already composes with a good deal of skill; and has several pieces full of feeling and fancy which I should like to have you hear. One of them is "Spring," with the gushing of waters, waving of boughs, singing of birds, etc. Another is "Undine," the flowing of a stream in shadow and sunshine—very beautiful. His music is like his brother's poetry.

I hope your mind is at length serene. What has the matter been? You have made known to me nothing. I hope there has been no serious trouble:—nothing worse than navigating the ship of commerce through breakers and icebergs.

For my own part, I begin to tug and pull, like a vessel whose sails are spread, but whose anchor is not yet up.

Felton is much better, "sitting clothed and in his right mind." Cleveland is now living in Cambridge: and the place is pleasanter than ever. His pleasant house is a great resource to me.

Yours ever truly,
H. W. L.

The summer of 1842 Longfellow spent at the Marienberg Water Cure, and his experiences there he gave in three letters, the first to Mr. Ward and the second two to Mr. Charles Sumner. These he entitled "Letters from under a Pump."

MARIENBERG BEI BOPPART,
June 5, 1842.

MY DEAR SAM,

I have just received yours of the 13th May. Many, many thanks. This is your second, since I left you. The first reached me in a most amusing way. We were landing at Havre in a little boat, not being able to come quite up to the quai in our own ship; when abreast of us, running along the wharf, and waving a paper in his hand appeared an individual, who as soon as he was near enough to be heard, shouted my name with sundry fantastic gestures. At first I thought it must be a sheriff with a writ; but upon landing I found it to be a messenger from Hollings with your letter,

I leave you to imagine how glad I was to meet the grasp of your hand, on reaching Havre; and I should have answered your most welcome salutation with an immediate reply, had I not been too much in haste to set forward on my journey hitherward.

There was no steamer for Antwerp; and the boat for Rotterdam sailed the day before we reached Havre; and went but once a week. I at once concluded, therefore, to go to Paris; and so on by land; and took the first Diligence for Paris.

Our passage was twenty-two days; not an unpleasant one, on the contrary, very pleasant, till we were becalmed four days in the Channel. I liked the Captain much. He is a very good fellow. A brother of Kasowski, the musician, was on board. He suffered exceedingly; so much that he was obliged to stop in Havre to recruit. Of the other passengers I shall say nothing.

In Paris I stopped at the Hôtel de Paris, which I think was your hotel. Of course, I saw Jules Janin. He is living in the Rue Vaugirard, opposite one of the gates of the Luxembourg gardens. His apartment is *au quatrième*. I was shown through his library, up a narrow winding staircase, through a bathing room, into a drawing room, where sat the redoubtable Jules under the barber's hands. He was sitting in an arm chair, his shirt-sleeves rolled up; his feet thrust into a pair of high shoes, and his *ventresaillant*, as the Charivari calls it, arrayed in a pair of brown linen trowsers without straps and not reaching to the tops of his stockings. He read your letter, said I was welcome to his house; and asked a great many questions about you; all of which I answered to the best of my ability. He is a curious character. He has quarrelled with Geo. Sand, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas;—in fine with all the literary characters. He says he does not like them and does not visit any of them. He then washed his face with a huge sponge; shook his ambrosial locks, and invited me to dinner for that evening (Sunday). I accepted the invitation and went. Saw his wife, a very pretty woman, rather a spoiled child; and her mother, who wears green spectacles. There was also at table a rough, silent lawyer, a friend of the family, to whom I was introduced, and did not wish to be. We had a nice little dinner; and after dinner played whist. I left them at ten; upon the whole not very much delighted with Janin. He is not a well-bred man; and is altogether too selfish. He seems to be very happy in his marriage; is desperately in love with his wife; and she with him;—even to caressing and kissing each other at the card-table! He has lately picked a house and garden at Passy, where he means to pass the rest of his days—so he says. As a critic, he still maintains his sway; and there is an amusing caricature of him sitting in a car, drawn by dramatic authorlings.

I was four days in Paris; and then started for Bruxelles; took a run upon the rail-road to Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges; then back to Bruxelles, and on through Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne, up the Rhine to this ancient cloister, which embosomed in high hills overlooks the town of Boppard, or Boppart, as it is sometimes written. I reached here Friday evening, June 3rd, on Saturday had a consultation with the doctor; and tomorrow make my first plunge. Today is a holiday, and no bathing except in extreme cases. In the view of Marienberg I have blackened my windows, so that you may see where I am. They look down into the garden, and a wooded valley, with glimpses of the Rhine. It is all exceedingly pleasant thus far, though I am impatient to commence my baths. At present there are only about thirty patients here. My next neighbor at table is an Englishman by the name of Garney, an elderly man, with a moustache. I think he has been an officer in the army. He has gone down the Rhine today to purchase the island and cloister of Nonnenvirth near Bonn, it being for sale; and the prettiest place on the Rhine. Of the other guests hereafter.

As to writing a book upon Germany; I answer I have no such intention. You mistake altogether my position. I am here for my health; and am in retirement among the hills of the Rhine. I shall have little time for study and little opportunity for observation. Besides the elasticity of my mind is gone; and until I get well I shall do nothing but meditate. Thus far the objects that have most delighted me are the Cathedral at Antwerp and the Paintings of Rubens there. These are glorious indeed.

I forgot to tell you that I met De Gay one day on the Boulevard des Italiens. I went home with him to dine;—and where do you think he lives? At Mme. Michu's, No. 7 Rue de Tournain! Your memory was as fresh and green there as the peas we had for dinner. I almost expected to see you come in at the door and *manger votre soupe* with us. So strong is the illusion, when we visit a place once inhabited by a friend. Mme. Michu was particular in her inquiries after you, and you have left the odor of sanctity behind you in that habitation.

Do you know the poems of Freiligrath?—I bought a copy in Köln. Some of them are striking. He is decidedly the most popular of the young poets. He is expected here tomorrow, and I hope will come.

This is my first letter from Marienberg. When I next write you shall know more of the Wasserkur. Meanwhile remember me to all my friends in New York and Boston; and sweet dreams haunt your brain to-night and forever.

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

P.S. What will the Harpers give for the

Play, on condition of having it printed in Cambridge uniformly with the other poems?

MARIENBERG, June 24, 1842.

MY DEAR CHARLEY.

I am not in a very gay mood this morning; yet I must write you a few lines or I shall lose the chance of the Moselle. The water begins to work upon my nerves. I had a dream last night, in which I saw you. You mentioned a certain person's name, whereupon, like the patriarchs in the Old Testament, I fel on your neck and wept, exclaiming "I am very unhappy." The most amusing part of the dream was, that we were in bed together, and you were buried up to your neck in tan which absorbed my tears. Then the scene suddenly changed. I was walking in Cambridge with Felton and Cleveland, just at day-break, wrapped in a blanket. By way of showing his agility Cleveland jumped into a pond of water, and performed several difficult movements, at which Felton laughed and I awoke!

Awoke to be literally wrapped in a blanket and plunged afterwards into a cold bath, in which I executed as well as I could the difficult movements which Cleveland had executed in the dream. And so began another day; the twentieth since my arrival here.

Need I tell you how delighted I was to find your letters, yours and Hillard's,—waiting for me? I wish that I could answer them by letters as long and full, and as grateful to the receiver. But at present I cannot. We have no time for reading and writing here. Bathing and walking in the open air, climbing mountains, and the like. As to the poems you speak of, it is alas! quite impossible to write them, much as I desire to do so. My ideas leap horizontally like frogs. We are a drowsy, unintellectual set here. The Doctor says I am better; I say, I am not. I do not perceive the slightest change. He says I shall not get away before the end of September. I say, perhaps I shall.

This Marienberg is a lovely place. Unluckily there are six English people here; and still more unluckily I sit between two of them at table; so that I have my native language ringing in both ears all day long. If I could hear of a place, where there is no Englishman, I would pack up my trunk and go there. There were between twenty and thirty on board the steamer, which brought me up the Rhine. Another thing that is annoying here is the trivial tone of thought prevailing among the patients; the mean wants, and never-ending complaints, the querulous frame of mind—of which this letter, now that I think of it, is no bad specimen.

I am very sorry to hear of Owen's conduct. I expected better things from him. Please see the President and Judge Story.

MARIENBERG, August 8, 1842.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

Pray look upon this as a Psalm Penitential and pardon my sins. Yours of the 15th of July reached me in seventeen days and filled my soul with dismay. None of my letters received! But how could you for a moment imagine that I had not written? Learn then that I have written to you twice before this, twice to Felton, twice to Hillard, twice to Sam Ward, twice to Miss Lowell twice to Mrs. Norton, twice to my father, and once to Cleveland. The difficulty was I had forgotten Hillard's address in London, and was obliged to send by the way of Havre. I rue my negligence most bitterly, for I have fallen under the reproaches of my friends.

And now must I imagine these letters all lost? Must I begin again, and tell you how often I lay on the deck of our ship at night, and gazed up at Charles' Wain, and the rocking of "marble sails" overhead? Must I tell you again how I reached the Rhineland? How many baths I take a day? and in fine go through the details of my insignificant life once more? No, I will trust to my stars. Those letters have all reached you ere this and your wrath is appeased.

And now, my dear Charles, I wish I could pour out into your heart in one overwhelming douche all the thoughts that fill and agitate my own. This I dare not do, for I know that other eyes than yours will read this letter, and though they are the eyes of my best friends yet the letter is no longer tête-à-tête. I cannot speak to six together as I could to each. Rather let me seem dull and commonplace.

It is now afternoon of a hot day. A legion of flies from the garden into which my window looks, are buzzing about my head, and I have just hit a wasp a whack with a book which sent him rolling across the room. On such days cold baths are delicious, and I am looking forward with a certain inward satisfaction to the one that awaits me. But I have resolved to say nothing of baths in this letter, so I turn to something else. As you may imagine, I never lose an opportunity of making excursions in the neighborhood. I have been to Rolandseck, and the Drachenfels, to Bonn, Cologne, Coblenz and Ems. I have climbed every ruin within ten miles, and some more distant. I shall know the Rhine well before my return. When is that to be? Have you seen the President about the books? I am quite in doubt as to my future destiny. I should like to take a run to Italy, and Spain, and I should like to return home.—What annoys me is the slowness of the Wasserkur. It does not operate with one-half the speed and vigor I imagined it would. After two months I do not find the decided advantage I anticipated. But two months are a very short time. There is an Englishman here who has been at Graefenberg three years,

and is not yet well. This however does not shake my confidence. I hope in one month more to feel a very great change for the better.

I had a letter from Greene a few days ago. He complains of us all for not writing to him oftener, and seems to be hurt by supposed neglect of his friends at home. I consoled him in my answer as well as I could, explaining a letter was on the way from you, which fact Hillard mentioned in his last. Greene urges me very strongly to come to Rome. I need no urging. By the way, Mr. Calvert who is here fresh from Italy, gives excellent accounts of Greene and says among other things that he is much beloved by all Americans, and that they have all signed a petition about his salary.

I have already told you of the Freiligraths at St. Goar and my intimacy with them. I almost imagine Felton translated into German with scraps of a mustache, and one of his front teeth knocked out. I send you in this a translation of Excelsior by him, and will soon send you the Skeleton, the Blacksmith and Endymion. Freiligrath is the best of the young poets of Germany. He is not one of the Gutzkow school;—not one of young Germany.

Let me say with pride and thankfulness—*even here upon the glorious Rhine*, I think with longing of Boston and its beautiful environs; and the pleasant drives through Brookline. In my imagination the whole landscape floats in sunshine, and you all—my friends—are the Saints walking the terrestrial Paradise. I envy myself my beautiful home in Cambridge so well adapted to enjoyment and to labor. —I shall return even from Italy with a zest.

I have not yet fully made up my mind when I shall be in England; probably not before the first of October—I mean in case I return this Autumn. As soon, however, as you can get a copy of the "Spanish Student" send it to the care of Coates & Co. to be kept by them until I come to England.

I have not had time since I am here to write a verse or a line. There is no inspiration in dressing and undressing. Hunger and thirst figure too largely here, to leave room for poetical figures.

I am expecting daily Eliot & Perkins. Sam is not well yet; and I think it possible he may stay here awhile. I am confident it would do him good.

Kind regards to my friends in Boston and Cambridge. When you see Charley Norton* tell him I have 68 Roman coins for him—time-worn, rusty old Caesars dug up here under the walls of Boppard. And now for fear of losing the next steamer *Finis!*

Yours ever affectionately,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

* Charles Eliot Norton, still Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard.

I have written to Sam Ward by this post.

The following letter was written on receipt of a rowdy parody on one of Longfellow's poems. The Julia mentioned is Miss Julia Ward, afterwards Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

CAMBRIDGE, March 2, 1843.

[O Absalom! my son! How could you send me such a profane song? I had spent the morning in translating a holy Legend from the German of Julius Mosen; and when I paused, instead of an echo from without, I heard that sound of ribaldry, like a loud vulgar ballad from an ale-house!]

Thanks for your letter, my dear Sam; though none, absolutely, *utterly* none for the Song. What you say of the Spanish Student is true, in part, at least. The task of adding to it is not agreeable to me; and I am sorely tempted to let it alone. When you come you shall know my plan about it. It is hardly worth while to write about the matter. I will then give you my reasons for using *utterly* and *warm*. They are not changes—these words,—but the original expressions—the first, best words. Be sure they are not used without good and sufficient reason.

My Etna is burnt out; my Boundary Line is settled. Impassable Highlands divide the waters running North and South. "Let the dead Past bury its dead!" and excuse me for quoting myself.

I was very glad to see Julia. As soon as I heard of her arrival I went in with "Dear Feltonius" to see her. I stayed to dinner, and after dinner took a long walk with her, during which we had a very pleasant conversation, which took a more serious turn, than any I ever before held with Juha. The dinner, however, was *mad* enough; for under the eyes of the Bunker* and his wife, Julia, Mary and I drank "eternal friendship" three times; in imitation of the damsels in Canning's Anti-Jacobin Play—"A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship."

Yes;—it was a pleasant week at the "X Professor's"; and I go in tomorrow to pass three or four days more in the same chamber; having accidentally left my slippers there. When will you be here? Let me know precisely: for I am going to Portland again, and wish to time my visit so as not to lose yours. Therefore fix with you; and if you come when I am away, it will be a miserable piece of business.

You are slightly mistaken about the "Compagnon du Tour de France." I did begin it; and will finish it ere long, and will then take a glimpse into the Inferno

* Thomas Ward, agent for the Barings, and the father of the Mary here mentioned.

of Mathilde, if you will bring it with you.

"Crows to pick!" did you say? Yes; a whole rookery.

I trust you mean to stay with me when you come. If this is not your plan, I will stay with you—at Park Street Corner, or Tremont House, or wheresoever you choose. Write soon; send the ball bounding back.

Ever thine

HIERONIMUS.

Did the package for Highbee reach him? Julia says it is probably still lying in yr. portmanteau. How is this?

P.S. "In future, Gentlemen, let us have prose and decency"—Danton at the Assembly. Therefore I inclose you another parody, which came by the same mail as the one you sent.

The two letters with which I wish to close this article are the last of much interest in Longfellow's unpublished correspondence. As is well known, Samuel Ward and Mr. Longfellow remained firm friends during their lives, but after the year 1843 they corresponded less, and owing to the work and hurry of his very active life, Longfellow had no time for any but brief notes.

The first of these letters was written just after Mr. Samuel Ward's sister Julia had become engaged to Samuel Gridley Howe; the second was written in answer to a letter in which Ward submitted a poem for criticism.

CAMBRIDGE, March 6, 1843.

MY DEAR SAM,

I ought to have written to you long ago on the great event of our Chevalier's* conquering the Celestial City; but I have been away from home, and have, moreover, been hoping to see you here, and expecting to hear from you. The event did not surprise me: for the Chevalier is a mighty man of Love, and I noted that on the walls of the citadel (Julia's cheeks) first the white flag would be displayed, and anon the red, and then again the white. The citadel could not have submitted to a braver, better or more humane knight.

Seriously, my dear Sam, and most sincerely do I rejoice in this event. Julia could not have chosen *more* wisely—nor the Doctor *so* wisely; and I think you may safely look forward to a serene and happy life for your sister. And so God speed them upon Life's journey: "To the one be contenting enjoyments of his auspicious desires; to the other, a happy attendance of her chosen muses."

I write you a very short note this morn-

* Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

ing, because I am going to hear Sumner's lecture in the Law School, on Ambassadors, Consuls, Peace and War, and other matters of International Law.

How is it, about the mysterious Highbee package? If you do not send it forthwith, I commission Louisa and Annie to lay their lily hands upon it, remove it from your sac de nuit, where it has been lying long enough, and deliver it to Mr. Highbee in the pulpit!

Write me soon—as soon as you can; and say that you are coming to Cambridge ere long. Life is short. We meet not often; and I am most sincerely,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CAMBRIDGE, March 15, 1843.

DEAREST SAM,

I write you a very brief note this morning; merely to thank you for your last with the Poem of "monumental brass." It is very forcible—very striking—with some fine thoughts in it. But it breathes an ungenerous spirit—and if the author speaks from his heart, he is self-conceited and not magnanimous. Has he a right to say "Exegi"?

Of course you will not like my opinion; but since we have known each other, I have always spoken frankly to you. Take this new token of my candor. Thus you have, as you requested, my "opinion critical and candid."

And now, "Old Gentleman" I rejoice in your serenity of soul—but where you speak of your life as being very tranquil and free from emotion—I fancy you do not mean exactly what you say. You, as well as I, can take a motto from the life and lips of Faust.

"Ich bin zu alt um mir zu spielen
Zu jung um ohne Wünsch zu sein."

But I have to go a line or two farther and add:

"Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!"

For the last week, I have been plagued with an Influenza, which does not seem disposed to leave me. I am working away, however, on sundry matters; and have not been into town for a fortnight.

Everybody seems delighted with Julia's engagement. She is wise as well as witty. Howe is a grand fellow; and deserves his good fortune. This everybody feels, and acknowledges.

When you come you of course stay with me; for I cannot now go into town to stay with you. But we are up to our knees in water now. A Dios, amigo.

Thine ever,
VICTORIAN.

P.S. Pray don't misconstrue my opinion of the poem. I do not mean to speak harshly—only very plainly. So don't be vexed.

Highbee!

CHRISTMAS DREAM OF MARY

SHINING skies of Bethlehem
Smile at stars that smile at them.
Waked from sleep to succor mild,
Mary, dreaming, lulls her Child.

*Little Child (the Dream flows on),
Flower of all the ages gone,
Scarce an hour Thy form hast lain
'Gainst my heart, yet all in vain
Strive I for the time when Thou
Wast not mine as Thou art now;
Thy sweet lineaments but seem
Blossom of my long-held Dream.*

*Dream I scarcely knew for mine
Till its shape merged into Thine,
Lovely Dream that found its rest
Through long years within my breast,
That unconscious came to be
Yet was part and soul of me;
Dream that with my being grew,—
Heavenly Dream in Thee made true.*

Woke the Day. With worship sweet,
Wise Men sought the Infant's feet.
Mary, pondering apart,
Locked the Dream within her heart;
Knew it slept a little space,
While she gazed upon His face;
Knew not that, with His strength dear,
So would grow that Vision clear.

Grow and blossom, oft and fair
For all time and everywhere,
Till no woman-eye but fills,
Never woman-heart but thrills,
As the Christmas-Time draws near,
To some Dream, so sweet, so dear,
That a wondrous joy is born,
O'er the world, each Christmas Morn.

Shining skies to smiling earth
Still recount the Christ-Child's birth;
And the world grows young anew
When the Christmas Dream comes true.

ETHEL COLSON.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells
With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer

X

"I Went and Ranged About to Many Churches."



MISS ANNA was certainly a godsend. It was due to her comprehension of the "human various," and her experienced knowledge of London, that I was enabled to revisit places I had never seen before.

When she calmly asked me to spend a day sight-seeing in the "City" I gasped. But when she reminded me that I ought to look once more on some of the old landmarks of London, I was flattered into a gracious acceptance.

One soft purry August morning we started out. I was supposed to be absolutely under her direction, but when she remarked casually that we would take a 'bus, I rebelled.

"I have never been in or on the

horrid things," I protested, "and I never intend to!"

But she only said, "We'll stand on the corner of Oxford Street, and wait for a City Atlas," and somehow I immediately felt quite accustomed to City Atlases, and intuitively knew it would be a blue one,—but it was n't.

Imitating Miss Anna's air of habitual custom, I swung myself aboard of the moving monster, and laboriously climbed the curving companion-way at the back.

Once in our seats, it was not so bad; though very like riding the whirlwind, without being allowed to direct the storm.

Miss Anna drew my attention to points of interest as we passed them. In her tactful way she humored my idiosyncrasy. She never said, "On your right is the 'Salutation

and Cat,' where Coleridge and Southey and Lamb used to congregate of a winter evening.' She said, instead, 'Have n't you always thought 'Salutation and Cat' the very dearest tavern sign in all London?'

Nor when we came to the half-timbered houses of Holborn did she say, 'Here lived Lamb's godfather, who was known to and visited by Sheridan.'

She said: 'Don't you like Hawthorne's way of putting these things? You remember how he tells us that on his first visit to London he went astray in Holborn, through an arched entrance, in a court opening inward, with a great many Sunflowers in full bloom.'

All this pleased me, as did also Bumpus's great book-shop, which is, I think, in this neighborhood.

Another delightful pastime was observing the signs over the shop doors. As the English are adept in the making of phrases, so are they especially happy in adjusting their callings to their names.

Lest I be considered frivolous, I shall mention only two; but surely there could not be more appropriate names for dentists than two whose sign-boards proudly announced Shipley Slipper and, across the street from him, Mr. Strong-i'th'arm.

We went on, absorbed in our view of kaleidoscopic London, until Miss Anna decreed that we go down to the ground again. There was no elevator as in the Flatiron Building, so we tumbled

down the back stairs, and were thrown off.

The sequence of the places we visited I do not remember, but they seemed to be mostly churches and taverns.

St. Paul's was taken casually, as indeed it should be, being, like a corporation, without a soul.

Exteriorly, and from a goodly distance, St. Paul's is perfection. From the river, or from Parliament Hill, it is sympathetic and responsive. But inside, it is a mere vastness of mosaic and gilding, peopled with shiny marbles of heroic size. There is an impressive grandeur of art, but no message for the spirit. It is magnificent, but it is not church.

Miss Anna and I walked properly about the edifice, fortunately agreeing in our attitude toward it.

From here, I think, she led me across something, and through something and around something else, and then we were in St. Bartholomew's Church. Being the oldest church in London, St. Bartholomew's is historically important, but it is interesting and delightful as well. The very air inside has been shut in there ever since the twelfth century, yet one breathes it normally, and enjoys the sudden backward transition. Had I the time, I could easily find an inclination to walk every day round its ancient triforium.

As we left the church, the Charter House put itself in our way. Though other British subjects were educated at this school, it remains sacred to



WHEN SHE REMARKED CASUALLY THAT WE WOULD
TAKE A 'BUS, I REBELLED

the memory of Thackeray. From here he wrote to his mother: "There are but three hundred and seventy boys in this school, and I wish there were only three hundred and sixty-nine." But visitors to the Charter

toward Carlyle's. But of course this was because my friend lived in Chelsea. Therefore the non-resident, not being confined to a locality, can throw imaginary stones into any one's garden.



OF COURSE WE OCCUPIED THE HISTORIC CORNER

House are glad that the three hundred and seventieth boy remained there, and stamped the whole place with his gentle memory. The atmosphere of the Charter House is wonderfully calm; it does not connote *boys*, but seems tranquilly imbued with the later wisdom of the great men who spent their youthful days within its walls.

The stranger in London has a decided advantage over the resident, in that he can choose his heroes.

A friend of mine who lives in Chelsea proudly assured me that he could throw a stone from his garden into Carlyle's! The point of his remark seemed to be, not his superior marksmanship, but the proximity to the garden of a great man. Now, were I of the stone-throwing sex, there is many a dead hero at whose garden I should aim before I turned

A desultory discussion of this subject caused Miss Anna to propose that our next stone be aimed at the garden of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

So to the Cheshire Cheese we went.

The imposing personality of Dr. Johnson, and the antiquity of the famous tavern, led me to anticipate great things; and I was sorely disappointed (as probably most visitors are) at the plainly spread table, the fearfully hard seats, and the trying umbrella-rack filled with saw-dust.

Of course we occupied the historic corner, where, according to the brass tablet, Dr. Johnson loved to linger; but two young American women, whose tastes are not of the sanded floor and mulled ale variety, cannot, at a midday meal, whoop up much of the atmosphere that probably surrounded the smoke-wreathed midnights of Johnsonian revelry.

Not that we did n't enjoy it, for we were of a mind to enjoy everything that day; but the appreciation was entirely objective. Methodically we climbed the stairs and viewed all the rooms of the old, old house, and on the top floor were duly shown by the guide the old arm-chair in which Dr. Johnson used to sit. A stout twine was tied across from arm to arm, that pilgrims might not further wear out the old cushion. When I, as an enormous jest, asked the guide to cut the string, that I might sit in the historic chair, he cheerfully did so, and I considered the fee well spent that allowed me to linger for a moment on the very dusty cushions of Dr. Johnson's own chair.

I afterward learned that the string business was a fraud, and that it was renewed and cut again for each curious visitor. I accept with equanimity this clever ruse, but I'm still wondering how they renew the dust.

While we were doing Early Restaurants, Miss Anna said, "We must take in Crosby Place."

This pleased me hugely, for I remembered how Gloucester, in "Richard the Third," was everlastingly repairing to Crosby Place, and I desired to know what was the attraction.

I found it interesting, but, lacking Gloucester, I shall not repair there often. To be sure, it is a magnificent house — Gothic, Perpendicular, and all that; the hangings and appointments are, probably, much as they used to be, but, after all, I do

not care greatly for eating among Emotions.

Whereupon Miss Anna cheerfully proposed that we visit the Tower.

"No," said I, with decision; and then, my mind still on "Richard the Third," I quoted, "I do not like the Tower, of any place."

I'm not sure I should have been able so bravely to disclaim an interest in the Tower had it not been that the night before I had heard a wise and prominent Londoner state the fact that he had never visited it.

"No Londoner has ever been to the Tower," he declared. "We used to say that we intended to go sometime or other, but now we don't even say that."

I was greatly relieved to learn this, for I'm positive that the Tower is hideous and uninteresting. As an alternative, I asked that we might visit the railway stations.

Aside from the romance that is indigenous to all railway stations, there are peculiar characteristics of the great London termini that are of absorbing interest. And so strong are the claims each puts forth for pre-eminence, it is indeed difficult to award a palm.

Euston has its columns, Charing Cross its Tribute to Queen Eleanor, St. Pancras a spacious roominess, and Victoria a wofully crowded and limited space. Each station has its own sort of people, and, though indubitably they must mingle upon occasion, yet the

type of crowd at each station is invariably the same.

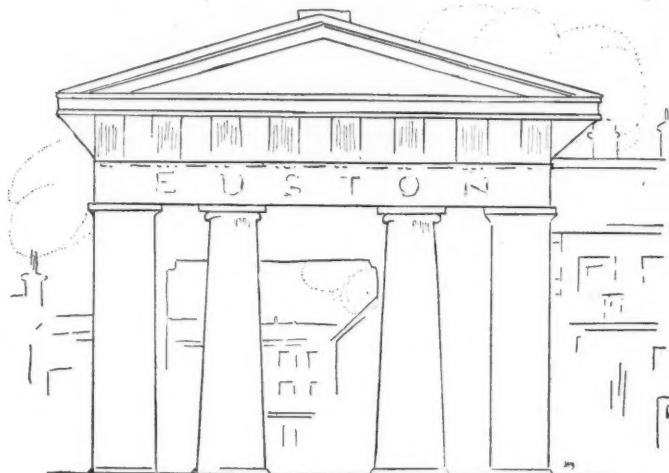
And yet, after all, my heart goes



WHEN I ASKED THE GUIDE TO CUT THE STRING,
HE CHEERFULLY DID SO

back with fondest memories to Euston. Not the crowd, not even the atmosphere, but a mysterious influence which emanates from those wonderful columns. Not only the

ing to a change of mood, we no longer rode on the 'buses, but took a hansom from one place to another. This was not so extravagant as it might seem; for, notwithstanding assertions



A MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE EMANATES FROM THOSE WONDERFUL COLUMNS

sight of them as you approach from London, but the queer, almost uncanny way in which they permeate the whole place. They follow you through the station, and into the train, and not for many miles can you get out from under the presence of those perfect shapes.

Coming into London, Cannon Street is a good station to choose, if your route permit, but going out, Euston or Charing Cross should, if possible, be selected.

Before, after, or during our station visits we touched on a few more churches.

The Temple Church proved a delight because of the bronze knights peacefully resting there. Miss Anna told me they were called crusaders because they chose to lie with their legs crossed. This was probably true, for the position was maintained by all of them. Oliver Goldsmith is buried here, but I had no particular desire to throw a stone into his graveyard, and so we went on. Ow-

to the contrary, one cannot ride enough in London cabs to make the bill of any considerable amount, at least as compared to a New York cab bill. And Shakespeare averred that "nothing is small or great but by comparison."

As our cab bumpily threaded its way along the crammed Strand, the bright-colored mass of humanity and traffic seemed to me the pre-eminent London. I wanted no more sightseeing, I wanted no more historical association, I merely wanted to continue this opportunity for feasting on real City London. I voraciously bit off large chunks of the atmosphere, as we passed through it, which I am even yet digesting and assimilating.

As a complement to this view of London, we suddenly decided to call on a friend for a cup of tea. A personal, at-home tea would be a pleasant contrast to the publicity of our day.

Deciding upon the coziest and homeliest tea-dispenser, we drove to Mrs. Todd's in Kensington.

It is a great satisfaction to know that the unpromising portal of a London house will positively lead eventually to a delightful back garden and tea.

We were welcomed by our charming hostess, in her pretty trailing summeriness, and were immediately transformed from whimsical sightseers into sociable tea-drinkers.

Though it was by no means a special occasion, the garden was bright with flowers and people, and the tea and cakes were served under the inevitable marquee. It was Mrs. Todd's weekly day at home and the guests were all amiable and charming. A young woman with a phenomenal voice sang to us from the back parlor window, and thereby gave a stimulus to the conversation. All was usual and orthodox. Everybody

listened politely to everybody else's chatter, and, apparently unhearing, answered at random, and quite often wrongly.

It seemed to me that even in this land of bright flowers the blossoming plants were of unusually brilliant hues. As I took my departure I commented on this, and my hostess responded with a superb indifference: "Really? yes, they are rather good ones. The nursery man fetched them early this afternoon, and after you are all gone he will come and carry them away"; and, if you please, those ridiculous plants were in pots, sunk into the earth, and giving all the effect of a beautiful growing garden!

This fable teaches that our English sisters are not above the small bluffs more usually ascribed to American femininity.



"REALLY? YES, THEY ARE RATHER GOOD ONES"

The End

MORTMAIN

By H. G. DWIGHT

III



N such ways did the young missionary learn that between the conception and the execution do many mountains lie. Being square of chin and spare of days he was not the man to sit down before them. Neither was he subject to those revulsions which are the bane of the more sensitively organized. But the experience was the more trying for him because he took it so seriously. Where another might have found beguilement in a world other than his own, he could only see a world to be turned from the error of its way. And this in the light of his adventures seemed to consist in bondage to a dark and unregenerate past. He therefore grew in hostility toward everything that was a concrete embodiment of that past. The dust of crumbled empires in which he worked, with its faint strange odor, seemed infected with a nameless poison. Somehow it always made him think of the buried statue upon which he had come. The very memory of its shameless whiteness—so strangely untroubled, yet so strangely troubling—diffused a corruption of the grave; and he thanked God with a homesick heart for the openness and airiness of his native land, and its good clean earth uncrusted by all these old unwholesome things. They could only heighten his stout native patriotism to the intensity of a passion. More than ever he felt that the world really began in 1492, and that all before that was of some mythic Saturnine age.

Nor was this mood in any wise lightened by the continued presence of the old Armenian. It brought home to the missionary again and again, with an intensity which often drove the good man to his knees, his physical repulsion to the people about him. Although he wondered, however, what argument had availed to soften the heart of the Croat at the gate, he made it a point to ignore the matter. His pride forbade him to yield so far to the promptings of the flesh. And his spiritual victory was the higher for a more impalpable reason. Little as he had been affected by the rubbish of which the two had made such a mystery, the imputation thrown after him by the younger left him in the other's presence an absurd and indefinable embarrassment. The man was outwardly the same as before. He saluted Mr. Bisbee as respectfully as ever. He made no trouble. He said nothing. He merely watched. And now that Bisbee knew why he watched he could feel a contemptuous amusement about it. But, at the same time, he could not help feeling a vague hostility in the man. He could not help feeling that he, too, was being watched.

And then, one afternoon, a workman's pick clanged on iron.

The sound affected Bisbee more curiously than any sound had ever affected him before. There was no reason why it should have made him start, should have filled him with a rush of unreasoning anger that positively left him trembling. The men were always hitting one thing and another as they worked down through the débris of centuries in search of bed-rock. Least of all was there any reason why he should look for the

Armenian. Yet so he did, and he found the man's eyes upon him with an expression he never forgot. But the most disconcerting thing of all was that the Armenian immediately turned and hurried from the grounds.

Bisbee was infinitely annoyed with himself. His vexations were evidently getting on his nerves: he hoped they were not affecting his brain as well! He started to go away, when that struck him as being another sign of weakness. It would be better to prove his own idiocy by finding out the trivial cause of it. The indifference of the men showed what a fool he was. The only thing that attracted his eye among them was the minaret shadow lying long and dark across the excavation. He happened to notice one of the diggers who was on his knees in the shadow, working at the rubble with his hands. Bisbee strolled idly in that direction. As he did so he saw the man disengage something that looked like a big ring. It clanged over dully against a sort of metal plate to which it seemed to be fastened. The recurrence of the sound brought back all of Bisbee's irritation—which increased when the workman suddenly bent over and kissed the plate, crossing himself as he did so. What possible relation could there be between that ancient bit of metal, buried no one knew since when, and this ignorant digger of ditches. Bisbee felt again all the tangle of nameless things against which he had to contend, and the hateful guidance in living things of hands long dead. He stepped down into the excavation and ordered the man, sharply, to go on with his work. Then he saw what had called forth the superstitious demonstration. It was the outline of a cross, raised in relief upon the surface of the plate. And presently a second cross and a second ring came into view, divided from the others by a fine seam in the metal.

So at last was laid bare a great metal door of two leaves, set horizontally into heavy masonry. To each leaf was attached a ring, and above each ring was a Greek cross. And

as Bisbee stood there among his outlandish tribesmen, his nostrils full of the faint strange odor of the excavation, with the minaret soaring above his eyes, and below them this long-buried gateway that bore the symbol of his own faith, an unaccountable fury possessed him. He knew that he was making a fool of himself, but he suddenly leaned over and pulled at one of the rings with all his strength. He might have wrenched his arm out of its socket for all the door would give! He let the ring drop. It struck out a clang hollower and louder than before.

"A cistern," remarked one of the men.

Of course! What else should it be, in a place to which emperors had cunningly brought water from afar? Then there were two doors, not one. Moreover—and Bisbee knelt to brush away the dust with his hand—they could not possibly be of iron. Iron would have rusted long ago, while this metal was merely soiled and scarred by the centuries that had lain upon it. It must be bronze. After all—! He rose, more at his ease. But as he did so his eyes met those of the two Armenians. The old man had returned with his son, whom Bisbee had not seen since the day of that ridiculous interview, and both were watching him with something like a smile. Bisbee could have killed them. And yet, for the life of him, he could not help feeling a vague embarrassment.

"We seem to have found a cistern," he remarked to the younger with a bow.

"I see," replied the youth politely.

"I think we might as well open it before we go on with the rest of the work," continued Bisbee awkwardly, deferring to the two in spite of himself. "What do you say?"

The youth shrugged his shoulders.

"That is for you to decide. It is not ours!"

Bisbee felt himself going red.

"We might as well—and see—"

That operation, however, proved

harder than it looked. The men wasted an hour trying to raise the upper leaf by its ring or to pry it open with their crowbars. They finally had to attack the surrounding masonry, in order to wrench the pivots out of the stone in which they were embedded. Even then it was sunset before they effected the beginning of an entrance. One of the men thrust a stone through the opening. Almost instantly there was a dull concussion within.

"There is no water," he said. "They have filled it up. It will save us the trouble!"

Bisbee turned to see how the Armenians would take it. A strange look passed between them. A moment later they gave him something of it, with something more of an inscrutable smile. This silent passage affected him like the clang of the doors. The sense that it was lost upon the rest deepened a feeling of mystery which he tried in vain to shake off. In some way or other it was as if some portentous issue hung upon the opening of those great bronze gates that were so slow to give up their secret. And as he stood there, waiting, face to face with the two, while the men struggled with the stubborn masonry, the effort of containing himself became almost intolerable. At last, however, the gates were jacked far enough to one side to reveal a black aperture below them. Out of it a sudden chill came up into the warm twilight, and a sharp gust—sharper than he had known before—of the odor Bisbee knew so well. Then he heard some one say:

"They have not filled it up, either. There are steps."

IV

The issue was lost—for Bisbee. The solid, the comfortable, earth opened under his feet into labyrinths as dark and strange and incredible as Avernus. The descent, however, was by no means easy, for it was his first penetration into a world other than his own. To descend, with two

strangers of whom he knew nothing but their fantastic story, a stairway which must have already been buried thirty-nine years when Columbus discovered America, was to enter bodily that dim Saturnine age in whose existence he had never really believed. But if it was characteristic of his literal mind that a subterraneous structure so much more substantial than any cyclone cellar of which he had knowledge was to him the proof of what he had been unable or unwilling to acknowledge, it was equally characteristic of a man who had been led to far countries by the scriptural injunction to preach the Gospel to every creature, that his final surrender was complete. All his old hostilities and failures of comprehension were swallowed up in his first realization of the dead hands that, centuries ago, had piled these stones one upon the other. The mere amazement of it, the wondering sense of things beyond his ken, stunned him and prepared him for anything that might come.

The steps were considerably worn, and they were almost obliterated by a fine earth which had somehow sifted through to them. But with the aid of candles—of the kind that you buy like a ball of twine and unroll as you need—and of stout sticks, they afforded sufficient foothold. So after the men had gone away for the night, and the protesting Croat had been posted on guard at the mouth of the hole, the three slowly made their way down between the ancient stone walls. Bisbee let the Armenians go first. It was his acknowledgment of his earlier hastiness. The younger of them, who led the way, was accordingly the first to make a discovery.

"The steps stop," he said, after they had descended fifteen or twenty feet, "and the passage turns to the right."

At this the other halted and gave Bisbee a look. If the passage went to the right it also went toward the south! As it happened, however, the youth was mistaken. The steps did not stop. They merely paused at a small platform from which they

dropped at right angles to the first flight into a great space of darkness that opened out below. It made itself felt rather than seen. But a little reconnoitring with sticks confirmed the fact that the left-hand wall turned away from the landing and disappeared. And this discovery gave the expedition a new element of mystery. Bisbee never forgot the impression of it—the impenetrable chasm of darkness with its mortal chill and its strange odor and its hollow resonances, from which the three tapers reclaimed but the pallor of hands and faces and a few dim lines of masonry.

That the discovery was not particularly welcome to the Armenians was evident from the low words they exchanged and the hesitating way in which they felt about with their sticks. Bisbee therefore, after a last look to the mouth of the hole—where the red of a cigarette glowed and waned in the darkness and an ancient star looked in (for the first time in how long!)—took the lead in the second stage of the descent. It proved far more ticklish than the first. Not only were the steps open on one side to an unknown abyss, but the wall on the other grew slimy to the touch and the fine detritus underfoot turned to a thin slippery mud. Then the sepulchral reverberations to which their progress gave rise could not but try the nerves. And even the matter-of-fact Bisbee started when, at a touch from the Armenian behind him, he caught sight of a ghostly phantom hovering in the darkness not far away. It took him a full minute of staring, while unwonted sensations played about the roots of his hair, to make out that the thing must be a marble pillar. After that, however, the descent became easier. A pit with pillars in it could not be bottomless.

So at last the three crawled down to a second level—if a floor so muddy and uneven deserved the name. The moisture dripping from the walls had collected into pools that gave out portentous splashes under the groping

of the sticks. It took but little of their blind-man's exploring, however, to determine that this was much larger than the platform where they had halted before. Moreover it was enclosed by walls, and through it ran two rows of marble columns. Looming motionless and phantasmic out of the darkness in which their tops were lost, they had an indescribably eerie effect in the deadly cold and silence of that chamber buried so long from the eyes of men. The sense of mystery was to Bisbee so much keener than any other that he wondered a little at his companions. They wandered about, busy with stick and taper, making strange reflections and rousing strange echoes in the hollow place. And presently the younger bent over with an exclamation to examine some scattered objects at his feet. Then picking up one of them with a laugh he handed it to his father, who in turn showed it to Bisbee. The thing was a skull, dark and glistening from the moisture in which it had lain.

"He was less patient than we!" remarked the old man.

Bisbee suddenly reached out and took the skull into his own hands. Nothing had ever given him so extraordinary a sense of the actuality of the past. The eyes that once looked through those hollow sockets must have been the last, before to-night, to look upon this secret place. Whose could they have been? How did he come here? Did he hear the earth fall on the bronze gates that shut him in from the lighted air? Had there reached him any tremor of that greater fall, when, after the fury of siege and sack, the ruins of an empire obliterated his hiding place? With questions such as these, which rise so easily to the surface of imagination but which had never happened to enter the mind of the missionary, there also came a new impression of the ancient things which had possessed so curious a property of arousing his resentment. The memory of them gave him now a sense of the continuity of life such as could

scarcely have come to him in his own land—and of its immense age, and of its immense waste, and of its immense endurance. Never again, he felt, could this city in which he had chosen to live and die seem to him merely dirty and disagreeable. Nor could its people seem to him merely unsympathetic or preposterous. Were there not, after all, reasons why they should be as they were? There came to him then and there, with his first inkling of the reality of other existences, a strange vision of the dead hands that move in men's lives, ordering their ways in spite of them to hidden ends. . . .

When Bisbee at last put down the skull he discovered that he was alone. The other two tapers had disappeared, and there was nothing to break the unearthly stillness of the place. In the deeper darkness that had closed in upon him he could see nothing but the ghost of a pillar. If it was quite the sharpest appeal to the imagination he had ever known it also brought back to him, however, the nature of the errand upon which he had come. And far as he was from entertaining any such motives as the Armenians had attributed to him—the idea of going home to be a prince in Iowa made him smile when it did not make him furious—he would have been callous indeed if his blood had not quickened at the wonder of his adventure and of what it was yet to bring forth. He groped his way to the nearest wall and felt along it with his stick. Truly God watched over his people, who with the ground for His house provided also the resources of which they stood in need so sore. . . . The stick suddenly gave under Bisbee's hand. Lowering his candle to reconnoitre he discovered a narrow archway that rose not more than three feet above the ground. He crouched to look in. Far away, and twinkling like stars above his head, two faint lights pierced the darkness. A moment later he dropped into a brick tunnel, a little higher than his head, that inclined gently upwards. And with a sudden

trembling of excitement, there came to him certain old words: *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal.*

When Bisbee came near enough to his companions to see more than their candles he experienced an indescribable clutch at the heart. They must have found those ancient things that their ancestor, nearly five hundred years ago, had helped to carry down out of the terror of the siege. One of the two was examining a large dim object in front of him, while the other, the younger, was working excitedly with his arm and his stick at one side of the tunnel. Bisbee stopped. It was not for him to show the eagerness they expected. Then the old man turned and saw him. A strange smile crossed his face. He beckoned, and pointed to the object in front of him. And as Bisbee went nearer he made out in the candle light a torso of marble. Little as he knew of sculpture he could see it had a wonderful human resemblance. It made him think of the statue he had let the men break up for lime.

"Do you know what this is?" asked the old man. Bisbee noticed how husky was his voice. "I will tell you. It is the wall of the mosque behind your printing house. Digging for a foundation they discovered this tunnel—quite by accident." He paused a minute, looking from Bisbee to his son, with that extraordinary smile of his. And what he said next was in some intangible way the continuance of his pause: "The statues they broke up to use in building. This is perhaps a Greek god who carries on his shoulders the house of Mahomet!"

But even then Bisbee hardly took it in. What on earth was the man talking about? Then it gradually came to him that he was face to face with an obstruction in the passage. It was a wall which started obliquely from one side of the tunnel, turned a right angle, and disappeared on the other side. After that he made out, in his bewilderment, that the wall

was distinctly lighter than the ancient brick of the tunnel, and ruggedly built of stone. Moreover there was no junction between the two, for the edges of the brickwork were gaping and ragged. The obstruction could therefore be neither the natural end of the passage nor an artificial barrier. It was simply what the old man said—an independent structure which had happened, under ground, to cut into the older one. And the torso built into the corner told the rest of the story.

It told so much, in the terrible silence, that Bisbee grew cold. He stood there staring at the mutilated marble, waiting he knew not for what. The only words he could think of were those in which he had once heard the young man describe what they were to find here, inextricably entangled with the ones that had

come to him as he entered the tunnel. And for one of those moments which so fire the heart but which never quite reach the level of consciousness he had a sudden vision of ancient and mysterious and passionate things, woven strangely as in a web. Then it vanished at a crack of wood that made him start. The youth began beating the wall insensately with his stick.

"Devils! Dogs!" he panted through his teeth. "Jackals of the desert that defile the palaces of kings! There is no God! There is no mercy in the world! How should they have found it? Did they wait four hundred years? Ah—thieves! thieves! They have taken all—all— There is no more hope—no hope— There—"

He crumpled into a senseless heap on the ground.

THE END

OLD POETS AMENDED

GOLDSMITH. "Man wants but little here below."
But this was written long ago.
The saying now has little worth,
For in these days man wants the earth.

TENNYSON. "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good."
If this is true, how very few
Care to be noble if they could.

SHAKESPEARE. "Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."
Great pity 't is; if he could only see,
The world would hold far less of misery.

DRYDEN. "Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own."
But by the time he gets his title to 't,
'T is out of date; next day he must renew it.

CONGREVE. "Thus Grief still treads upon the heels of Pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."
A better plan, and one that saves much sorrow:
Repent to-day; leave marriage till to-morrow.

A. W. MACY.

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

By LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

III

DINING-ROOMS



N a country so distinguished for hospitality as our own it is hardly to be wondered at that our dining-rooms should have reached their present stage of magnificence. Fewer mistakes, too, are apparent in them; possibly because, as has just been hinted, the love of dinner-giving is strong among us and certain customs long established. Then, again, the question of furniture being more or less limited to a question of side-boards and chairs, the householder has suffered fewer temptations to obtrude, as in salons and libraries, individual idiosyncrasies of taste—those little and distracting notes which go to the making of such misery in rooms where a feeling for the best has not been cultivated and mental limitations obtrude themselves—the not knowing exactly how to conduct various unaccustomed social departures.

In dining-rooms, moreover, there is less chance to blunder over questions of color, that grievous stumbling block to rich and poor alike, and which is independent of the purchasing power, and as problematical in costly fabrics as in those which are purchased for a song. For the feeling for tones is a gift, its possession conveyed by fine, undeniable, and subtly conveyed evidences, about which there can be no dispute. It is the absence of this gift which mars

many an interior, just as irrevocably as a painter's inappreciation of color values mars his canvas, though his drawing may be good. On the other hand, how beautiful are those rooms in which the right relations of tones have been observed. What repose one feels in them, what delight, and how few of those there are!

There is still another reason why our dining-rooms are for the most part good. In them the architect has been allowed freer scope, not being confronted at so many turns by the insistence upon a respect being paid certain family customs, brought over, maybe, from another environment, as when a salon is not permitted to retain its purely formal character, but must possess corners in which a child may lounge, or the daily practice of the piano go on. The architect, therefore, has in many instances given us rooms of great beauty, which even without furniture are a delight in themselves—often a greater delight, alas! since the introduction of accessories has sometimes spoiled everything. Thus I know a dining-room of noble proportions, finished in a delightfully grained mahogany, which has been altogether ruined by stuffy hangings, burdened with enormous cords and tassels like those found in old-fashioned clubs, the spaces about the windows filled with upholstered sofas and chairs—and this in a country house, where no exigencies of space, as in conventional city houses, make necessary the use of the dining-room for the reading



McKim, Mead & White, Architects.

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DINING-ROOM OF MR. H. W. POOR'S HOUSE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

of the morning paper, or the indulgence of the after-dinner cigar. And apart from all questions of taste or knowledge there is a reason for our protests against certain of these desecrations, since the last thing one wants in a dining-room of any kind is a feeling of stuffiness—hangings which will hold for the space of so much as a moment the faintest suggestion of yesterday's feast. One wants cheer, the perennially fresh and unspoiled, the charm of the single occasion as it were, like that which one feels in the flowers that adorn the table. The frame for all this may vary, be dark or light, according as one wants to feel shut in at the dining hour or expansive, the eye being carried beyond as by a view from the window, or by the airy lightness of the surrounding walls. But, whether dark or light, this frame must first accentuate the feeling of the present and the evanescent hour.

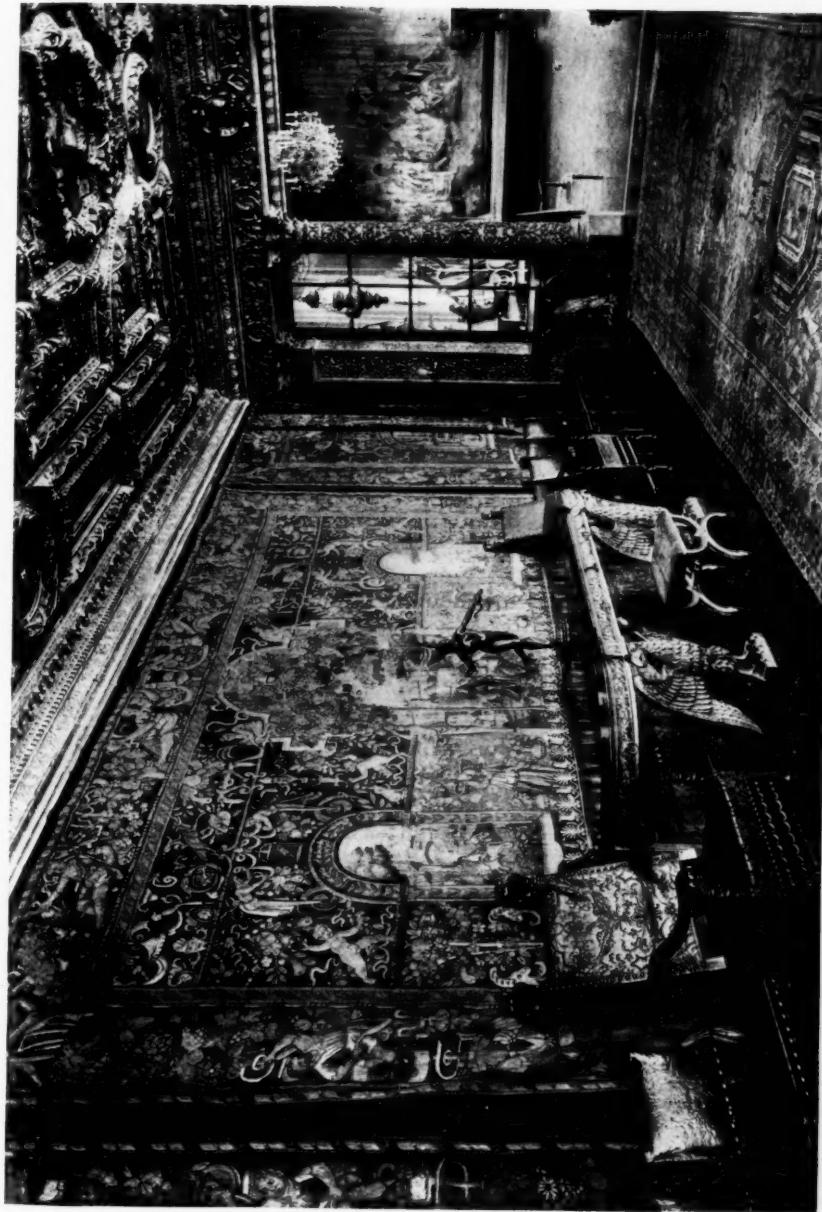
The most important dining-rooms of to-day are hung with tapestries, or panelled in woods, the lines being broken up by the introduction of columns, sometimes of marble and sometimes of wood. The treatment of the wood varies: now it is painted and relieved by color, now stained, and now only polished. It is often carved, but when the beauty of the grain has been considered the surfaces are left plain. Oak, chestnut, walnut, mahogany and satinwood are among those oftenest seen.

When oak has been treated with a dull gray stain having in it the merest suggestion of green, like that which one finds on oak benches scattered through French forests, one has a wall surface of exquisite charm, into which almost any mood may melt. There in a dining-room in town, finished in this way, the oak being broken into panels of delightful proportions, running from the baseboard to the panelled ceiling, which is lifted by a cornice. The faint suggestion of the green seems almost to have demanded the presence of the growing things found in this particular

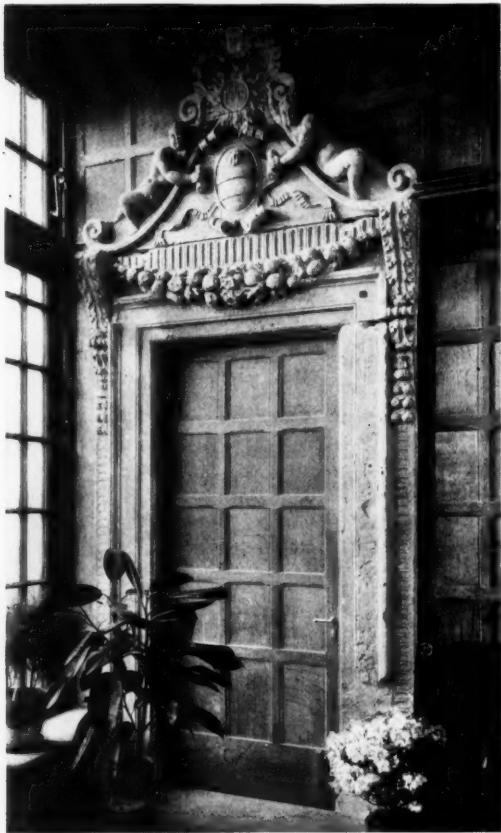
room, in one swelled corner of which, and against the light of the window, there is a white marble Byzantine temple, ornamented by a line of green mosaic, its interior filled by masses of azalias and maidenhair, played upon by sprays of trickling water. When it is remembered how seldom the necessity for growing things is felt in most dining-rooms, it will easily be seen how surely the subtler relationships have been considered in this one.

And without this consideration, no room, no matter where it may be found, can be expected to convey a sense of entire satisfaction. For decoration must submit itself to the same laws as those governing the rest of the arts. Questions of relationships, must enter in—relationships in color, design, and appointment. There must also be considered another important question, relating to the treatment of subordinate parts, especially of those which are more or less concealed. Some decorators go so far as to declare, indeed, that the best things in a house ought always to be placed where one comes upon them unexpectedly—never, of course, where they are obtruded into being designedly or inappropriately conspicuous; as in extremely exaggerated cases of unfitness one sometimes finds a housekeeper of limited possessions displaying a highly ornamented lamp among the inflammable draperies of a window, for no other purpose than that the street may be regaled, and her good fortune paraded.

In the dining-room, then, of which we have been speaking, there is a doorway leading into the pantry—a doorway placed round a corner formed by an angle of the wall, and therefore not to be immediately perceived by those who enter the room. Of carved stone, and ornamented with sculptured figures, this doorway, however, is one before which those who discover it love to linger, so full of beauty is it, so delightful in its color and proportions, and so respectful of its uses! How often does



McKIM, Mead & White, Architects,
325 DINING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE STANFORD WHITE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY.



"A DOORWAY PLACED ROUND A CORNER FORMED BY AN ANGLE OF THE WALL"

one find a pantry door like it? No screen, however superb in itself, could replace the quiet dignity of this entrance, nor could any doorway more or less conspicuous command for itself the homage which this one excites by its silent, self-respecting seclusion.

And while still discussing this room, it may be as well to draw attention to still another of its lovely elements. The plants introduced are *not* palms, those much-used and over-abused potted affairs, which are considered necessary wherever a floral decoration is required. We have suffered a kind of madness for the palm, indeed. Go into almost any house, open almost

any book on decoration, and, as some clever man pointed out to me the other day, the potted palm will be discovered, placed somewhere, anywhere, without regard to its fitness for that place, and almost always without adding to it one element of grace or beauty. Yet a palm most people will have. It is so easily ordered, and saves so much expenditure of thought! The palm has little beauty. To feel its charm one should look down at it in masses, feel it in suggestion with other greens as one does in tropical gardens. In a house, when placed in solitary grandeur, such beauty as it possessed out of doors is lost, no matter how gorgeous the pot that holds it, or costly the marble urn. No real plant- or flower-lover uses it in indiscriminate fashion. He seeks for that which will lend itself to the quiet of the indoor life. But then, a volume might be written on this one subject alone. My object in touching at all upon the subject here is to prove how wide the field may be, and how necessary

it is that a certain intelligence shall be exercised. For the evidence of a right appreciation of values is as essential where plants are used in decoration as where any other appointment of the house may be concerned. The individual taste, the aesthetic equipment, must as certainly be proved, although the necessity for proving it is seldom touched upon.

There are other dining-rooms in panelled oak, where none of this demand for growing things is felt; possibly because the darker tones of the woodwork suggest none, or possibly because the out-of-doors is felt through the windows. This is

particularly true of country dining-rooms, and of one especially which I have in mind, where the oak is almost black. Here the necessity for a certain relief is satisfied by the green of the tapestry hangings, fitted over doorways and windows, giving to the room just the suggestion of tone which transforms it at once. Into this room, again, the appreciation of fine relationships enters. The windows are leaded, and the visitor is spared the shock of being confronted by enormous sheets of solid plate glass, a feature which spoils so many another panelled chamber. Over the leaded panels the sheerest net is hung, in no way interfering with the feeling of green stretches beyond. Nor does any confusion of variously considered draperies, sometimes so necessary in town, mar the general impression. The fitted tapestry of lambrequin and curtain breaks up the line, gives color, but preserves the dignity of the openings. It betrays, too, a sureness of touch, and inspires you with the conviction that the problem has been thought out from the beginning. The sideboard in this room is of very old oak, absolutely simple in its lines, and suggesting great antiquity, as do the serving tables and chairs. One knows at once that English traditions have been followed, and the Jacobean period—but then styles are an ever-present snare in these days, among which even angels sometimes fear to tread! One feels, however, the epoch here, and recognises the knowledge displayed in details, especially in those which concern themselves with the distribution of lights and with appliqués.

Now and then one comes across a dining-room in which one feels as surely that the architect's work in its finer touches has been subordinated to, or at least guided by, the taste of the owner. I know one, for example, an oblong room of stately proportions with a swelled bay at one end, its opening supported by two marble columns showing seven colors, supporting a capital of more than usual

delicacy and grace. Two wooden columns, once part of some Sicilian chapel, form the framework of the entrance door, the over door being finished in an arch of the same material and design. A blue, now faded into charming tones, colors the wood, while over this blue there is wrought a design in gold, showing leaves and vines, carved in relief, among which charming Amours disport themselves. The sideboard, from some other part of the chapel, follows the same design and color. No silver is permanently displayed on it; some rare old drinking cups and chalices are set out instead and protected by glass fitted to the front. For among the blues and golds, it was instantly felt, silver, however rich in itself, would have struck a jarring note.

The wall-spaces of this room are covered with tapestry, in which again the blue is felt, now in a patch of sky, and now in the sweep of a royal robe. The ceiling is carved, the Amours of the columns being repeated here, while the panels are filled with lovely designs in color. The lights are hidden in the cornice, except for two huge gold candelabra, resting on ornamented columns, which are placed on either side of the room. The chairs are covered with a blue, deep enough in tone to be felt rather than seen, the backs being capped by small gilded ornaments. The curtains are of blue, showing the same charming subordination of tone. Thus the room has everywhere been made to preserve a certain *ensemble*, being tied together by color as it were, a color so reposeful and enveloping that at no time is one suddenly aroused to look at some special object. The influence of it all comes gradually, and never as a question of mere magnificence, but as that of a lovely atmosphere in which individual elements of beauty gradually unfold themselves. And this, it would seem, is the final requirement of all interiors. They are first enveloping. You may get their atmosphere at once, be played upon by their color and feel their charm, but the perception of even their unrivalled

details must come to you later. Occasions must open your eyes, moods, necessities. They are like the human character in that, and must develop reserve powers, else all you thought excellent at first is as a mere flash in the pan, quickly past and forgotten.

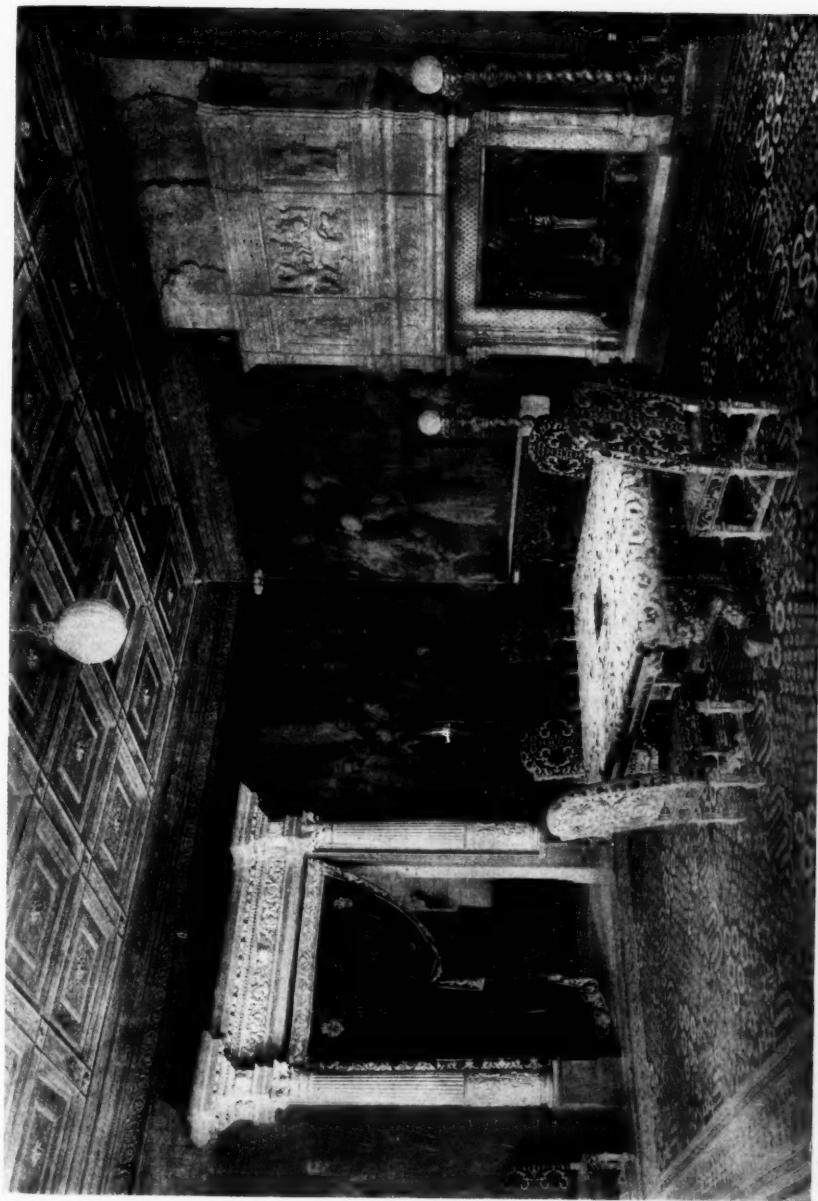
No one who goes into the more important houses of the day can fail to be impressed by the fact that two orders of mind have been at work. There is first the colorist, the man who wants richness, warmth, tone, magnificence, at any cost. Then there is the man whose allegiance to the beauty of a line is unswerving, and who will not permit so much as a tone to distract you from the grace of an arch. Imagination has therefore run riot in some of our dining-rooms. Palaces and churches have been robbed to add to their splendors. Superb stuffs and hangings have been introduced, crystal lustres and silver lamps, with those sometimes of brass—that richest and most beautiful of all reflecting surfaces. In what are called our state dining-rooms the models for which are either copies or adaptations of famous foreign rooms, the architect has allowed no limitations to his flights, but has gone on piling splendor on splendor, adding arch to arch, and pillar to pillar, splashing on gold with reckless profusion, and hanging crystals wherever their gleam could make for a greater splendence.

In contrast to these, there are to be found dining-rooms which by very contrast seem austere, nothing being permitted, even in the way of color, which might possibly interfere with the repose of a given line. I have one such room in mind, the white wooden surfaces of which are broken into panels forming sunken arches of charming design. A soft pale gray hangs at the windows, the sideboard is filled with cut glass, no color being anywhere permitted. Yet, oddly enough, no sense of coldness is conveyed; rather a feeling of satisfaction and refreshment, a feeling impossible in any other white room where the touch has been less certain, and the proportions less

carefully preserved. I have seen other rooms where the same attempt has been made, but they have been white rooms relieved by a color, and always demanding the extraneous, to give them a habitable quality. A repose, difficult to describe, steals over the visitor, in this one. The eye, never carried anywhere against its will, is yet made to rest comfortably wherever it strays. The table, too, with its flowers, gains a new quality, becoming as it were the centre for disseminating cheer, rather than the point toward which the interests converge.

The demand for a certain relief from the very size and requirements of some of these apartments has led to the creation of some lovely breakfast-rooms, places in which the intimate word is now and then possible over the morning coffee, or even a dinner may be had, when the stress of more exacting obligations has laid waste the powers. These rooms are never large and are almost always simple, in their freedom from excess of ornamentation, although the elements entering into their construction may be of the richest character. One such room stands pre-eminent. Its doors are of unusual beauty, each having a large egg-shaped panel of exquisitely grained and highly polished yellow satinwood, framed by a wood of darker tone. These woods appear everywhere about the room, and are particularly happy in the window framing. The walls are covered with a pale green striped silk, while the ceiling, in still paler green, is ornamented with white traceries in some lovely Adam design. The egg-shaped table, like the doors, is made of polished satinwood, bordered by marquetry in darker wood. Two unique commodes in marquetry complete the furnishings. The silver is old English.

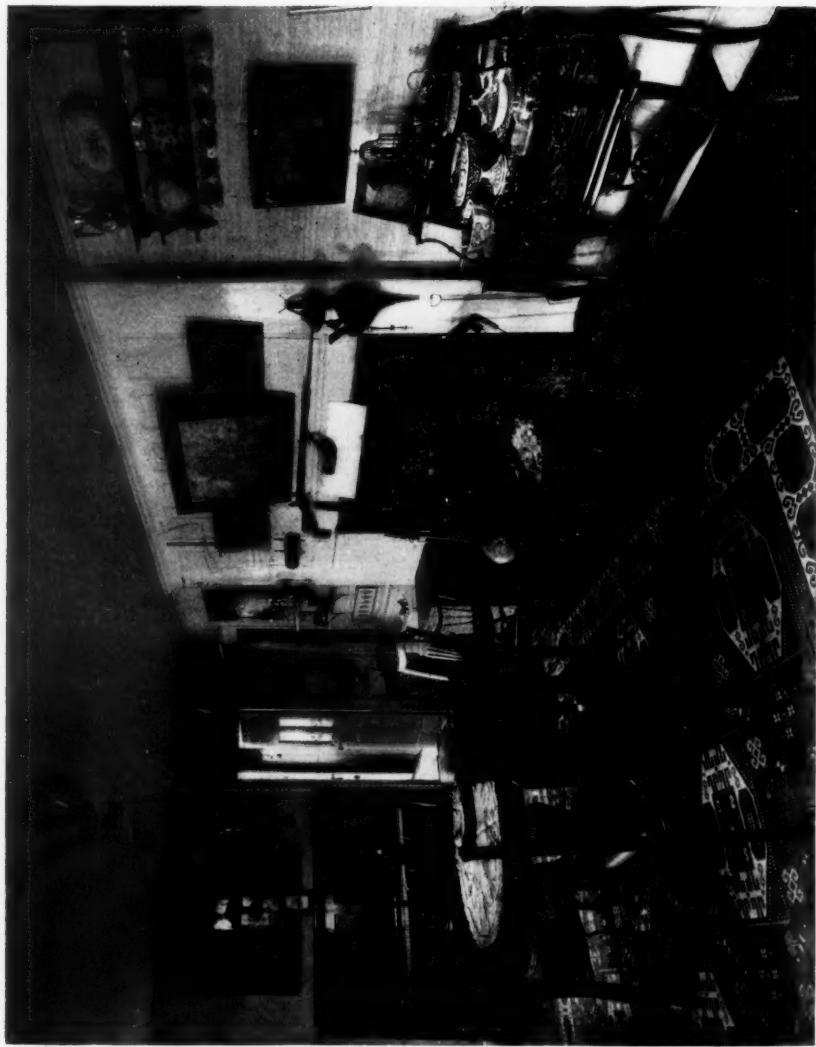
Sometimes one of these breakfast-rooms is copied after an English model in oak or chintz, and sometimes after one of France with panelled walls and mirrors. Again it is made to express simply some happy combination of



McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

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DINING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE W. C. WHITNEY, NEW YORK CITY.



A MODEST DINING-ROOM—“BREEZY-MEADOW,” MRS. KATE SANHORN’S FARM, METCALFE, MASS.

architectural features, as when mauve and violet, gold and white, or gold and blue, or pale creams and silver enter in. Something still more important is now and then attempted, and marble is employed. Opening out of a small conservatory in an uptown house there is such a room, its domed white ceiling supported by marble columns of great delicacy and grace. Rugs are scattered on the floor. The eastern sun playing over the plants, and catching the iridescent light of tiny water sprays, flings them about over column and cloth. An ideal place surely in which to attune one's self for the daily distractions of the street.

With settings so elaborate as some of those just described, it follows as a matter of course that the appointments of the table must have a proportionate splendor. And there is hardly any extreme of luxury and extravagance to which the modern requirement has not carried us. All Europe has been ransacked for these, and entire services of gold are not uncommon. Linens, too, are sometimes woven following some design specially reserved for a particular householder. Laces of great richness are applied both in tablecloth and napkins. Glass is blown to order, silver beaten, and porcelains baked. Yet here again, and once more, I must dwell upon the individual touch. None of this magnificence has real value without this touch. Nothing must look as if it had been left for mere money to buy, certainly nothing in the way of a flower, though this unhappily is the impression which many a diner carries away. The conventional floral arrangement set down in the midst of the surrounding magnificence cheapens everything, showing that no more attention has been paid to the feast for the eye than to that for the palate. And yet it would seem that flowers should do this very thing, carrying the eye away from the plate, as conversation carries the thought. One does not want to be made to remember how many dozen American Beauties were in the room, but only

to carry away the impression of fragrance and color. Some presiding intelligence must be at work; some assurance felt that it has been exercised. I remember one dinner in which the splendors of surrounding tapestries and gold, all the elaboration of sauces and entrées, all the array of fruits both in and out of season, were forgotten in the beauty of a bowl of faint mauve and white lilacs, arranged so that the delicate green of the leaf, and the faint tracings of the dark stems, made a picture that lifted the dinner into a never-forgotten memory of the satisfied aesthetic sense.

For some reason or other the more important town dining-rooms of to-day indicate no tendency to return to Colonial models. For these one must look among the simpler houses, the houses done over, or those newly built on private country places. Yet Colonial dining-rooms were always dignified, and full of the hospitable spirit, living embodiments, many of them, of undeniable and delightful traditions. The polish of their mahogany, both on table and in wainscot, and the gleam of their crystal and silver, possessed a charm which was never to be denied. Brocades were at home in these old rooms, laces, powdered locks. Fine customs prevailed, and courtliness was not uncommon. For all that, no modern householder of enormous wealth thinks of reviving their memories. In one or two notable instances, however, a return has been made to the colder and more classic style of Adam, and we have some examples of interesting dining-rooms copied outright from those in famous London houses of his time. Gorgeousness is altogether forgotten in these; delicate colors and traceries prevail. The mantelpieces are not of carved stone and are made with grates, to hold coal, the generous log being an impossibility. The chairs are not carved, a delicate inlay being the only decoration added to their beauty of line, while rich and sumptuous hangings have given place to simpler draperies. The prevailing notes are refinement, and quiet charm.

A "PANIC DAY" IN WALL STREET

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



ICKING his way amid the hundreds of feet hurrying here and there, the man with the watering pot sees a bit of vacant floor. Giving the pot a swing, swish goes a spray—not always where it ought, for a few drops may hit the creased trousers or the spats that have chanced in the way. Perhaps the messenger who gets some of it scowls at the porter in his dirty gray trousers and faded coat—but he has n't time to swear: he is too busy to-day.

The watering pot may have cost a quarter once when it was new and green, but patches of paint have been knocked off and it looks as old and timeworn as this "Lone Fisherman" of the Stock Exchange who pushes along amid the throng looking only for a spot he can sprinkle, heeding nothing of the fortunes won or lost with every swing of his can.

To-day the floor of the Exchange is a bear pit. The myriad bits of ticker tape lying upon its surface make it look as if inlaid with marble. The dirt from a thousand or more shocs has discolored the floor itself so that you cannot discern its real hue. The sprinkling fails to keep the dust from rising; but little does the humanity literally swarming upon it care—as little as their thought of the people above them who, leaning over the rail, if not over each other's shoulders, are gazing at the "panic" as they would look at the climax of a drama or comedy from the theatre chair.

Panic? That's the expression you hear, and there come to mind stories of how men clinched and struck at

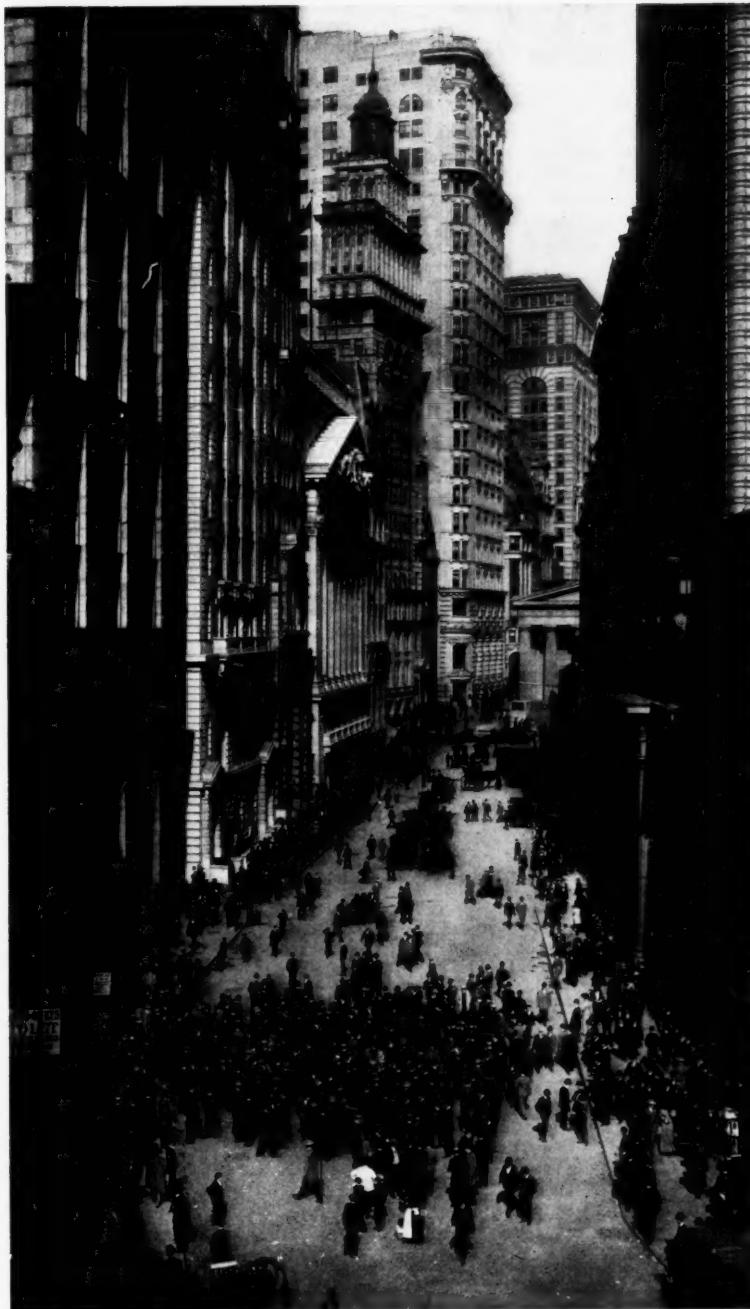
each other in rage or despair over the thousands and tens of thousands lost by a wave of the hand or a single word from the lips; accounts of hatless, collarless figures leaving this maelstrom of finance with clothing torn and bodies battered and bruised from their struggle to keep from ruin.

Is that what happens?

In the older days of Wall Street it might. Sometimes in the "curb crowd" a man gets wedged in and has to elbow and hit his way out, but nowadays, if a hundred thousand is lost or won, it is done, as the Bible says, "decently and in order." Of course there is excitement; of course there is noise—but not a marker to what happens at a championship game on the diamond, or when the Army and Navy "root" for their football teams.

As the eye becomes accustomed to the mass of waving figures, it finally rests on some of the groups near the posts—those battle-ground of 'Change. At each one is gathered a knot of men—not around it, but by the side of it. As the trading increases, the knot may split in two parts—one on either side. Most of them are young men—just a few with white hair; and it would be hard to find a face venerable with whiskers. The old ones want to look young. Their mustaches are closely cropped and their clothes have the jaunty cut of youth.

The knot presses closely about two or three in the centre. These bull brokers and bear brokers form the storm centre of that post. And the rest watch every motion they make and strain the ear for every word that falls from their lips. The men in the storm centre face each other with



"THE CURB," BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

The building on the left with fluted columns is the Stock Exchange. At the corner of Wall Street is seen the classic portico of the Sub-Treasury, on which site stood Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated.

features tense and strained from the struggle to control their nerve. Between their fingers are grasped little strips of paper and each has a note-book.

Perhaps two or three minutes elapse while the group are apparently talking earnestly but quietly. Up comes a messenger, wriggles himself between or under the outsiders and hands an envelope to one of the central figures. Tearing off the end with a jerk he gives just a glance at the message, and wads it between his fingers. It's his battle order. "A thousand Reading at three fourths," he calls. "Thousand at a half, a thousand at a quarter!" The protectors of the stock crowd more closely about the man with the telegram and before the final word of any offer is spoken, up go their hands and the sale is made. "Five thousand at three quarters!" The stock has dropped a point in less than a minute. The voices grow louder; the little knot increases in size. A bull on the outskirts hurries to the telephone booth. When he returns it has dropped another half point. "Three quarters for a thousand," he calls. "Sold" comes from the bear. "Seven eighths for a thousand." "Sold" is again the answer. But the tide is turned only for a moment. Down it goes again, despite the efforts of its supporters. A dozen hands are in the air at one time shaking in the very faces of the bulls with offers to sell. It is a "bad half-hour" until there comes a lull of a few minutes, which is gladly welcomed by both sides.

Turn to the next post and you see another group battling for and against a "Granger" stock. By another post is a similar scene. Every man on the floor has some sort of memorandum book. As soon as he makes a bid or a sale, his pencil runs rapidly across a page. Perhaps the vastness of the business done on such a day as this can be better realized by reading a line or two at random from those note books. Here is one: "Bo't 2000 Central at 117. Sold 1000 St. Paul at 126." The two together do not

take up a page of the book, but they mean the changing hands of securities worth \$360,000 as the market stands. No wonder that what occurs in this room may bring prosperity or depression to an entire nation when there are possibly five hundred men doing what this man is doing. No wonder they call this the business nerve-centre of the country!

Yes, there is noise—at times,—what the novelist might call a din; but there is no "mighty roar." The noise comes from the many calls of buyer and seller and the other conversation which is going on around the floor. There is no actual yelling. No one is rushing around like a madman or making what might be called a scene. Brokers are hurrying back and forth between the telegraph and telephone booths and the posts. At times when the bidding is more spirited the crowd at a post sways with the effort which all who are in it make to get nearer the centre. Then some may be jostled and pushed about, but no more so than in the Subway or many other places where they go from day to day. The most excited are usually those who hold the centre; but never do they lose control of themselves so that they forget to book their trades even though they do wave their books under the noses of their opponents.

This is one of the great days in Wall Street. The old-timer tells you that it is one of the "biggest killings" in the history of 'Change. On the floor they have no time to talk about anything but business, but when the clock chime has struck three times, here are some of the comments that are heard in the throng which passes homeward: "They did n't leave the lambs even a wisp of wool." "If there was ever a bear feed, it was to-day." "This beats the record for sheep-shearing."

But in the arena itself are none of the scenes that one might expect when men see the fortunes of a score of years leave their grasp in perhaps an hour. It is a fine display of that nerve which the true American possesses.

If anything is needed to prove the adage that he is "a good loser," a "panic" day in Wall Street is proof enough.

Again look over the floor. Here is a man strolling up and down, hands in pockets, apparently as unconcerned as if pacing the lobby of the hotel with his after-dinner cigar. Over in a corner are two others talking together. They are not smiling, but they might be discussing a mere trifle, to judge by their calm attitude. The messenger-boys, who seem to be about as numerous as the brokers, go from place to place with the same mechanical precision as if it were a hundred-thousand share day in midsummer, and everybody gone to the ball-game or into the country. The men at the posts have no time to go out for luncheon, but munch an apple or a

sandwich, selling or buying a thousand dollars at a bite.

It is a game with millions in the balance, but no men ever sat around a poker table and played for a 25 cent corner with less excitement than most of those to whom the toss of a hand in this place may mean the gain or loss of ten thousand for their patrons.

They call this a "panic day" because twelve stocks alone had sold, when the day was over, at ten points less than when it began, and because the two and a half million shares of stock that had changed ownership during the five hours were worth twenty-five million dollars less than when the market opened.

But the man with the watering pot sprinkles the floor just as on other days.



CURB BROKERS IN BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, GIVING ORDERS TO CLERKS AT THE WINDOWS OF THEIR OFFICES

TIRADE À LA CARTE

This is to objurgate that infesting modern microbe,
The picture postal,—
Whether in simple black and white, or in colors stirring the fire-alarm,—
Variously representing *danseuse*, Alpine scenery, smug-faced acquaintance,
Paintings from the old masters, or Brooklyn Bridge,—
Amusing, doubtless, to the postman,
And precious to the asinine collector,
Assembling them in fat and fancy albums,
To be pitilessly inflicted on the squirming casual caller,—
But to those who look for veritable communication, a mockery,
A flippant grin in place of real interchange of thought.

O gracile Spirit of the Cultured Pen,
Who didst inspire those historic epistles,
Long, leisurely and lovable, of Madame de Sévigné,—
The courtly effusions of the elegant Chesterfield,—
The frank and fascinating correspondence of Stevenson,—
How art thou, with thy dignity of phrase and airy charm of quaint conceit,
Completely snowed under!

Think you that the Brownings, Robert and Elizabeth,
Had they lived at the present day,
Would have written those letters, passionate, prolonged,
Laden with love, glittering with Greek,
Riotous with references culled from the classics,
Crowded with casuistry and laments for the languorous lost lap-dog?—
Nay,—but a picture-postal of Thames Embankment would say—very
squeezed as to writing:—
“Dear E.—Finished ‘Sordello’. Done up. Can’t come until Monday.
Affly, Robert.”
Her reply, in the lee of a hotel at Margate, scalloped with sea-foam,—
“That’s tough, Bobby love, —but till death I’m y’rs,—Liza.”

Hark! As I write, a sinister knock interrupts me,—
Seven of the highly-colored, hotly-hated horrors are left at my door,
From Warsaw, Oshkosh, Tokio, Hoboken, Mt. Blanc, Ceylon and Quogue,
L. I.
Yet when last seen, their senders seemed sane and kind.
The scalding tear of outraged friendship spatters on their luridities.
Thank Heaven, I have an open fire!

KATHARINE PERRY

SISTERS

By GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE



MET a lady down at Double Springs," said the younger Miss Meddis, "that earns her livin' a-writin' books. She ain't had my advantages, — an' she asked me more questions than a few about our folks up here. She said that if she knowed as much as I did of the mountains and the mountain people she'd write a book on it. Of course I'm not goin' to write about any such fool truck as that. Ef I write—or ruther when I write—it's goin' to be about somethin' worth while. I picked out a description for a—for a hero—while I was at Double Springs. The clerk at the hotel was a dark complected gentleman—I admire a dark skin—for a man. A woman ort to be fair, so that you could speak about 'the rose and lily blended'—she glanced ruthlessly at Alabama's brown face, in tint very little lighter than the hazel eyes; "but I think it gives a more stronger appearance for a man to be dark. Would you like to hear what I've wrote?"

Would she? Would Alabama like to hear something in which this trying but well beloved charge of hers interested herself? She dropped down on the doorstep with a basket of snap beans which she was stringing for dinner. "Read it, honey," she said genially. "Hit's obliged to be fine ef you wrote it." Like many rural people, the sisters fell into the folk speech of their neighbors in conversation, though in writing both would use fairly correct English.

Daughters of a country schoolmaster, these two lived alone on the

farm which came from their mother. Money had been found to send the younger sister, Tennessee, for half a term to a Female Seminary; just as Alabama had saved enough to let her go for a few weeks to the little valley watering-place, from which she had returned, gratifyingly improved in health and spirits, and with the bold design of writing a book.

Long ago, when Garret Meddis was dying in his own dilatory fashion, and Alabama tended the crop and taught the school in his place, she used to try to get Tennie to read to the sick man. But the petted younger sister would gallop through a chapter in The Book and propose "The Forsaken Bride" or some kindred romance, and it usually ended by Alabama's finding her pitiful old invalid in tears, and Tennie in a temper.

A course of these tales showed their effect in the production which she now proceeded to read to her edified sister. But it was Alabama's first taste of fiction; and she found it both wonderful and delightful. Troubled a little to reconcile it with her conscience that the statements were not facts, she strove persistently but vainly to pin the glowing and rather loose periods down to her own experience.

"Did you ever see any gentleman that wore red velvet clothes?" she inquired timidly. "An' them there boots an' spurs you name—they don't wear that kind in the Turkey Tracks. How about the long red feather in his hat?—It appears to me that would look right curious—on a man person."

"You don't understand," fretted Tennie. "This ain't goin' to be a story about Turkey Track folks; it's goin' to be about—about Eyetalians,

more 'n a hundred an' fifty years ago."

"Oh," murmured Alabama, impressed but not convinced. "That 'd be mighty fine, ef you knowed anything about them times an' people; but, honey child, ef I was you I 'd start on something easier—more near at hand, as a body may say."

"Well, ef I don't know about them times, I reckon they hain't nobody can correct me," reasoned Tennessee, with considerable force. "The folks that lived then is all dead now, ain't they?"

Alabama agreed with a silent nod of that well-formed head of hers, upon which the crisply curling nut-brown hair was her sole positive beauty. "I reckon you're right," she said finally; "but 'pears like hit 'd be better for some o' them young Eyetaliens to write out the tales that their grandpappies told 'em. Don't you mind what fine tales Grandpap Vineyard used to tell us? Could n't you write out one of them?"

"I could ef I 'd a mind to," snapped the younger sister. "You just set yo'se'f agin me in everything, till I wisht I was dead. That lady at Double Springs says she's goin' to send down one o' her literary friends to spend the summer here next year. I thought ef I had my book done by that time—but there, what do you care? All you want is to fatten your shoats, an' put up pork an' raise corn. Sometimes it don't seem like to me that we are made of the same flesh an' blood."

The beans were all strung, snapped into dainty little green lengths and ready for the pot. Alabama rose abruptly, pan in hand. The injustice of the attack hurt for a moment; then she looked at the weak blue eyes full of tears, and her own dark orbs softened very beautifully. "Nemmine, honey," she said, speaking as though to a sulky child, "you tell sister what all you want for the writin' out o' your book, and sister 'll go down to the sto' an' trade for it to-morrow. Sister's proud to he'p yo' fine work."

A spare, brown, bright-eyed woman

was Alabama, with a humorous, thin mouth, and a disposition to silence. The younger sister was still pretty in a faded fashion, and, as her chances for love and marriage seemed to be slipping by, the elder tried more and more to make up to her for a fate which was lamentable mainly because Tennie thought so. Alabama made a trip to Hepzibah; indeed, she soon made many trips upon behalf of the tragedy of "Ugo of the Black Hand," which now absorbed all of Tennie's feeble forces. The elder sister learned to be a good judge of lead pencils. More, she conquered the art of bringing them to an exquisite point. She got down dusty schoolbooks from the shelf and analyzed, parsed and disciplined sentences of hazy meaning, unostentatiously whipping them within grammatical lines.

Then ensued doings which furnished a much-needed staple of conversation to the mountainside.

"Writin' a book!" snorted Grandmother Vineyard, whose mountain eyrie commanded the home of the sisters, as it the valley. "Alabama has done agreed to the foolishness, an' what's the fruits of it? They tell me Tennie never puts her back to the bed till after ten o'clock; git up in the mornin' she will not; an' she feels herself better than ary human in the two Turkey Tracks. She looks down on Ally like they was n't born of the same father an' mother. Well, Alabama and both parents sot in to make a fool o' her from the start. The Lord havin' been ahead of 'em on the job, never turned 'em back. They allus muched her an' praised her fer doin' things 'bout half-way as good as Ally done 'em. Her ma used to bresh that sorter yaller hair o' hern—sorrel, I call hit—'round pieces o' cornstalk an' wrap 'em with rags o' mornings, tell I vow I could n't look at the young 'un an' keep a straight face. But in the evenin' she 'd have a head o' curls; an' Ally would go without her dinner but what there was blue ribbons to tie in 'em, an' shoes fer her big flat feet—look like she run more to hands

an' feet than ary child I ever did see."

For Tennie, now, were the new-laid eggs saved. For Tennie was the bell taken off the brindled cow; and though the elder sister devoted many an evening to seeking that very necessary support of their table, she never complained, since Tennie must work on the book of a night and should not be awakened by the cow-bell in the morning.

But it was not for Tennie that the pinks and hollyhocks and dahlias were cultivated in the grassy front yard. Growing things were a passion with Alabama; she loved them, and they loved her again with a riot of bloom, of odor and color, that graced nobody else's door-stone. As for the matter of the cow-bell—and similar troubles—the very present sense of humor which that dry half-smile on Alabama's face bespoke, saved the situation for her. It should have broken her heart to hear Tennie, after all the sacrifices that had been made for her behoof, peevishly assert that nobody could write a book in such surroundings, with such a companion. It should have broken her heart; but it did not, because of this saving salt of humor. Without formulating it Alabama realized the absurdity of her own content and her sister's languishings.

Tennie's life having been uneventful, her fancy ran, by the law of contraries, to a crowded canvas of intrigue, murder, shock and alarm. Through the long winter, when the great fire of pine knots filled the living-room with color as well as warmth, the writing went forward. New-laid eggs were hard to get now, but the frame of genius must be nourished, and Alabama threw into this and similar enterprises the passion of interest which she could not maintain in "Ugo of the Black Hand." An active farmer as well as housewife, always up with the dawn, poor Alabama furnished an all too drowsy audience for the midnight readings from the new book which she supposed were Tennie's delight.

Perhaps the word *delight* should be modified when one speaks of Tennie

Meddis and her book. She brought forth the tale with even more of the usual travailing than the muse is apt to demand. "'Pears like to me, ef I was in yo' place, honey child," the elder used to remonstrate, "I'd take up with something mo' cheerfuller." But Tennessee wept and wrote, and wrote and wept, undeterred by such commonplace advice.

Alabama sometimes closed her tired eyes—"I'm not asleep, honey; jest you go on readin'," she would murmur—and curious visions which took the form now of rhyme, and now of impossibly beautiful prose, thronged upon her brain. The stilted vaporings of "Ugo of the Black Hand" swam far away, and glamor of red firelight on smoke-stained rafter and, brown side-wall painted a tapestry, homely yet gorgeous for the heart that could interpret it.

Taxed with her somnolence, peevishly chidden, the elder sister would sit primly erect for ten minutes, gazing unwinkingly into the glowing coals. Again would come that transmutation, the lachrymose windings of the heroine's despair in poor Tennie's Italian novel failed to hold the mind stored with all a poet's lore from field and stream. The coals arranged themselves into scenes long forgotten; the babble of Tennie's ineffectual voice measured itself to metre, and songs of the long ago went jingling through the graceful brown head.

"Alabama! You're not listening any more than a statute," the authoress would complain. "I hain't got a soul to sympathize with me. But I'm bound to write a book to sell, even if you lay down smack in the middle of the floor an' go to sleep every time I open my mouth."

And Alabama would explain, with carefully smothered yawns, that much work in the open air had left her too sleepy to appreciate the best pieces in the reader—"ef anybody was to set in an' read 'em to me, when I feel this-a-way."

Yet as spring drew on—and spring in the mountains is a goddess and not a fairy,—as Alabama was in the open

more and more, under the sky that she loved so well that she would not put sun-bonnet or hat between her head and it, as "Ugo of the Black Hand" swam frigidly to its close, like a great slippery iceberg bumping down the Gulf Stream, the formless aspirations in the soul of the elder sister grew too strong to be resisted. Feeble Tennie was doing all the dreadful things to her wicked people which absolutely flabby souls dream of because they dare not strike even the smallest blow for the right. Alabama, cheerful creature that she was, yearned now and then to take the villains of the tale and clap their heads together. She was restrained from expressing any such desire by the fact that she would have had almost as much satisfaction in thus disposing of the hero and heroine. Upon one of her trips to the store for material, she bought two small composition books, such as children use in school, carried them to her own room, where now a little table stood with pen, ink and paper for the copying of the great novel.

Sitting down and surveying these small books with a child's delight in so much good, unspoilt writing paper which she might cover with any words she chose, she labelled one—she could afford to be reckless since nobody was ever to see it—"Joke-Book." In this she meant to set down everything which struck her fancy as funny. It was to be read over for relief when Tennie was running her work upon the shoals of tragedy. The other book she reserved for a diary, and marked it accordingly. Yet, as the wide, fairly ruled pages filled slowly, the second was more like a naturalist's year-book than anything else. And the joke-book developed a thread of continuity, while its terse, unforced utterance had a flavor of the Elizabethan writers; indeed, she drew her inspiration solely from sources which these writers knew.

Alabama had always been a close and fond observer of the small animal and vegetable life of wood and field. She loved to live in the blue pavilions which nature spreads for those who

join her household; and now, "Ugo of the Black Hand" drove her afield more than ever. Behind the barn a big meadow, which she was letting lie fallow for a year or two before putting in corn, dipped to a delightful hollow where a wet-weather spring bubbled up after every rain, and where some rare bog plants might be found.

These secret little books were a reproduction of Alabama's life—her own unhampered, unembarrassed, spontaneous statement of her world; and her delighted pencil, here set at liberty,—that pencil so used to "laying out" quilt and embroidery patterns,—flung lightly over the margins, and sifted here and there through the text itself, little sketches—a vagrant shower of leaf, bud and blossom, a big fat bumble-bee, a brisk lizard, a swarm of tiny butterflies,—all slightly conventionalized as primitive workers usually make them, but quaintly attractive.

As for the joke-book, it thrrove most when there was most need of it. When Tennie's lily heroine was at last brought face to face with her brave lover, when she gave utterance to a few enigmatic remarks, then perversely placed herself under the protection of the villain, and the pair set off on a new round of perfectly senseless misunderstandings, Alabama fled to her joke-book as to sanctuary.

"Looks like the stuff I put down in here is mighty foolish," she would murmur, with that dry half-smile which was not grudging but only modest. "It appears as if I would hardly have the face to set and write such things with the same pen I use to copy Tennie's book. But folks is various in this world, and when they ain't nothing left to laugh at—well, I want to die."

When the literary friend of the New York lady who had been at Double Springs appeared in the Turkey Tracks, it was a gentleman, and not—as the Meddis sisters had somehow expected—a lady. He drove up from the Springs in a vehicle which

its owner called a hack, and he found his way to the Meddis farm without any trouble, for the fact that Tennie Meddis was writing a book had been thoroughly canvassed upon the mountainside. Not that anybody was impressed by it—your true mountaineer is hard to impress; but it was something out of the common to talk about, and, as such, welcome to people who seem never to have any duties which interfere with their opportunities for conversation.

"Reckon you hearn in New York about Tennie Meddis's book," hazarded the lank driver of the hack.

The gentleman assented, without adding that he got his information from a lady who had summered at Double Springs and who confided Tennie's project to him as a delightful joke.

Bruce Hathaway was, indeed, a reader for an Eastern publisher; but it was on behalf of his own literary work that he meant to study these people and this life. His arrival found "Ugo of the Black Hand" at its eighty-seventh chapter—and still incomplete. Most of the original characters had been killed off, and a new set had taken their places. Tennie Meddis was thrown into a tremendous flutter by the advent of the newcomer. Alabama had him seated in the porch and already served with a gourd of ice-cold spring water before the poor faded younger sister came trembling out. She held the card of the lady from New York in her hand—Mr. Hathaway had given it to Alabama as a sort of introduction.

"Oh," she panted, "Mrs. Moulton sent you to see my book, did n't she? She's in a big hurry, seems like to me," querulously. "I told her in my last letter it was n't done."

The word "it" came out with the faintest breath of an aspirate; and Bruce Hathaway noted it, alertly. "She did n't say 'hit,'" he made mental record; "but she showed that she has been in the habit of doing so. Well, we need only go back to Chaucer to find it in the highest circles. She

may have written something worth while."

She had given him a clammy hand and seated herself, quivering in every muscle, in the chair opposite. "I don't know why the public won't let an author have time to finish a book," she complained rather unnecessarily. "I think it puts out the fire of genius to be hurried up. I'm sure I've worked awful hard all winter on my book, and yet I feel as if I needed a month more."

"Mr. Hathaway ain't goin' to try to take your book away from you before you're done with it," commented Alabama, with one of her shrewd, humorous glances, for which the man from New York could have thanked her. "I reckon they's a plenty o'books bein' written by folks in the North, an' that the people will jest hold on to their patience till you make up another set o' characters an' kill 'em off again, in 'Ugo of the Black Hand,'"

"Is that the name?" asked the city man, rather brusquely.

"The entitlement of my book is 'The Tragedy of Ugo of the Black Hand,'" replied Tennie impressively.

"Yes," nodded Hathaway. "Yes—oh, yes"; adding, in a tone of relief, "but it's not done."

"I've done finished eighty-seb'm chapters, and they's eighty-fo' copied. I'm only goin' to let you take the pieces that's done copied. I'm mighty apt to put mo' in the others befo' I'm done with 'em. I often have ideas for my book right in the middle of the night, and I get up and put 'em down." She glanced side-wise to see if her visitor seemed impressed. He looked even more than that.

"Oh, yes—take them with me—to be sure. But would n't it be better for me to just look the 'stuff' over here first? I can do so while I'm waiting for the dinner Miss Meddis was kind enough to say she would give me."

"Stuff"—"the stuff"! Tennie was restrained from sweeping haughtily through the door and leaving the

literary man from New York crushed, only by the fact that her knees had suddenly given way, and she was afraid to rise, much less attempt to walk. Besides, she doubted very much that he would be crushed. She sat where she was and saw, as in a dream, Alabama slip into the house and come back with a trim pile of neatly written sheets.

The size of the stack was formidable; Hathaway was evidently taken aback; yet when he had lifted the blank upper sheet he turned to the younger sister gently with the comment, "You write a nice, plain hand, Miss Meddis—quite equal to typing."

Tennie's dry lips moved to say that Alabama had copied the sheets, but no sound came; and since Ally herself did not make the statement, it remained unspoken.

Soft airs dropped low in Alabama's garden, frolicked through the smoke-white wreaths of traveller's joy, made friends with the ragged robins, bachelor's buttons and homely marigolds, stole spicy odors from southernwood, thyme and old man, and stirred the quilled, cushiony heads of scentless, flame-tinted dahlias. They shook and nudged the tall weeping Marys by the fence, till they leaned toward the hollyhocks for support. In the blue above—there seems to be more sky in the mountains than elsewhere—great, white cloud-ships were sailing past. In the middle of the porch sat Bruce Hathaway, plain, quiet, elderly, but urban to his finger-tips. On either side of him a country-woman, past youth, regarded his practised fingers as they shuffled the sheets, and his thoughtful, pale face as he read a sentence here and there.

Alabama's vicarious anxiety was as much greater than that of the younger woman as her nature was stronger, more intense. Tennie grasped the arms of her chair with pale, heavy, knuckled hands, and gazed eagerly, wondering how much money this man was likely to give her for her book, and whether she might not demand a small sum in advance.

Suddenly Hathaway raised his head, and looked kindly but rather keenly at the authoress. His clear, practical voice, low-pitched, yet with the wire edge which city competition puts upon men's tones, cut sharply across the listeners' nerves.

"You've read a good many novels similar to this?"

Tennessee scarcely knew whether to say yes or no. She compromised by nodding silently.

"What put it into your head to write it?" came the next blunt query.

"I—I have a need for the money. And Mrs. Moulton—a lady at Double Springs—she said to me that she earned her living by writing books."

"Exactly," agreed Hathaway. "She does. But she writes of what she knows. This work certainly shows industry—application." (Oh, but whose industry—whose application? How many new-laid eggs, coaxed from reluctant hens by Alabama, how many nights of self-sacrificing labor upon her part, had gone to make the monstrosity!) The elder sister's fine face relaxed a bit. Her toil-hardened little brown hands unclasped in her lap. Hathaway's commendation appealed to her. She nodded. He was going on:

"But this sort of thing, my dear lady, is not what you want to do. I venture to guess that you have never been to Italy—not even abroad; and here you are writing of Rome in the seventeenth century! Take something you are familiar with; begin with just a short story of your own mountains; use upon it this same industry—you've got lots of practice. That would be a chance to make some legitimate success."

The scalding flood of rage and scorn which these well-meant words dashed upon poor Tennie's swollen and sensitive vanity nerved her to reply.

"Yo're a stranger, suh, an' as sech I reckon yo' to be excused for hintin' that one o' the Meddises would even herself to be familiar with—much less write about—the poor common trash that lives around us here in the mountains. If anybody can find

anything interesting in such as that—why let them write it. I don't see but 'Ugo of the Black Hand' is better than lots of stories that I've read in print. I should certainly wait and take the advice of some gentleman who was bringing out books of that kind before I made up my mind to quit."

And on the heels of this speech Tennie achieved the haughty exit she had thirsted after earlier in the interview; Alabama followed, to comfort her, with a murmured apology to Hathaway, and the explanation that she must go and see about the dinner.

When she came back to announce that the meal was ready she found the spruce city man humped in his chair, his shoulders shaking. He looked up, at her step, flushed, his smooth hair genially tousled where he had absently run his fingers through it, the moisture of merriment still in his cold, clear eyes.

"Why, this is capital—it's rich!" he called out, before she could address him. "Why did n't you show me these at first? They're worthy candidates—hopeful stuff. Any publisher might want them."

And Alabama saw that he was nursing her two little blank-books close to his near-sighted eyes, the jokes uppermost.

"These are genuine—they're full of meat," he said, patting the lean little volumes tenderly. "They only need a little making ready for the printer, and—"

Alabama made a silent snatch at the books, which she realized she had inadvertently brought out on the bottom of the pile of manuscript. Hathaway, amazed, evaded her clutch, hugging the books up to him.

"I want to take them with me," he explained. "They need a little looking over—but I'm sure the house will be glad to make you an offer—"

"Hush! Tennie must n't hear. No—you won't take them books! Hers comes first."

"This—ch, these are your work?" he ejaculated in surprise. Then added sharply, "My dear Miss Meddis,

this is n't a game, with 'first goes.' It's business. I should say there was money and reputation for the author of these. Your sister's book is unmitigated—"

"Hush!" repeated the woman, fiercely. "Tennie an' me is sisters. I've been like a mother to her all my life. She's all I've got. But that ain't it—I'm all *she's* got. She never had no beau—the Lord knows why, pretty as she is, an' sech pretty ways an' all. Ef this book ain't printed it'll nigh-about kill her. I ain't willin' to succeed whar she fails."

"But this is—this is nonsense!" said Hathaway, exasperated. "I'll not call the book trash again if it hurts your feelings—but you know what it is. And you—why, my dear woman, you have genius. Your stuff has the flavor of a classic. You must not sacrifice—"

Alabama advanced resolutely, and laid forcible hands on the little volumes. "Ef God has been so good to me as to make me—what you said—I must be the more keen to do His will. Don't you speak another word—not a word! Tennie's comin'. I'll burn these books of mine ef you tell her what you just told me about hern. An' I'll sell the farm to git money for to pay you to print her book."

"My dear madam, I can't—we don't—that is, you know—" began Hathaway, when Tennie burst out onto the porch, both hands clutched full of loose manuscript sheets, her cheeks red and her eyes unwontedly bright.

"Sell the farm to git this hyer old book printed!" she cried shrilly. "Well, ye won't sell my part or po'tion, Alabama Meddis. Pay to git my book printed! *Pay!*"

Her scorn would have done credit to an arrived author. Alabama went to her and attempted to push her into a chair.

"Nemmine, honey," she coaxed. "Mr. Hathaway an' me was jest a-havin' a little business talk. Sister's willin' for to spend whatever's needed."

"Well, then, spend hit on my weddin' clothes," exploded Tennie. "I never would 'a' tried to write the old book 'ceppin' that I—the clerk at the hotel—the dark complected gentleman—I—I tried to name it to you, but you're sech a cur'ous somebody, an' hit run on—him a writin' to me—tell we's promised an' I wanted money for my settin' out."

Alabama looked at her helplessly, and regardless of the stranger's presence, Tennie began to cry.

"Thar," she said, "I ain't so awful old! I could n't he'p it that you never thought about it's bein' love

troubles, an' jest would n't suppose nothin' but that 't was the werrisome old book kept me awake nights. I could n't bear for to ast a sheer out o' what's here. Hit won't sca'cely keep you when I'm gone—let alone me takin' anything from you."

Then did Mr. Bruce Hathaway, of the firm of Ross, Armitage & Hathaway, rise to the occasion.

"Miss Meddis," he said suavely, "I am sure my House would be glad to make you a small advance on those manuscripts you have there, unless"—with twinkling eyes—"you prefer to burn them."

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

VI

SPECIALISM



IT is a very curious thing to reflect how often an old platitude or axiom retains its vitality, long after the conditions which gave it birth have altered, and it no longer represents a truth. It would not matter if such platitudes only lived on dustily in vapid and ill-furnished minds, like the vases of milky-green opaque glass, decorated with golden stars, that were the joy of Early Victorian chimney-pieces, and now hold spills in the second-best spare bedroom. But, like the psalmist's enemies, platitudes live and are mighty. They remain, and, alas! they have the force of arguments in the minds of sturdy, unreflective men who describe themselves as plain, straightforward people, and whose opinions carry weight in a community whose feelings are swayed by the statements of successful men rather

than by the conclusions of reasonable men.

One of these pernicious platitudes is the statement that everyone ought to know something about everything and everything about something. It has a speciously epigrammatic air about it, dazzling enough to persuade the common-sense person that it is an intellectual judgment.

As a matter of fact, under present conditions, it represents an impossible and even undesirable ideal. A man who tried to know something about everything would end in knowing very little about anything; and the most exhaustive programme that could be laid down for the most erudite of *savants* nowadays would be that he should know anything about anything, while the most resolute of specialists must be content with knowing something about something.

A well-informed friend told me, the other day, the name and date of a man who, he said, could be described

as the last person who knew practically everything at his date that was worth knowing. I have forgotten both the name and the date and the friend who told me, but I believe that the learned man in question was a cardinal in the sixteenth century. At the present time, the problem of the accumulation of knowledge and the multiplication of books is a very serious one indeed. It is, however, morbid to allow it to trouble the mind. Like all insoluble problems, it will solve itself in a way so obvious that the people who solve it will wonder that anyone could ever have doubted what the solution would be, just as the problem of the depletion of the world's stock of coal will no doubt be solved in some perfectly simple fashion.

The dictum in question is generally quoted as an educational formula in favour of giving everyone what is called a sound general education. And it is probably one of the contributory causes which account for the present chaos of curricula. All subjects are held to be so important, and each subject is thought by its professors to be so peculiarly adapted for educational stimulus, that a resolute selection of subjects, which is the only remedy, is not attempted; and accordingly the victim of educational theories is in the predicament of the man described by Dr. Johnson who could not make up his mind which leg of his breeches he would put his foot into first. Meanwhile, said the Doctor, with a directness of speech which requires to be palliated, the process of investiture is suspended.

But the practical result of the dilemma is the rise of specialism. The *savant* is dead and the specialist rules. It is interesting to try to trace the effect of this revolution upon our natural culture.

Now, I have no desire whatever to take up the cudgels against the specialists: they are a harmless and necessary race, so long as they are aware of their limitations. But the tyranny of an oligarchy is the worst kind of tyranny, because it means the

triumph of an average over individuals, whereas the worst that can be said of a despotism is that it is the triumph of an individual over an average. The tyranny of the specialistic oligarchy is making itself felt to-day, and I should like to fortify the revolutionary spirit of liberty, whose boast it is to detest tyranny in all its forms, whether it is the tyranny of an enlightened despot, or the tyranny of a virtuous oligarchy, or the tyranny of an intelligent democracy.

The first evil which results from the rule of the specialist is the destruction of the *amateur*. So real a fact is the tyranny of the specialist that the very word "amateur," which means a leisurely lover of fine things, is beginning to be distorted into meaning an inefficient performer. As an instance of its correct and idiomatic use, I often think of the delightful landlord whom Stevenson encountered somewhere, and upon whom he pressed some Burgundy which he had with him. The generous host courteously refused a second glass, saying, "You see I am an amateur of these things, and I am capable of leaving you not sufficient." Now, I shall concern myself here principally with literature, because, in England at all events, literature plays the largest part in general culture. It may be said that we owe some of the best literature we have to amateurs. To contrast a few names, taken at random, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson, de Quincey, Tennyson, and Carlyle were professionals, it is true; but, on the other hand, Milton, Gray, Boswell, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Shelley, Browning, and Ruskin were amateurs. It is not a question of how much a man writes or publishes; it is a question of the spirit in which a man writes. Walter Scott became a professional in the last years of his life, and for the noblest of reasons; but he also became a bad writer. A good pair to contrast are Southey and Coleridge. They began as amateurs. Southey became a professional writer, and his sun set

in the mists of valuable information. Coleridge, as an amateur, enriched the language with a few priceless poems, and then got involved in the morass of dialectical metaphysics. The point is whether a man writes simply because he cannot help it, or whether he writes to make an income. The latter motive does not by any means prevent his doing first-rate artistic work—indeed, there are certain persons who seem to have required the stimulus of necessity to make them break through an initial indolence of nature. When Johnson found fault with Gray for having times of the year when he wrote more easily, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, he added that a man could write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it. True, no doubt! But to write doggedly is not to court favourable conditions for artistic work. It may be a finer sight for a moralist to see a man performing an appointed task heavily and faithfully, with grim tenacity, than it is to see an artist in a frenzy of delight dashing down an overpowering impression of beauty; but what has always hampered the British appreciation of literature is that we cannot disentangle the moral element from it; we are interested in morals, not in art, and we require a dash of optimistic piety in all writing that we propose to enjoy.

The real question is whether, if a man sets himself doggedly to work, the appetite comes with eating, and whether the caged bird begins to flutter its wings, and to send out the song that it learnt in the green heart of the wood. When Byron said that easy writing made d—d hard reading, he meant that careless conception and hasty workmanship tend to blurr the pattern and the colour of work. The fault of the amateur is that he can make the coat, but cannot be bothered to make it fit. But it is not by any means true that hard writing makes easy reading. The spirit of the amateur is the spirit of the lover, who trembles at the thought that the delicate creature he loves

may learn to love him in return, if he can but praise her worthily. The professional spirit is the spirit in which a man carefully and courteously woos an elderly spinster for the sake of her comfortable fortune. The amateur has an irresponsible joy in his work; he is like the golfer who dreams of mighty drives, and practises "putting" on his back-lawn: the professional writer gives his solid hours to his work in a conscientious spirit, and is glad in hours of freedom to put the tiresome business away. Yet neither the amateur nor the professional can hope to capture the spirit of art by joy or faithfulness. It is a kind of divine felicity, when all is said and done, the kindly gift of God.

Now into this free wild world of art and literature and music comes the specialist and pegs out his claim, fencing out the amateur, who is essentially a rambler, from a hundred eligible situations. In literature this is particularly the case: the amateur is told by the historian that he must not intrude upon history; that history is a science, and not a province of literature; that the time has not come to draw any conclusions or to summarise any tendencies; that picturesque narrative is an offence against the spirit of Truth; that no one is as black or as white as he is painted; and that to trifle with history is to commit a sin compounded of the sin of Ananias and Simon Magus. The amateur runs off, his hands over his ears, and henceforth hardly dares even to read history, to say nothing of writing it. Perhaps I draw too harsh a picture, but the truth is that I did, as a very young man, with no training except that provided by a sketchy knowledge of the classics, once attempt to write an historical biography. I shudder to think of my method and equipment; I skipped the dull parts, I left all tiresome documents unread. It was a sad farrago of enthusiasm and levity and heady writing. But Jove's thunder rolled and the bolt fell. A just man, whom I have never quite forgiven, to tell

the truth, told me with unnecessary rigour and acrimony that I had made a pitiable exhibition of myself. But I have thanked God ever since, for I turned to literature pure and simple.

Then, too, it is the same with art-criticism; here the amateur again, who, poor fool, is on the look-out for what is beautiful, is told that he must not meddle with art unless he does it seriously, which means that he must devote himself mainly to the study of inferior masterpieces, and schools, and tendencies. In literature it is the same; he must not devote himself to reading and loving great books, he must disentangle influences; he must discern the historical importance of writers, worthless in themselves, who form important links. In theology and in philosophy it is much the same; he must not read the Bible and say what he feels about it; he must unravel Rabbinical and Talmudic tendencies; he must acquaint himself with the heretical leanings of a certain era, and the shadow cast upon the page by apocryphal tradition. In philosophy he is still worse off, because he must plumb the depths of metaphysical jargon and master the criticism of methods.

Now, this is in a degree both right and necessary, because the blind must not attempt to lead the blind; but it is treating the whole thing in too strictly scientific a spirit, for all that. The misery of it is that the work of the specialist in all these regions tends to set a hedge about the law; it tends to accumulate and perpetuate a vast amount of inferior work. The result of it is in literature, for instance, that an immense amount of second-rate and third-rate books go on being reprinted; and instead of the principle of selection being applied to great authors, and their inferior writings being allowed to lapse into oblivion, they go on being reissued, not because they have any direct value for the human spirit, but because they have a scientific importance from the point of view of development. Yet for the ordinary human being it is far more important that he should

read great masterpieces in a spirit of lively and enthusiastic sympathy, than that he should wade into them through a mass of archæological and philological detail. As a boy I used to have to prepare, on occasions, a play of Shakespeare for a holiday task. I have regarded certain plays with a kind of horror ever since, because one ended by learning up the introduction, which concerned itself with the origin of the play, and the notes which illustrated the meaning of such words as "kerns and gallow-glasses," and left the action and the poetry and the emotion of the play to take care of themselves. This was due partly to the blighting influence of examination-papers set by men of sterile, conscientious brains, but partly to the terrible value set by British minds upon correct information. The truth really is that if one begins by caring for a work of art, one also cares to understand the medium through which it is conveyed; but if one begins by studying the medium first, one is apt to end by loathing the masterpiece, because of the dusty apparatus that it seems liable to collect about itself.

The result of the influence of the specialist upon literature is that the amateur, hustled from any region where the historical and scientific method can be applied, turns his attention to the field of pure imagination, where he cannot be interfered with. And this, I believe, is one of the reasons why *belles lettres* in the more precise sense tend to be deserted in favour of fiction. Sympathetic and imaginative criticism is so apt to be stamped upon by the erudite, who cry out so lamentably over errors and minute slips, that the novel seems to be the only safe vantage-ground in which the *littérateur* may disport himself.

But if the specialist is to the amateur what the hawk is to the dove, let us go further, and in a spirit of love, like Mr. Chadband, inquire what is the effect of specialism on the mind of the specialist. I have had the opportunity of meeting many special-

ists, and I say unhesitatingly that the effect largely depends upon the natural temperament of the individual. As a general rule, the great specialist is a wise, kindly, humble, delightful man. He perceives that, though he has spent his whole life upon a subject or a fraction of a subject, he knows hardly anything about it compared to what there is to know. The track of knowledge glimmers far ahead of him, rising and falling like a road over solitary downs. He knows that it will not be given to him to advance very far upon the path, and he half envies those who shall come after, to whom many things that are dark mysteries to himself will be clear and plain. But he sees, too, how the dim avenues of knowledge reach out in every direction, interlacing and combining, and when he contrasts the tiny powers of the most subtle brain with all the wide range of law—for the knowledge which is to be, not invented, but simply discovered, is all assuredly there, secret and complex as it seems,—there is but little room for complacency or pride. Indeed, I think that a great *savant*, as a rule, feels that instead of being separated by this store of knowledge as by a wide space that he has crossed from smaller minds, he is brought closer to the ignorant by the presence of the vast unknown. Instead of feeling that he has soared like a rocket away from the ground, he thinks of himself rather as a flower might think whose head was an inch or two higher than a great company of similar flowers; he has perhaps a wider view; he sees the bounding hedgerow, the distant line of hills, whereas the humbler flower sees little but a forest of stems and blooms, with the light falling dimly between.

And a great *savant*, too, is far more ready to credit other people with a wider knowledge than they possess. It is the lesser kind of *savant*, the man of one book, of one province, of one period, who is inclined to think that he is differentiated from the crowd. The great man is far too much pre-occupied with real progress to waste

time and energy in showing up the mistakes of others. It is the lesser kind of *savant*, jealous of his own reputation, anxious to show his superiority, who loves to censure and deride the feebler brother. If one ever sees a relentless and pitiless review of a book—an exposure, as it is called, by one specialist of another's work—one may be fairly certain that the critic is a minute kind of person.

Again, the great specialist is never anxious to obtrude his subject; he is rather anxious to hear what is going on in other regions of mental activity, regions which he would like to explore but cannot. It is the lesser light that desires to dazzle and bewilder his company, to tyrannise, to show off. It is the most difficult thing to get a great *savant* to talk about his subject, though, if he is kind and patient, will answer unintelligent questions, and help a feeble mind along; it is one of the most delightful things in the world. I seized the opportunity some little while ago, on finding myself sitting next to a great physicist, of asking him a series of fumbling questions on the subject of modern theories of matter. For an hour I stumbled like a child, supported by a strong hand, in a dim and unfamiliar world, among the mysterious essences of things. I should like to try to reproduce it here, but I have no doubt I should reproduce it all wrong. Still, it was deeply inspiring to look out into chaos, to hear the rush and motion of atoms, moving in vast vortices, to learn that inside the hardest and most impenetrable of substances there was probably a feverish intensity of inner motion. I do not know that I acquired any precise knowledge, but I drank deep draughts of wonder and awe. The great man, with his amused and weary smile, was infinitely gentle, and left me, I will say, far more conscious of the beauty and the holiness of knowledge. I said something to him about the sense of power that such knowledge must give. "Ah!" he said, "much of what

I have told you is not proved, it is only suspected. We are very much in the dark about these things yet. Probably if a physicist of a hundred years hence could overhear me, he would be amazed to think that a sensible man could make such puerile statements. Power—no, it is not that! It rather makes one realise one's feebleness in being so uncertain about things that are absolutely certain and precise in themselves, if we could but see the truth. It is much more like the apostle who said 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.' The thing one wonders at is the courage of the men who dare to think they *know*."

In one region I own that I dread and dislike the tyranny of the specialist, and that is the region of metaphysical and religious speculation. People who indulge themselves in this form of speculation are apt to be told by theologians and metaphysicians that they ought to acquaint themselves with the trend of theological and metaphysical criticism. It seems to me like telling people that they must not ascend mountains unless they are accompanied by guides and have studied the history of previous ascents. "Yes," the professional says, "that is just what I mean; it is mere foolhardiness to attempt these arduous places unless you know exactly what you are about."

To that I reply that no one is bound to go up hills, but that everyone who reflects at all is confronted by religious and philosophical problems. We all have to live, and we are all more or less experts in life. When one considers the infinite importance to every human spirit of these problems, and when one further considers how very little theologians and philosophers have ever effected in the direction of enlightening us as to the object of life, the problem of pain and evil, the preservation of identity after death, the question of necessity and free-will—surely, to attempt to silence people on these matters because they have not had a technical training is nothing more than

an attempt wilfully to suppress evidence on these points. The only way in which it may be possible to arrive at the solution of these things is to know how they appeal to and affect normal minds. I would rather hear the experience of a life-long sufferer on the problem of pain, or of a faithful lover on the mystery of love, or of a poet on the influence of natural beauty, or of an unselfish and humble saint on the question of faith in the unseen, than the evidence of the most subtle theologian or metaphysician in the world. Many of us, if we are specialists in nothing else, are specialists in life; we have arrived at a point of view; some particular aspect of things has come home to us with a special force; and what really enriches the hope and faith of the world is the experience of candid and sincere persons. The specialist has often had no time or opportunity to observe life; all he has observed is the thought of other secluded persons, persons whose view has been both narrow and conventional, because they have not had the opportunity of correcting their traditional pre-conceptions by life itself.

I call, with all the earnestness that I can muster, upon all intelligent, observant, speculative people, who have felt the problems of life weigh heavily upon them, not to be dismayed by the disapproval of technical students, but to come forward and tell us what conclusions they have formed. The work of the trained specialist is essentially, in religion and philosophy, a negative work. He can show us how erroneous beliefs which coloured the minds of men at certain ages and eras grew up. He can show us what can be disregarded, as being only the conventional belief of the time; he can indicate, for instance, how a false conception of supernatural interference with natural law grew up in an age when, for want of trained knowledge, facts seemed fortuitous occurrences which were really conditioned by natural laws. The poet and the idealist make and cast abroad the great vital ideas, which the

specialist picks up and analyses. But we must not stop at analysis; we want positive progress as well. We want people to tell us, candidly and simply, how their own soul grew, how it cast off conventional beliefs, how it justified itself in being hopeful or the reverse. There never was a time when more freedom of thought and expression was conceded to the individual. A man is no longer socially banned for being heretical, schismatic, or liberal-minded. I want people to say frankly what real part spiritual agencies or religious ideas have played in their lives, whether such agencies and ideas have modified their conduct, or have been modified by their inclinations and habits. I long to know a thousand things about my fellow-men—how they bear pain, how they confront the prospect of death, the hopes by which they live, the fears that overshadow them, the stuff of their lives, the influence of their emotions. It has long been thought, and it is still thought by many narrow precisians, indelicate and egotistical to do this. And the result is that we can find in books all the things that do not matter, while the thoughts that are of deep and vital interest are withheld.

Such books as Montaigne's "Essays," Rousseau's "Autobiography," Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters," Mrs. Olyphant's "Memoirs," the "Autobiography" of B. R. Haydon, to name but a few books that come into my mind, are the sort of books that I crave for, because they are books in which one sees right into the heart and soul of another. Men can confess to a book what they cannot confess to a friend. Why should it be necessary to veil this essence of humanity in the dreary melodrama, the trite incident of a novel or a play? Things in life do not happen as they happen in novels or plays. Oliver Twist, in real life, does not get accidentally adopted by his grandfather's oldest friend, and commit his sole burglary in the house of his aunt. We do not want life to be transplanted into trim garden-plots: we want to see it

at home, as it grows in all its native wildness, on the one hand, and to know the idea, the theory, the principle that underlie it, on the other. How few of us there are who *make* our lives into anything! We accept our limitations, we drift with them, while we indignantly assert the freedom of the will. The best sermon in the world is to hear of one who has struggled with life, bent or trained it to his will, plucked or rejected its fruit, but all upon some principle. It matters little what we do; it matters enormously how we do it. Considering how much has been said, and sung, and written, and recorded, and prated, and imagined, it is strange to think how little is ever told us directly about life; we see it in glimpses and flashes, through half-open doors, or as one sees it from a train gliding into a great town, and looks into back-windows and yards sheltered from the street. We philosophise, most of us, about anything but life; and one of the reasons why published sermons have such vast sales is because, however clumsily and conventionally, it is with life that they try to deal.

This kind of specialising is not recognised as a technical form of it at all, and yet how far nearer and closer and more urgent it is for us than any other kind. I have a hope that we are at the beginning of an era of plain-speaking in these matters. Too often, with the literary standard of decorum which prevails, such self-revelations are brushed aside as morbid, introspective, egotistical. They are no more so than any other kind of investigation, for all investigation is conditioned by the personality of the investigator. All that is needed is that an observer of life should be perfectly candid and sincere, that he should not speak in a spirit of vanity or self-glorification, that he should try to disentangle what are the real motives that make him act or refrain from acting.

As an instance of what I mean by confession of the frankest order, dealing in this case not only with

literature but also with morality, let me take the sorrowful words which Ruskin wrote in his "Præterita," as a wearied and saddened man, when there was no longer any need for him to pretend anything, or to involve any of his own thoughts or beliefs in any sort of disguise. He took up Shakespeare at Macugnaga, in 1840, and he asks why the loveliest of Shakespeare's plays should be "all mixed and encumbered with languid and common work—to one's best hope spurious certainly, so far as original, idle and disgraceful—and all so inextricably and mysteriously that the writer himself is not only unknowable, but inconceivable; and his wisdom so useless that at this time of being and speaking, among active and purposeful Englishmen, I know not one who shows a trace of ever having felt a passion of Shakespeare's, or learnt a lesson from him."

That is of course the sad cry of one who is interested in life primarily, and in art only so far as it can minister to life. It may be strained and exaggerated, but how far more vital a saying than to expand in voulble and vapid enthusiasm over the insight and nobleness of Shakespeare, if one has not really felt one's life modified by that mysterious mind.

Of course such self-revelation as I speak of will necessarily fall into the hands of unquiet, dissatisfied, melancholy people. If life is a commonplace and pleasant sort of business, there is nothing particular to say or to think about it. But for all those—and they are many—who feel that life misses, by some blind, inevitable movement, being the gracious and beautiful thing it seems framed to be, how can such as these hold their peace? And how, except by facing it all, and looking patiently and bravely at it, can we find a remedy for its sore sicknesses? That method has been used, and used with success in every other kind of investigation,

and we must investigate life too, even if it turns out to be all a kind of Mendelism, moved and swayed by absolutely fixed laws, which take no account of what we sorrowfully desire.

Let us, then, gather up our threads a little. Let us first confront the fact that, under present conditions, in the face of the mass of records and books and accumulated traditions, arts and sciences must make progress little by little, line by line, in skilled technical hands. Fine achievement in every region becomes more difficult every day, because there is so much that is finished and perfected behind us; and if the conditions of our lives call us to some strictly limited path, let us advance wisely and humbly, step by step, without pride or vanity. But let us not forget, in the face of the frigidities of knowledge, that if they are the mechanism of life, emotion and hope and love and admiration are the steam. Knowledge is only valuable in so far as it makes the force of life effective and vigorous. And thus if we have breasted the strange current of life, or even if we have been ourselves overpowered and swept away by it, let us try, in whatever region we have the power, to let that experience have some value for ourselves and others. If we can say it or write it, so much the better. There are thousands of people moving through the world who are wearied and bewildered, and who are looking out for any message of hope and joy that may give them courage to struggle on; but if we cannot do that, we can at least live life temperately and cheerfully and sincerely: if we have bungled, if we have slipped, we can do something to help others not to go light-heartedly down the miry path; we can raise them up if they have fallen, we can cleanse the stains, or we can at least give them the comfort of feeling that they are not sadly and insupportably alone.

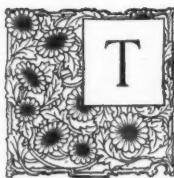
The subject of Mr. Benson's January essay will be

"Kelmscott and William Morris"

MY INTERPRETATION OF "HAMLET"

By TOMMASO SALVINI

Translated from the Italian by DIRCÉ ST. CYR



THE enigmatical tragedy of "Hamlet" is a work commenting on the destiny and the events of our world. This play has always been much discussed and many entirely different meanings have been given to the hero's character. Perhaps I may be permitted, at the end of my career, humbly to express my views upon the interpretation of this beautiful tragedy. The story of "Hamlet" is very simple and can be briefly resumed, yet its plot is thrilling and cleverly developed; it may be called a notable acting-play.

Hamlet's father died suddenly and his mother, only two months after her widowhood, married the brother of her former husband. Shakespeare portrays scientifically and accurately the Prince of Denmark's character and psychology; therefore the artist, from the very first, should impress the public with his beautiful, pure, moral nature, so full of sentiment, so loving and affectionate. We are aware that he has spent his first youth meditating and commenting on all the philosophy of his time; as a consequence of this studious bent, he necessarily developed into an investigator. No wonder, then, that he ponders deeply upon the causes of his father's death and grieves over the hasty second marriage of his mother. The actor who interprets Hamlet should assume at the very

beginning a dignified but sorrowful melancholy, inclining rather towards gentleness; but he should be extremely careful to adopt an entirely different air after the scene with the ghost. From the very first scene in which Hamlet appears, we understand that he is beginning to suspect his uncle's treachery, and is convinced that his mother has not acted like a loving wife, but has too soon cruelly forgotten her sorrow. The actor should convey very delicately Hamlet's intuitive and later his impulsive feeling of hatred toward the king; the feeling that we at once perceive in these words:

(THE KING.) "But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son."

(HAMLET—*aside*.) "A little more than kin and less than kind."

(THE KING.) "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?"

(HAMLET.) "Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun."

The king and the queen appear to Hamlet, partners in evil; one a fratricide, the other an adulteress. The first has made him suspicious, revengeful, contemptuous towards all men; the other has made him lose all respect for women. This bitterness of feeling is clearly expressed.

(HAMLET.) That it should come to this!

But two months dead; nay, not so much, not two.

The Prince of Denmark has undoubtedly a lymphatic, nervous tem-

perament; consequently, after the first scene, the actor should not forget that Hamlet's nerves are sensitively excited, because his soul is in distress, in continual fear, searching always for truth!

After a careful analysis of the part, I am strongly convinced that Shakespeare wished to portray in Hamlet's character that constant thought causes doubt; in other words, the power of thought over action. Evidently, it is more a conception than a character. I shall probably shock many lovers of Shakespeare by saying that I don't believe there has ever existed or ever will exist a man of Hamlet's temperament. In the long course of my travels I have met many men who posed *à la* Hamlet, but none whose psychological state was that of the Prince of Denmark. Maybe this is the reason for the innumerable different interpretations of Hamlet on the stage. By some actors he has been represented as actually mad, by others as only pretending insanity; by some as a cold-blooded, calculating man, by others as a passionate investigator of occultism; by some as severe, by others as merciful and indulgent towards his mother; by some as irreligious and by others still as devout.

During my stage career, the two best interpreters of this perplexing character were Charles Fechter and Edwin Booth. With the latter I am very proud to have played, at some special performances in America, the part of the ghost to his Hamlet. Booth's great intelligence, together with his tender sensibility, made him a noble and ideal Prince.

At the opening of the scene with the ghost, Hamlet should be violently excited; at the appearance of his father's spirit he should be seized with a terrible shuddering. When the mysterious form beckons to him, he should follow it as though impelled by a supernatural force. During the revelation of his uncle's crime, Hamlet should listen attentively, with veneration, as if almost afraid to move. The actor should

make his audience realize the seriousness and gravity of such a scene. To my mind useless gestures, or walking up and down the stage for picturesque effect, would spoil the intensity of this beautiful scene. But as soon as the ghost disappears and when the three friends return to the stage, Hamlet should feel the reaction and in his great exaltation should call up all his strength, to avenge, for his father's sake, his uncle's infamous crime. The climax should be reached by a crescendo in which there is the possibility of a tremendous piece of acting.

From henceforth, the public must realize that a new Hamlet will develop; one who will forget his past dreams, his studies, his pleasures, his affection, in order to devote himself to vengeance.

I am convinced that if Shakespeare had written this play in modern times, he would have omitted the appearance of the ghost on the stage, leaving all to the imagination of the public. Of course, at the time that the tragedy was written, the audience was not always educated and intelligent and it was necessary to be plain. But from actual experience, I state positively that the scene grows far more impressive by excluding the ghost from the stage. It rests then with the actor to give the illusion that Hamlet sees the spirit. This he does by listening to its words and repeating them as if under supernatural compulsion. To my mind, it is better than the modern idea of seeing, by means of an electric flashlight effect, a human being.

Going back to Hamlet, we must not forget that he is a scholar full of imagination and sentiment and that an analytical brain like his would be incapable of acting quickly. In fact, he carefully reviews all the circumstances leading to the infamous deed, and instead of punishing at once the traitor who deprived him of his beloved father, defers his revenge.

After the scene with the Ghost, Hamlet's gentle melancholy becomes hard and bitter—a moral change that

the actor should emphatically portray, showing the combat of Hamlet's soul, his growing distrust in the world, and in his friend Horatio, in his beloved Ophelia, in his mother, in the ghost and in himself.

With this real change of temper there is no doubt, for Shakespeare is entirely explicit about it, that Hamlet intends to feign insanity. The mania that he assumes is a mixture of truth and illusion, well characterized by Polonius in his comment:

How pregnant sometimes his replies are!
A happiness that often madness hits on,
which reason and sanity could not so
prosperously be delivered of.

In adopting this kind of insanity he has the advantage of being able to scrutinize the souls of all those who surround and spy upon him; but that his insanity is a mere pretence there is much to convince us. For instance, in Act II, scene ii, he says:

Now I am alone.
O! what a rogue and peasant slave am
I. .

After this sentence, how can we still doubt and go on discussing whether his insanity is real or feigned? In order to relax his thoughts, as the continual pretence to madness might affect even a sound mind, he amuses himself by telling frankly his views regarding his so-called friends, or by inviting the comedians to perform a dramatic composition. If he were really mentally deranged he would not find comfort in relaxing his madness.

Neither can he be accused of not being a real thinker since he is always anxious to know the truth. Moreover, it is very hard for him to control his impulsive nature, which longs always to avenge his father. And, after all, there is the monologue, "To be or not to be," which explains exactly the state of his soul.

There is no doubt that Hamlet is deeply in love with Ophelia. In reality he has only three strong affections: for his poor father, for Ophelia and for his friend Horatio, to whom he goes whenever he feels the need of expanding his heart.

According to my point of view, I should strongly bring out, either by facial expression, or by action, his deep love for Ophelia. Hamlet's love for Ophelia is a pure one, though rather sentimental. The scene in which he says to her, "Get thee to a nunnery!" confirms the idea that he is trying to keep down his passion. In that moment he feels bitter towards the world; his very hardness toward the girl shows that he cares for her. We find further and more definite proof of his feeling when at her death he exclaims:

I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

The actor should convey that after her death he has no longer any attachment to life and that the memory of Ophelia's love will be everlasting. As for his treatment of his mother, it cannot be said that he is too severe, since he has had every provocation. The king he loathes and hates, and cannot approach without the revolt of his whole soul; but towards his mother he feels only pity, and forces himself to believe that after all she may be innocent. The actor should be extremely careful to bring out these diverse feelings toward the king and the queen.

It is true that Hamlet addresses his mother with a passionate vehemence, for a moment, driven to exasperation by the thought of the difference between the character of his father and his uncle. But later, in the closet, after seeing the ghost, what a change there should be in him! He should be sorry for his outburst and gently appeal to her, begging her to repent. All this is sufficient to make us understand that Hamlet does not wish to be his mother's judge. We know that he still loves her, when he utters from the bottom of his soul, "I must be cruel, only to be kind."

Towards the end of the tragedy, after he has discovered the crime, in the scene in the churchyard, the Prince of Denmark is again the

sentimental, melancholic youth; in that moment it is a mistake to make him bitter. He is now waiting for events. I repeat that the discovery of Ophelia's death will precipitate these events; he longs for death; he knows that his end is near.

I think it is wrong to say that Hamlet has no faith, for he strongly believes, as he strongly hopes, in the influence of Ophelia's prayers to win God's pardon for all his sins. He is a fatalist and he is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, but we cannot say he dies the victim of mere circumstance and accident.

One thing that I do not understand, is why Hamlet is still a student and intends to go back to Wittenberg. I realize that in the northern climates the development of the mind does not equal that of the body. According to the grave-digger's words regarding Yorick, that he had been dead for the last twenty-three years, we must conclude that, at the time the tragedy takes place, the Prince of Denmark was about thirty. Perhaps in Denmark there are students who are as

old as Hamlet; nevertheless, it would be more plausible to make him a scholar, travelling in order to acquire more knowledge, but called back to the court by the sudden death of his father. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare meant him to be a man about thirty, so that his mind might be quite matured and constant. In fact, he thinks and reflects in the manner of a vigorous, mature mind.

The rôle of Hamlet is a very difficult one and frequently I have been quite misunderstood in my interpretation. The most trying thing for an actor is to be told that his interpretation "is not as Shakespeare conceived the part," for many of the people who make the criticism have no idea how the part should be played; and they do not take into consideration that the poor artist who has put his effort into studying such a part, should at least be also permitted to express his views.

In conclusion, I repeat that to me the character of Hamlet stands for the "power of thought over action."

SALVINI'S "HAMLET" AT ST. PETERSBURG AND LONDON

The last time that Tommaso Salvini played Hamlet was in St. Petersburg, in 1899, by special request of the Grand Duke Constantine, a cousin of the Tsar. The translator is so fortunate as to possess a very interesting letter received from the tragedian during his sojourn in Russia.

"After the first evening of 'Hamlet,' the public seemed to have gone mad. The calls before the curtain were innumerable. At last the whole Imperial company came upon the stage, and the oldest of the actors, M. Davidoff, made a speech in my honor of which I did not understand a word. This was followed up with the gift of a beautiful crown of gold and silver. I had to make a speech in reply, and this time it was they who did not understand.

"The Emperor and Empress were

present, although they were obliged to attend a ball which it was impossible for them to miss. At the end of the third act they summoned me to their box and were exceedingly gracious to me, making me tell the whole history of my career and expressing their keen regret that they were obliged to leave the theatre. The Grand Duke Constantine, however, was the last to leave the box, applauding more than the others. . . . At 29 degrees below zero, the public waited for me outside of the theatre, and at 2 o'clock in the morning they escorted me back to the palace, I in my carriage and they on foot, through several inches of snow, and howling like so many mad dogs. When I left the city there were at the station as many as 299 persons begging for my autograph. . . . I should never have

believed that I should end my career with so much glory. And to think that these journeys, so long and so wearisome, instead of injuring my health, seem to have stimulated and improved it! Unless, of course, some unforeseen stroke should all of a sudden shatter this rugged oak which still puts forth leaves and branches. . . . It is better not to say anything about me; henceforth I am out of the course, and it is better to clear a way for my son, who deserves to have it strewn with roses."

Signor Salvini often tells the following anecdote, which is also narrated in his Autobiography regarding Hamlet:

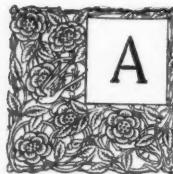
"I was booked to play in London, and my manager had insisted in

my contract upon my giving Hamlet. When I arrived in London I found Henry Irving, whom I admired greatly, performing in the same play. Knowing how popular he was in England, I went to the manager and asked him to cancel Hamlet from my repertoire, but he would not do so. One evening, two days before I was to appear, I bought a ticket for the gallery so as not to be recognized and went to see Irving. I said to myself, 'I will not play Hamlet!' After the second scene I said the same thing; but when the act came with Ophelia and the closet scene with the Queen, I said to myself, 'I will play Hamlet.' "

After that the tragedian was obliged to give 150 performances of Hamlet alone.

ART CRITICS AND ART INTERPRETERS

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY



N accomplished Greek scholar recently advised a friend as to the best way to enter upon special study of a subject—the Greek dramatists, for example. "Read first," he said, "a good popular account of Greek drama to get a general view—details may be added or corrected later, and your mind will not absorb more than the popular historian will give you."

This point of view is one that seems not often to be held by the specialist in any subject, who is usually inclined to look with suspicion upon all but the most technical of the literature surrounding it. Nothing could be more foolish in this day and country than to underestimate the need of technical inquiry and discussion, and it is a temptation to reply in the affirmative when so enlightened and

enlightening a leader in the "science" of art criticism as Dr. Bode asks despondently if the numerous books on art written by the "*dilettanti* of both sexes, who wish to demonstrate their love of art," were not better left unwritten. A catholicity in exclusion is always safer and more dignified than a catholicity in inclusion. It is agreeable, nevertheless, to have the case for the popular writer recognized by those who have passed quite beyond the need of his services. It takes, perhaps, a greater wisdom than most wise men possess to be able to speak to the lessinstructed in the spirit of this one of Montaigne's mottoes: "Enjoy pleasantly present things; others are beyond thee." Indeed, the greater number of those interesting mottoes and quotations inscribed by the French philosopher upon the beams of his library, presumably to keep himself reminded of his own ideals of wisdom, are directed rather

against the vice of arrogance in knowledge than against that of content with ignorance or a general and moderate attainment. "The only certainty is that nothing is certain and nothing more wretched or more proud than man," he takes from Pliny; and from Epictetus, "That which worries men is not things, but that which they think about them"; and from "Romans," "Be not wiser than may be needful, but be wise in moderation."

We may, then, feel ourselves in tolerably good company if we frankly acknowledge that much harmless and often much helpful enjoyment is given by the humble popularizer of art; and if we insist sufficiently upon the adjective humble we may go so far as to say that he or she provides the best means of stimulating the intelligent but unlearned public to having thoughts and opinions of their own in matters of art. If an opinion or a set of opinions is expressed concerning a work of art to which we have access even through the uncertain door of reproductive processes, and if we are interested and have leisure to think at all, we are apt to ask ourselves how far we can follow with our own mind and taste the convictions of our critic. Once we have done this, art will always have for us a more definite meaning than before, and we will find ourselves well started on the road toward enjoyment of those specific and exhaustive studies of individual artists and their accomplishment that have added lustre to modern art criticism.

If more of the popular art books appearing in constantly increasing profusion were as dignified in their appeal to public taste as Miss Estelle M. Hurl's little volume on "Portraits and Portrait Painting"*, the class to which they belong would sooner gain the approval of the unsympathetic expert. Nothing could be more admirable than the direct and spirited manner in which the author discusses characteristic portraits of different centuries and schools from mediæval to modern times. She has the val-

able gift of awakening promptly the desire to examine at first hand the subject of her description; and uninstructed visitors to the European, or, for that matter, to the American, galleries may count with assurance upon winning a greater profit from their observation of the portraits exhibited if they first read her concise accounts of the masterpieces of portraiture. It will be no disappointment to her readers to find an ample proportion of her text devoted to the history of more or less famous sitters or to miss references to technical methods. Little knowledge of an artist's processes is needed to see in a painting all that she indicates, yet the result has that indescribable suggestion of a background that can be produced only by a mind filled with related ideas and competent to express in one the influence of the others.

"Painters and Sculptors," by Kenyon Cox,* is addressed to a quite different audience—to those, that is, who already have struggled to justify their "love of art" in what, no doubt, deserves to be called a *dilettante* fashion; who have made out, as well as they could, what has interested them in the work of artists; who have seen a great many pictures, and have become secure in their dislikings if not so certain in their likings, yet who desire above all things to know what the painter himself meant by his painting, and are well aware that no instinct of their own for the beauty of the result can tell them. The case is difficult enough for such, since, as Mr. Cox truly says, it is rare that a man who has spent a lifetime mastering the trade of a painter has also mastered the trade of a writer; and to translate art into the terms of literature demands a special mastery of words. It is of almost incalculable importance that at least two of our own artists should have had not only an adequate knowledge of the technique of literature for the clear expression of their thoughts about art, but far more than the professional writer's usual delicacy and certainty of style,

together with a catholicity of taste and judgment hardly to be paralleled among lay critics. Mr. Cox's analyses of the psychological aspects of art are less frequent than Mr. La Farge's, and his interest in the relations of art to life is less obviously deep, but his interest in painting and sculpture on the side of their technical expressiveness is passionate. The great good fortune of his readers lies in the fact that he has the power to communicate this interest. From among the many dry details of craftsmanship, all of them of importance to the practical worker, he selects what will go farthest toward interpreting for the uninitiated the secrets of a masterpiece of painting or modelling. He bothers us with none of the slang of the studio—slang precious and vital enough, too, in its way, for those who understand it; he uses no fine phrases for which he cannot give chapter and verse in the characteristics of the work under discussion; he has in his writing the beautiful discriminating veracity which he sees and makes the dullest of us see in Holbein; he shows also something of the poetic imagination which made Rembrandt indisputably great and which we can accept as the chief distinction of that master with the more absolute conviction for having his technical limitations and achievements so clearly pointed out to us that, though we had never handled brush or charcoal, we must somewhat understand.

Rembrandt and Holbein together occupy more than a third of Mr. Cox's pages, and for their antipodal qualities he has the profound respect of a fellow-artist to whom their problems and their methods of solving them are matters of personal concern. No one, certainly, but a painter could thus explain the particular charm held by Rembrandt's etchings in common with his paintings:

It is light and shade that makes etching as interesting to him as painting. . . . It is the suggestion of light and shade that makes his merest scrawl significant. It is by light and shade he draws, by light and shade he paints, by light and shade he composes.

He thinks in light and shade even when he seems to be using pure line. It is seldom that there is not a scratch or two of shadow or a blot for the hollow of an eye socket or the like; but even when these are absent it is not the contour which he is drawing—his line follows the mass, suggests the direction of folds or the bagging of muscles, makes sudden deviations, breaks and continues again, bounds a mass of light or loses itself where the swimming shadow would hide it. The very line is potential light and shade.

This is the point of view of one who has discovered for himself the uses of abstract line in the expression of things seen and it is chiefly for these craftsmanlike points of view that the book is valuable. Yet, following the somewhat zig-zag course of the author from the Pollaiuoli to Lord Leighton, we get a clear impression of literary propriety and harmony, of a fine philosophy coming to light in the reference of all contemporary judgments to enduring ideals, of a delicate play of sentiment over the artistic material that fixes it in the mind as definitely and persuasively as though he had represented it with color and line. Who, for example, could read unmoved this description of the hands of Erasmus as Holbein drew them:

A single slow, even trembling pen-line, tracing the contour with entire impartiality, dwelling on no one thing with more insistence than on another, and there are the hands before you—those wonderful hands, soft, firm, trained by years of beautiful penmanship, a little aged now, and not so free or so steady as they have been—hands that no one who has studied the Louvre portrait can ever forget—as completely rendered in this slight sketch as in the painting itself.

Professor Ostwald is also a practical if not a professional artist, and his collection of "Letters to a Painter" is published in book-form with the aim of helping artists to a clearer conception of their duty as craftsmen and a firmer grounding in the use of their tools. Mr. Cox asserts, in his

* Translated by W. H. Morse. Ginn & Co.

chapter on the education of an artist, that neither the modern pupil nor the modern master knows anything about the proper management of oil-colors, the use of vehicles, or the composition and permanence of pigments. There are very few good books on the subject of a painter's technical education, and Professor Ostwald's scientific explanations of the behavior of colors, grounds, and mediums under various conditions may at least stir up a more vital interest among professional artists and lead them toward independent investigations useful to themselves and others. With the author's assumption that the creative power of the artist becomes continually freer as he becomes more and more master of his tools, no one with any knowledge of the thorough craftsmanship of the great masters can fail to be in sympathy. So much modern work is mere groping and experimentation on the side of technique that any attempt to restore the old-time thoroughness, the firm possession by the painter of his "*métier*," his pride in knowing the A B C of painting,—the careful preparation, that is, of colors and canvas, ignorance of which was once a matter for derision—any attempt to bring painters back to this elementary education cannot be too warmly welcomed; but the enthusiastic reader should also continually remember, of course, that it is an education that cannot be carried on by means of book recipes alone.

In Mr. Charles H. Caffin's "*Story of American Painting*"* the author records general tendencies, illustrating them by prominent and special examples. The one hundred and forty-odd illustrations in themselves tell the story as clearly as possible, and, divested of color as they are, nevertheless manage to convey an impression of their origin in the minds and temperaments of the artists even stronger than anything that is said about them in the text. The text, one should note, however, shows much detailed observation, an impartial

temper, and an orderly method of procedure that gives it value as a book of reference.

Mr. Caffin goes back to the earliest painters working in this country and traces the various influences that have played upon American art up to the present time. In accordance with his plan of showing the connection between our art and our national life and history, he concentrates his attention upon those artists who best illustrate the effect of these influences, and necessarily omits mention of a number of painters whose names perhaps will be precious to future historians intent upon finding local and finely tempered talents in the tide—the somewhat slow and languid tide—of American art development. But the chosen names and chosen schools make an extremely good showing, and the easy optimist will be apt to indulge in his favorite vice of self-congratulation. While there is ample excuse for a certain amount of such comfortable indulgence, it is no doubt wiser to recognize that, so far as art is concerned, our past is not as exciting as our future bids fair to be, with our increasing care for technical proficiency.

Mr. Caffin is fully alive to the hopelessness of expecting a family likeness among American pictures, such as exists among Dutch pictures, for example; and he summarizes with admirable lucidity the reasons for the cosmopolitanism of feeling noticeable in our painters. But he somewhat misses, I think, the "note" of our American character in finding our painting "materialistic rather than spiritual." We Americans, as Mr. James has told us, are "almost incredibly romantic," and, while romance thus far certainly has not been the characteristic of our art, our painters have given many more signs of our interest in the spiritual and unseen than in the material and obvious. Most of us in America are only just beginning to be keenly interested in the material world; in the outward aspect of things about us. The love of form and external beauty

* F. A. Stokes Co.

has come to us but slowly, and this, too, is partly a result of our religious past. Our imagination has been perhaps overworked, rather than under-worked, and it seems to certain of our foreign critics that the keynote even of our business life is poetry or pursuance of an ideal. If this be true, the leaven needed to raise our painting from general mediocrity to general excellence is the simple love of beautiful craftsmanship united to love of beautiful appearances—interest, that is, in the material of the picture rather than any “common and collective recognition of the claims of the spirit” compelling its realization in art. It might plausibly be argued that through this perception of aesthetic beauty the individuality of the painter finds ample means of escape, and if he is enough interested in what he sees in nature, and patient and skilful enough to turn the language of nature into the language of art, there is at least a fair chance that his accomplishment will tell what he feels and imagines; and there is more than a fair chance that, being an American, he will feel and imagine at least vividly if not profoundly.

The pessimist, especially the foreign pessimist, would doubtless tell us that the craving of the American spirit now finds its expression in “business” and would not conceal his conviction that nothing aesthetically valuable could come from a business-loving community. Mr. William Herbert, in his “Houses for Town or Country,”* takes the opposite view. American architecture has this advantage over American painting: it is brought face to face with absolutely new problems that must be solved and solved promptly for good or evil. Mr. Herbert takes cheerful account of the fact that these problems are often evaded or ignored rather than resolutely faced, but he is quite certain that our architects are “succeeding in giving their buildings an ever-increasing propriety and consistency of appearance,” with persistent attention to keeping the mass, the proportion,

and the detail each in its proper value—in a word, that “form” is more and more enlisting their interest. He is also courageous enough to affirm that the demand of the rich American that his house and its surroundings be made interesting to him is not only perfectly legitimate, but in the end will be a good thing for American domestic architecture by popularizing and establishing a lively and positive standard of aesthetic effect. “No matter what the penalty,” he says, “we do not want in this country a prevailing convention of house embellishment whose greatest merit consists in a sort of unobtrusive refinement. Since we are young, it is better to be a little barbarous than prematurely sober. Assuming that the better Americans will be capable of assimilating a sound sense of the aesthetic proprieties, the barbarism may become informed without any loss of vitality.”

This seems to be, if not a more inspiring, at least a more hopeful standpoint than Mr. Caffin’s assumption that we need to have our belief in humanity “impregnated with a correspondingly practical belief in the facts of spirit” before a “great art in modern times” can arise; or than Mr. Cram’s affirmation that he cannot conceive of an adequate training in art which “does not involve the element of worship, made visible through the great fine-art of religious ceremonial.” Mr. Ralph Adams Cram’s essays on architectural themes, gathered under the protecting wing of a charming title, “The Gothic Quest,”* are nevertheless quite rich with plums of wisdom and are filled with a contagious enthusiasm for the expressiveness of mediaeval art. In considering the question of how much art depends upon spiritual conditions we are after all inevitably forced back upon the fact that only in a closely restricted moral sense are we captains of our soul. Mr. Caffin himself has admirably expressed this more or less obvious truth in his historical notes on Timothy Cole’s superb

* Duffield & Co.

* Baker & Taylor.

engravings from the "Old Spanish Masters,"* Speaking of the extraordinary legends that have grown up about the religious art of Spain he says: "No plant will take root and flourish except in congenial soil, and the soil in which these legends flourished was the religious conscience inherent in the Spanish people. It was an actually existing fact of race, bred of a mingling of Gothic intensity with the passionate ardor of the South, to which, at most, the Church could but point the moral, while the artists adorned the tale. Indeed we shall only reach the heart of the matter if we regard the union of religion and art in Spain as a natural and inevitable expression of race, realized alike by the priesthood, the artists and the people." Whatever our own racial and individual tendencies may be, our art unquestionably will express them or promptly die; if we are not a religious people we cannot expect to have a religious art; if we are shy in our recognition of facts of the spirit we cannot expect our art to be bold. Yet an American should be able to produce art at once shy and positive, ideal and practical, reserved and expressive—in a word, the embodiment of the American character. Such art one American, Whistler, has produced.

At the end of this considerable list of the season's art-books we may place

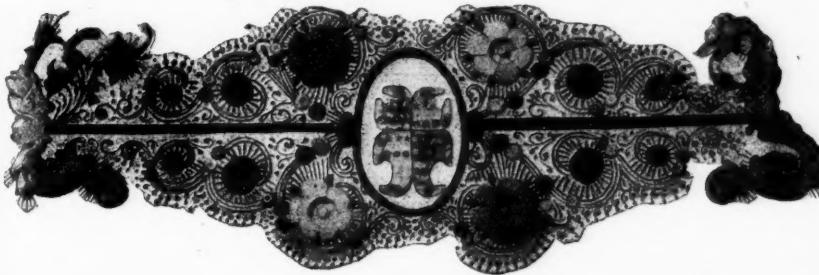
* The Century Co.

"Pictures and Their Painters," by Lorinda Munson Bryant* and "Famous Painters of America," by J. Walker McSpadden.† The former is a compact series of notes on the art of the world, with the stamp of personal familiarity with the pictures discussed and with an unusually keen sympathy with early schools, as may be inferred from the characterization of Meister Wilhelm's "Madonna of the Bean Flower" as one of the most beautiful pictures of the world; Mr. McSpadden's book is a frank conglomeration of anecdotes about eleven painters claimed by America, the author holding the opinion that it is the men themselves who interest us.

The American reader of such books as we have noted is a continual surprise to the foreigner, who is apt to find an element of the pathetic in this avidity for knowledge of pictures in a public living for the most part at a great distance from the famous originals. The native critic sees in it rather that magnificent courage that makes all things possible to the American mind. Our multitudinous art literature is perhaps most significant as a symptom of our intensity of preparation for the æsthetic sensations which—so eagerly invited—finally must visit us.

* John Lane.

† T. Y. Crowell & Co.



A GLANCE AT RECENT POETRY

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE



THE lively interest which certain new poets have lately excited belies the charge of apathy toward poetry in the popular mind. Indeed, the keen discussions which matters of form have evoked, the instant protest which followed the luckless inquiry of Mr. Bryce regarding American poets, the jealous care for the purity of the art,—all are symptomatic of an awakening which augurs better things for the future of poetry. Art in any form must look to the elect for its justification, but it is a hopeful phase of modern life that the elect embrace an ever widening number.

In response to these hints and foreshadowings, an unusually large amount of poetry has been issued, and the year that gives us new volumes by Joaquin Miller, Richard Watson Gilder* and James Whitcomb Riley; complete editions of the verse of W. B. Yeats and Charles G. D. Roberts; the posthumous publication of work by Richard Hovey; an American edition of Alfred Noyes, and introduces to us Arthur Stringer, Arthur Colton and other new poets, is certainly a year to reckon with in our literature.

Joaquin Miller, whose picturesque life has so compelling a fascination, has never yet been appraised for his work alone, for so great is the charm of an innovating spirit, a nature which shapes its circumstance uniquely, that the creative in life must take precedence of the creative in art until time shall have made the readjust-

ment. Mr. Miller remains, therefore, in artistic achievement, the victim of his own personality, and the real significance of his work is but partially recognized. That it has a significance which can scarcely be over-emphasized must be apparent to any one who reflects that Mr. Miller is the historian of a phase of our life not otherwise recorded in art. His resonant strophes ring with the audacity, the verve, the nonchalance of those men who "parted wood curtains" and won for us the wilderness. The elemental, the incomplete, where change and growth and danger keep hardy and buoyant the spirit of man—these animate his song with a note as resistless as the music of a mountain cataract.

The dramatic background of frontier life recorded in "The Songs of the Sierras" and other early work by Mr. Miller, has not found elsewhere so picturesque a portrayal, and, what is more worthy of note, the evolution of the West, the transition from brawn to soul, may be followed more closely in the transforming themes and spirit of Joaquin Miller's work than in any other record. A lifetime of changed ideals, of quickened spiritual sense, lies between "Songs of the Sierras" and "Songs of the Soul," and so much is Mr. Miller a part of his own west, that his development is allied to its development, and is indicative of the degree to which it has progressed.

Mr. Miller's art has two dominant phases—he is a story-teller and a painter; and valuable as his narrative skill has been in the delineation of western life, it is, after all, in the great scenic background of his stories, in his unrivalled picturing of moun-

* For obvious reasons, Mr. Gilder's work is not reviewed in this magazine.—THE EDITORS.

tain, plain and sea, that his genius best reveals itself. He is the poet of nature's untamed will, her splendid hauteur; the mighty commands him, and his new volume, "Light,"* offers a superb field for the exercise of his gifts, depicting, as it does, the white splendors of the Alaskan winter and the marvels of the Arctic night. Nor are these bold and definite pictures, wherein no line swerves and no touch halts, as remarkable as the subtler atmospheric studies. Nothing more mystical and uncanny could be conceived than the Aurora playing upon the glimmering ice peaks, as if the flames of the nether world leaped up to consume the throne of God; nor could more exultation be infused into a passage than into that beginning,

And then the mad, tumultuous moon
Spilt silver seas to plunge upon.

Part second of "Light" shifts the scene to Japan and sets the seductive Orient in contrast with the rigorous Arctic.

If the work of Joaquin Miller is engrossed with a representative phase of our complex life, that of James Whitcomb Riley interprets a phase no less distinct. So unique a place has Riley made for himself that it not only encroaches upon no other poet's work, but is itself safe from intrusion. There are many poets of the people, but only one Riley, for the "people" are too keen to be hoodwinked. It would be banal to offer an analysis of Riley's qualities: the first man on the corner could do it as effectively; but one may say that his new collection, "Morning,"† still exhibits these qualities, though it is doubtful if his admirers will find in it quite the charm of his earlier work. The hand that wrote "The Ole Swimmin' Hole," "The Raggedy Man," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," has slackened a little, and one will scarcely find in "Morning" anything to set beside these and a score of other inimitable things in the earlier volumes. Yet Riley's verse in any mood is filled with the

melody of the common soul, whose note we do not catch in the public clamor, and the poet who has made us so much his debtor may be pardoned if now and then his work shows an hiatus.

Art may, as in the work of the foregoing poets, individualize itself by reflecting a definite environment, or, as in the verse of the modern Irish school, by the broader individuality of racial temperament. In his Celtic Literature, Arnold cites Henri Martin as declaring that the chief racial trait of the Celt is the effort to escape from the despotism of fact—an observation no doubt pertinent in its day, but now antiquated, for the nimble Celt has escaped from this despotism by the characteristic way of proving that fact is not despotic. Indeed, if Yeats and his fellows stand for anything it is for this, for the irradiation of the homeliest fact, for investing the meanest circumstance with significance and beauty. E. A. has it all in his exquisite line,

For sure the enchanted waters run
through every wind that blows.

In the work of these two, of Yeats and E. A., the saner vision, the serener mood of the Celtic movement finds expression. However mystical or visionary, there is nothing of that morbid, negative note which renders the neurotic verse of Fiona McLeod, with all its verbal witchery, so pernicious. In the work of Yeats one feels at times that the truth eludes the symbol, but poetry is at best an evanishing beauty and the mystical Celt but follows the light on its wings.

Particularly is this apparent in the lyrical volume of the new edition of Yeats.* Here the intangible, the illusive and elusive, weave their shadowy world, and one knows not when he returns from it what shapes he has met; but he knows that he has been in an enchanted place and that his spirit was stirred. So rarely, indeed, does Yeats's lyrical work emerge from an effect to an impression, that few of his lyrics have at once the objectivity and

* Herbert Turner.

† Bobbs-Merrill Co.

* Vol. I. Lyrical Poems; Vol. II. Dramatical Poems. Macmillan.

the art to take a concrete hold upon the mind. Though one is surely the richer for the first of these two volumes, Mr. Yeats displayed an admirable self-knowledge when he turned to the drama; for just this concentration, just this necessity for definite expression, recalls his wandering idealism and gives it direction. He is not dramatic after the accepted canons, not theatrical, but he is dramatic after the fashion of life, whose unheralded crises are often the most vital. Maeterlinck is his spiritual kinsman, and the affinity between the two in artistic method is quite as marked, though Yeats comes nearer to the groundwork of things, casts off more completely all specious accessories. It is not only soundly conditioned art that sets a drama in the peasant's kitchen, but art keen for beauty as well; for where shall one match the glamour of the turf fire? And with all the magic of that fairy song,

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,

the homely speech of Father Hart probes more deeply:

My colleen, I have seen some other girls
Restless and ill at ease, but years went by
And they grew like their neighbors and
were glad

In minding children, working at the churn,
And gossiping of weddings and of wakes;
For life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into the common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again.

It is not so much the supernatural as the natural in "The Land of Heart's Desire" that makes it so perfect a bit of art. It is a classic of Irish folk-life and the fact that its supernatural element is joyous makes it also a work apart.

In a sense the whole modern Celtic movement is exotic, for one may search Celtic poetry vainly for that wistful beauty, that sadness as of immemorial things, that is at once the charm and the danger of the later poets. In the "Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics,"* recently edited by Charles Welsh, one has an

excellent opportunity of tracing the Celt's artistic life from the primitive bards to the present, and one finds him patriotic, humorous, convivial, romantic, sentimental—everything but mystical, until the modern touched the harp and it gave forth an elusive note unheard before. Now and again a tone of Arthur O'Shaughnessy may be discerned in it but never the suave numbers of Moore. Mr. Welsh's anthology is more complete than any former collection of Irish poetry and necessarily admits some work that does not commend itself to all, but this may be pardoned more readily than the omission of Moira O'Neill, whose verse, almost more than that of its fellows, is fashioned of the iridescent web of smiles and tears we have learned to call the Celtic temperament.

In his latest American volume, "The Flower of Old Japan,"* Mr. Alfred Noyes shows an affinity to the Celt by symbolizing, through a fairy tale, metaphysical truths. Here, however, the relationship ends, for the fairy tale is modern and ostensibly for children, though Mr. Noyes in an abstruse preface reads into it a meaning older than its form. For an adult, the attempt to invest the poem with subjective significance is abortive; not that it lacks such significance, but that Mr. Noyes's fatally facile verse is so hypnotic as to deprive one of the power to make analogies. For the child it is equally abortive, lacking the succinct expression, the clear and definite visualization, necessary to fix the interest. It is a delicate and charming fantasy, but so wrought of fluff and gossamer that the tissue goes to pieces at a breath.

This is, indeed, the great limitation of all of Mr. Noyes's work, with the exception of his epic upon Drake. It lacks the substantive quality. Mr. Noyes has the instrument, the lute in tune, but has not met the revealing hour which shall give him a message for its strings. He plays as yet but a wandering prelude, through which at times one catches hints of a vaster

* 2 vols. Dodge Publishing Co.

* Macmillan.

theme. In his delicate, fastidious phrasing, however, and his command of rhythm, he shows the poet's technical equipment, and life may be trusted to give to his art the fundamental motive which it now lacks.

To return to our own poets: An inestimable service has been rendered to the memory of Richard Hovey by the publication of "The Holy Graal, and Other Fragments" of the uncompleted Arthurian dramas; not so much by virtue of the new material which they contain, for this is slight, as for the illumination thrown upon the whole scheme of the projected cycle by the introduction and notes of Mrs. Hovey. Here one learns, with a heightened sense of regret at his loss, upon how broad a base Hovey was building and how much vaster the conception of the cycle than was apparent even from the four admirable plays which had been published.

The sequence was to contain three parts, each subdivided into three plays, of which the first was a lyric masque foreshadowing the events to follow; the second a tragedy, and the third a romantic or idyllic drama containing the partial solution, complete in the final play, "Avalon." The significance of the several parts, their interdependence, and the clearly visioned motive of the whole, are beyond elucidation in so brief a space, but from his own notes, schemes and scenarios, elaborated by Mrs. Hovey from her intimate knowledge of the work to be, one sees that Richard Hovey was thinking, and thinking profoundly, of social conditions, and that he used the Guenevere legend because its world-old problem of the right of the individual over the social order, is still the pivotal point of modern life. The legend was romantic, plastic, beautiful, susceptible of fresh development and furnished Hovey with a vehicle for his individual philosophy without the crudity of modern realism.

While this luminous exposition of the project of Hovey, together with the fragments now published, renders

one doubly conscious that great gifts passed with him, he may well live in dramatic literature by the fateful charm of "The Marriage of Guenevere" or the rapt transport of "Taliesin"; for in the last, in which he symbolizes Art and embodies the æsthetic ideal of the cycle, he has wrought such wizard spells that it is difficult to see how he could have surpassed them. A complete edition of the work of Hovey is in preparation, and the unity of the cycle will be much more apparent when the dramas, fragments and notes have been brought together in one volume.

Complete editions of any poet's work are great revealers, and one is glad to see the several volumes of the verse of Charles G. D. Roberts so incorporated.* Rarely does one find a poet whose talent has so transformed itself, so clothed itself with a new habit, as that of Mr. Roberts. Whereas in the poems written before 1880, though not without their foretokens, he is diffuse, academic, given to elaborate imagery, in his later work he is nervous, magnetic, crisp of word and strict of form, with the tang of his own Canadian air infusing every line done in the open; and it is a question whether the work done in the open does not smack of Mr. Roberts's own temperament and personality more intimately than any other. His nature work is a matter of mood rather than transcription: witness his lyric, "Afoot," in which one feels the very urge and insistence of spring, or the "Recessional" with its retarded movement keeping pace with the withdrawing year. It is doubtful if Mr. Roberts has done anything in nature verse more delicate and artistic than this lyric, with its beautiful opening image,

Now along the solemn heights
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Mr. Roberts has a vein of metaphysical speculation, and concerns himself with the working of the "enig-

* Duffield & Co.

* L. C. Page & Co.

matic Will." Next to nature, however, love has been his most pervasive note, and forms the theme of "New York Nocturnes" and "The Book of the Rose." In both of these volumes he shows a technical versatility and a command of rare nuances; but the Nocturnes are truer in feeling, having none of that artificiality inseparable from the theme of the other. Despite the more sophisticated art of these lyrics, one fancies that time's precious care will be given to another, to those exquisitely simple and tender lines, "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea," wherein a universal mood finds expression.

Canada has given us another poet in the person of Mr. Arthur Stringer,* of a temperament wholly different from that of Mr. Roberts, Mr. Corman or other poets of Canadian allegiance. Nature is no part of Mr. Stringer's concern, though he tosses off a stirrup-cup to her ere pushing on to the tourney of life. No dreamer of dreams born out of his due time is Mr. Stringer, not for a moment would he grant that any dream could be inopportune nor any theme unsuited to the offices of art. The stark, grim realism of the title poem, "The Woman in the Rain," confronts and convicts our smug civilization. Mr. Stringer is, however, the type of realist who turns upon a festering spot the burning glass of an ardent idealism. One would say, indeed, that he were wholly the idealist, who read "The Passing of Aphrodite," or "The Daughter of Demeter," wherein the most elusive moods of love are studied with a psychology to the last degree subtle and penetrating. In both of these poems Mr. Stringer shows a remarkable sensitiveness and refinement of phrase, but in the soliloquy of Cain over the body of Abel, in his poem, "The Man Who Killed," he has added to these qualities a dramatic power of a high order. The poem is not without its lurid passages, especially at the outset, but in the main it is a wonderful piece of psychology, beyond the reach

of any but a poet of authentic gifts.

Mr. Stringer is a humanist, absorbed in the study of his kind, a poet with a vivid perception of spiritual motive, who sees far and sees truly. One may note the peccable points in his verse, occasional lack of compression, occasional tendency to the ultra-poetic, but it is more to the purpose to note his distinctions, for both in style and in subtlety of insight Mr. Stringer is a poet of a strongly individual talent.

Mr. Arthur Colton, writer of delightful prose, now enters the gate of song with a little volume curiously entitled, "Harps Hung up in Babylon."* He did well, however, to associate his collection with the name and the charm of its opening lyric, for here is as lovely a bit of melody as one will find in recent poetry. The refrain of the harps whose

Loosened strings rang on, sang on,
And cast their murmurs forth upon

The roll and roar of Babylon,

recurs throughout the poem and invests it with an extraordinary charm both of tone and phrasing.

Mr. Colton's gift is entirely lyrical, and while his metrical range is not wide, his sense of cadence is unfailing. Neither is he beguiled by the mere seduction of rhythm but keeps back the one word more. Brief, happily-fashioned records of a mood, such as "Let Me no More a Mendicant" or "To-morrow," show his characteristic touch, but the "Canticle of the Road" is perhaps more delightful, with its marching measure and breath of ozone. Mr. Colton's work does not interpret a wide range of experience nor formulate a philosophy, though the Eastern Morality poems are thoughtful and true in ethics, but it has a touch of its own and a charm of personality.

Imaginative recasts of Sappho are not an exigent need of to-day, and we can scarcely think Mr. O'Hara fortunate in essaying the task.† The

* Henry Holt & Co.

† The Poems of Sappho. Translated by John Myers O'Hara. Privately printed.

fragments have found too many interpreters whose touch endowed them with a double immortality, for a poet of less certain hand to hazard the enterprise. Mr. Carman's rendition succeeded as a beautiful poetic creation informed with the Greek spirit, though the metres were handled freely and in a diction at times too modern. Mr. O'Hara adheres closely to the Sapphic forms and now and again animates them with a spark of Sapphic fire, but in the main the volume moves in the well-lubricated grooves of classic translation and leaves upon one a sense of suave conventionality. In the "Ode to Aphrodite" Mr. O'Hara transcends himself; but what shall one say of his rendering of the exquisite and mournful lines, "I loved thee, Atthis, in the long ago?" It would seem that artistic self-scrutiny deserted Mr. O'Hara just at the moment when it was most needed, making him unconscious that

Sappho in an amorous school-girl ditty is dangerously near the ludicrous.

From Lesbos to Cambridge is a far cry, and farther still the conventionality of a Sapphic translation from the liberties which Mr. Witter Bynner has taken with word and form in his "Ode to Harvard."* Clever and sprightly reminiscence is this, yet not altogether born of a gay insouciance, for the inscrutable light peers out of the jester's eyes. It penetrates, indeed, to the quick of things, and in such a passage as "Young Death is ever in the band," or "So answers Dante to the heart of youth," or still more, perhaps, in the lines upon Mount Auburn, Mr. Bynner proves his vision. His lyrics show the same duality, the light note pierced through with the poignant. "Greenstone River" is an artistic conception and "The Marionettes" a poem of incisive touch, cut as keen as an intaglio.

* Small, Maynard & Co.

SEA-DRIFT

ONCE in a twelvemonth given,
At midnight of the year,
To rise from their graves as vapor
That shadows the face of fear,
And up through the green of surges,
A-sweep to the headland's base,
Like a white mist blown to landward,
They come to this lofty place—

Pale as the heart of sorrow,
Dim as a dream might be—
The souls of shipwrecked sailors,
And them that are drowned at sea.
In swift and silent procession
Circle the lonely steep
Where the wild wind faints before them,
And hushed is the roar of the deep.

Between the stroke of midnight
And the first gray hint of day,
They gather and form and falter,
And noiselessly sink away—
Back to the listening ocean
That has held its breath to hark
What the ghosts of its countless victims
Might mutter and moan in the dark.

But up on the grassy headland
Never a moan is heard.
As they pass and pale in the soundless night
They utter no plaint nor word,
But as a mist dissolving
In the dawn star's pallid ray,
They vanish. And over the eastern hills
Stealeth the light of day.

LISCHEN M. MILLER.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader

Egyptian Impressions and Activities For utterly poetical and mystical (and, indeed, atmospherical and meteoro logical) impressions of Egypt and the desert sands, we must, we suppose, continue to go to

Mr. Robert Hichens; though Sir Gilbert Parker, unquestionably, is qualified to treat of Egypt in a manner bound to be satisfactory to many. One reason explanatory of the powerful and even overwhelming impression of the desert that Mr. Hichens is accustomed to convey, lies doubtless in what we may characterize (without intending flattery) as his perfected habit of iteration. He insists upon his desert. He builds it, and then he builds it again. He does not tire of building it; and whether the reader tires or not, it must at least be the case that he gets his desert impression thoroughly. It is known that sometimes for days together the wind blows the sands of Africa across into Italy. We believe that the Italian people do not like it; but certainly by the time the wind changes they find themselves furnished with an abiding impression of what African sand is like. Several days' pelting with the fine and mordant structural material that the winds waft from the well-baked environment of "the Garden of Allah," qualifies them to remember.

And what the wind does for the Italians, Mr. Hichens with his Egyptian tales does for the rest of us. He fills us with his desert. As an infant is plied with the bottle, so, copiously, does he minister to us. His desert, reasonably, is not a desert merely; that would hardly be nourishing. Always with him the chief quality of the impression is spiritual. The soul has always interested him profoundly; he has investigated it with pertinacity and has made dis-

coveries regarding it. He has even reduced it to something of a material state. In "Flames," as we remember, he has described for us the sound and look of an escaping soul—the whimpering, low cry, the gaseous and shiny appearance; and he has taught us that when a soul migrates, changes its abode, proceeding from one bosom to another (which he assumes it may do), the dog alone among apprehending creatures has the power to be aware of the fact immediately.

That the desert with Mr. Hichens is a persistently spiritual place, any reader of "The Garden of Allah" will be bound to understand. On the other hand, Sir Gilbert Parker, taking up Egypt, is hardly so much psychological as ethnological. He is psychological enough; he has distinct powers in that direction, which he exercises; but chiefly he is ethnological—that is, in the matter of background, of recurring impressions calculated by their repetition to compel the memory to its whole duty. It will be remarked by the reader of his new book, "The Weavers" (Harper), how he dwells upon the persistency of the Egyptians in remaining unchanged through forty centuries. Look at the Egyptian fellahs to-day, he says to us in effect. These are precisely the fellows who piled the pyramids. Their faces are the faces of Thothmes and Seti. They are Cheops and Rameses and Amenhotep and Chefron. Dress them up a little and we have the Shepherd Kings. That is very likely true: it is altogether reasonable. It is possible, indeed, that their calves are larger, their heads less flagrantly pivotal, their feet less humorously designed and disposed than the case is with the Egyptians we find graven on the ancient monuments; but we should not deny imagination to art, and we

may well believe that the fellahs are fairly steadfast in type. Why should they not be? Other peoples are. Here in New York to-day we should have no difficulty in finding Romulus and Remus in what was Mulberry Bend. Julius Caesar is in Harlem: he gets a rent in his toga every now and then in the course of cards, or because he has two wives. We know, because we have had business with him, that Alcibiades sells chrysanthemums at a little more than the current price in Columbus Avenue; and it would be a blind painter who failed to discover in Hester Street a satisfactory model for the patriarch Abraham.

An Idle Reader is not supposed, of course, to do anything so little idle as to consider any book thoroughly. He may suspend as he pleases and resume as he likes. He may leap vast chasms—of course figuratively and in a manner compatible with idleness. We were reminded after reading some seventy pages of "The Weavers" that Gilbert Parker is essentially a novelist of action. At page 73, to be exact, it may be read: "He was suddenly startled by a smothered cry, then a call of distress. It was the voice of a woman!" We are aware that it is rather foolishly unnecessary to point out what is obvious, but there is the dramatic touch that arouses us. It was David Claridge, the young English Quaker, shortly to become Egyptian Prime Minister, who was startled by this cry of a woman in distress. He was startled not slowly, not lingeringly, but suddenly; all the dramatic quality possible, it will be seen, enters into the manner of his being startled. From this the action proceeds breathlessly, tumultuously, as it should. We mention this because we should not wish to lead any reader to think that "The Weavers" is concerned merely with the appearance of Egypt. We know from the great popularity of "The Right of Way" that people like melodrama, and we are willing to tell where they can find it. An Idler need not be too lazy to be generous.

A great deal has been said of recent years concerning the admiration excited by the beauty and brilliancy of American girls. The American Girl in British Society who are good enough to go visiting in the naturally rather uninspiring circles of British society. We do not know that these circles are uninspiring, but we have read that they are, and we do not quarrel with what we read if we can help it. American ladies have always received a good deal of praise. It used to be the case that this praise was elicited particularly, and we think almost exclusively, by their small feet. Now they have taken to athletics and to walking like their brothers (quite as ponderously and noisily), and their feet are as large as anybody's—or, at least, they are normal. It is their intellects and their superior spiritual habit (in association, of course, with their inevitable good looks) that count nowadays. We hope and we suppose that we are duly proud of the American girl. We have heard her say "It's twenty-three for yours" with a music of intonation and a charm of playful manner that positively sublimated the inelegant and dangerous phrase. At the same time we must say that we should never think of limiting our approval and cordial esteem of girls by any boundaries of nationality. Politics may and do proceed as they please in this country, but never can there be such a thing as Knownothingism concerning girls—at least among voters.

It gratifies us to remark a broad and reasonable view in this matter in Gertrude Atherton's admirable and distinctly entertaining story of "Ancestors" (Harper). Isabel Otis, here, a girl from California, shines at a British dinner table—shines very splendidly, indeed; but English Flora Thangue (we like and wonder at her name) is just as well an exceedingly fine and interesting girl. As for Mrs. Kaye, the English widow, her conversation had to be shaded at times for the reasonable purposes of the story, and notwithstanding that she had lived in Chicago; though she was

brilliant enough in talking to John Elton Cecil Gwynne when she learned that that Marquis, who expected to marry her, wanted to quit being a lord and go to live in America. One of Mrs. Kaye's epigrams (she was famous for them) was related to Isabel by her neighbor at the dinner. It ran: "A Liberal peer is as useful as a fifth wheel to a coach, and as ornamental as whitewash." Isabel's interlocutor seemed to like it. "Clever, ain't it?" he inquired. Said Isabel, to our delight, "I think people are touchingly easy to satisfy!" The reader will like the account of the dinner, and a good deal besides that is in the book. We were a little surprised at a thought, involving an opinion, attributed to Isabel when she was resting after dancing at the Duke of Arcot's ball. "She knew," we read, "that she had a coronet very close to her footstool, and that this brilliant night might be but the prologue to a lifetime of the only society in the world worth while." The hero used to whistle in the house at a time when the English people were thinking of having him for Prime Minister, and his conversation included frequently such observations as "That was said as if you jolly well meant it." But Isabel was momentarily dazzled. She was very well satisfied, later, with a life devoted to chicken culture in California.

The close of the eighteenth century witnessed the decline of the salon as The Comtesse de Boigne an institution of great national moment; but the spirit of it did not altogether die out for another half-century. One of the most distinguished conservators of this spirit was the Comtesse de Boigne. Born at Versailles in 1781, she was a pet of the court till the Revolution scattered it. The family escaped to England; and after the exile the Comtesse maintained a veritable salon till her death in 1866. Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine and Guizot were among the distinguished men who frequented

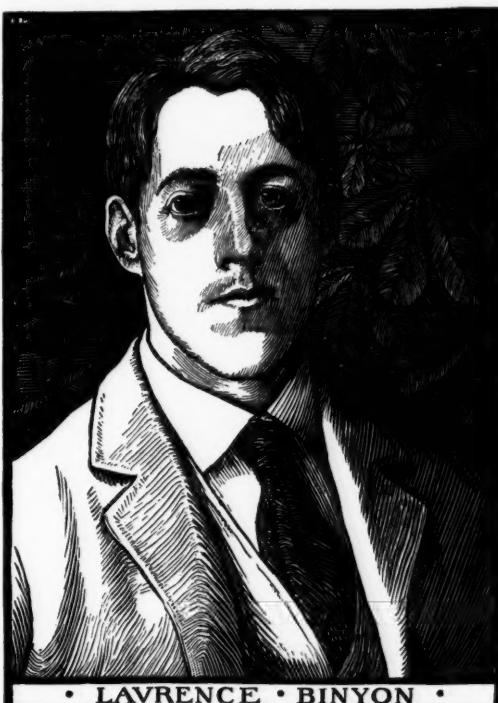
her little court; she seems to have possessed the exact balance of intelligence, sympathy and personal charm requisite for her part. The present "Memoirs" (Scribner), written half a century ago for her nephews, and not hitherto published, for family reasons, are delightful reading of their kind. The chronicler is very modest about what she has done. She does not know how to write and is too old to learn; she cannot pretend to accuracy but only to sincerity; the whole affair is a "somewhat patchwork production." Of course she writes admirably; and she speaks as eyewitness and participant in some very momentous historical episodes. She remains pure aristocrat; and the wonder with which as a child she beholds the first outbreak of popular fury is hardly tempered by the lapse of years: "The people, as a handful of wretches were styled," is a comment as favorable as any that she has to make upon the proletariat. The burden of her discourse is social rather than historical; she wished to preserve for her nephews certain traditions and chronicles of the *ancien régime*, to make them understand and in the main admire the France of her childhood. Naturally there is a good deal of gossip in her narrative, and, to say truth, not a little scandal; but if there be a happy and well-bred way of mentioning the unmentionable, it is that of Comtesse de Boigne.

Of the fiction that we have read in the course of the past month, Joseph Conrad's story of "The Secret Agent" (Harper) has interested us the most. This story-teller builds remarkable phrases. He has much music and as much power. His unfailing humor is very audaciously employed. He makes fun of his characters while he is leading them in the ways of tragedy. He gives us gooseflesh while he is amusing us. In an *Idle Reader's* opinion he is the best man at present telling stories.

The Lounger

MR. LAURENCE BINYON'S blank verse "Attila," which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in September, has been published in book form (Dutton) and is likely to command the attention of those who are interested in the achievements of contemporary dramatists. The London *Daily Chronicle* described the play as "a sincere, dignified, intelligent, interesting, poetic, scholarly, beautifully, splendid effort to write and act and produce a genuine high tragedy for a modern audience." This is high praise, but not undeserved, I should say. Mr. Binyon is exceptionally gifted and exceptionally scholarly. His drama, which I have only had time to glance through, seems to me better as a reading than as an acting play; but then I have not seen it acted. I might change my opinion if I should see Mr. Oscar Asche as Attila in a garb of skins, with long black hair flowing from under a horned head-dress, and Miss Lily Brayton as

Ildico, "in marvellous robes of deep blue, scarlet and gold." Mr. Binyon is a poet of rare quality. Of his prose, one may judge from his contribution to the July number of PUTNAM'S. He is an Oxford man—a Newdigate prize-winner,—and for the past twelve years has been associated with Mr. Sidney Colvin in the British Museum.



LAWRENCE • BINYON •

From a woodcut by Robert Bryden from William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," Lane

22

The title of G. K. Chesterton's new novel, "The Man Who Was Thursday," is considered a strange and original one. But did we not have from De Foe many years ago the story of the Man who was Friday? Mr. Chesterton need ask no better fortune than that his man Thursday shall become as famous as the man Friday.

23

Mrs. Glyn has come to America possessed in favor of Americans, particularly of American men. She is going to write a novel about them. It is to be in the "Visits of Elizabeth" rather than in the "Three Weeks" manner; for which

American men can thank their stars! When asked by an interviewer what she thought of American books, Mrs. Glyn replied:

I have read very few, but some of those I know I like immensely. Jack London is my adored author. I consider "The Call of the Wild" and "White Fang" two of the most beautiful books of the twentieth century. London is a tremendous philosopher. He would understand "Three Weeks" [she sighed]; he knows what love is. Then I adore "The Virginian," too. And I like "The Fighting Chance" immensely, and "The Social Secretary." Chambers wrote "The Fighting Chance," did n't he? I can never remember who the authors of books are. One of the first American books that I read, and enjoyed, was "Mr. Barnes of New York." It seems to me so typically American."

Jack London, Owen Wister and the rest might feel flattered if it were not for the last sentence. Mrs. Glyn says, in passing, that "Three Weeks" has "not had a single adverse criticism from France." Does this surprise you?



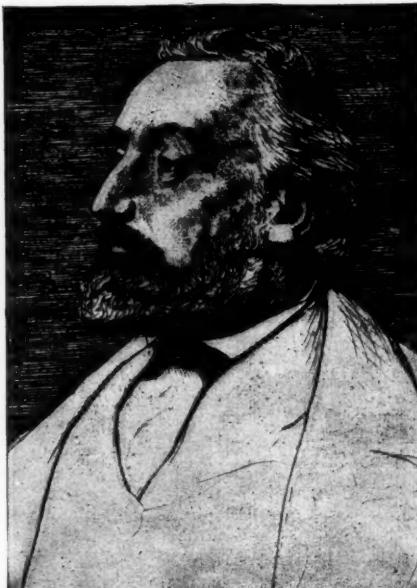
The American edition of "Three Weeks" contains a preface in which the author replies to her critics:

For me, "The Lady" was a deep study, the analysis of a strange Slav nature, who from circumstance and education and her general view of life was beyond the ordinary laws of morality. If I were making the

study of a tiger, I would not give it the attributes of a spaniel, because the public, and I myself, might prefer a spaniel! I would still seek to portray accurately every minute instinct of that tiger, to make a living picture. Thus, as you read, I want you to think of her as such a study—a great, splendid nature, full of the passionate realization of primitive instincts, immensely cultivated, polished, *blasé*. . . . The minds of some human beings are as moles, grubbing in the earth for worms. They have no eyes to see God's sky with the stars in it. To such my story will be but a sensual record of passion. But those who do look up beyond the material will understand the deep, pure love, and the Soul in it all.



There is no "God's sky" in this story. It is merely skilful scene painting, such as Mr. Belasco delights in. The sky is paint, and the stars are tinsel.



Courtesy of the John Lane Co.

LEON GAMBETTA

The most picturesque French statesman since Mirabeau

For the French point of view, command me to "The Heart of Gambetta," by Francis Laur.

M. Laur was a close friend of "the great tribune" and seems to have talked freely with him of Mme. Léonie Léon. This lady was loved by Gambetta from his thirty-fifth year to the day of his death. She was the inspiration of his life, and he freely admitted that her advice and counsel had everything to do with the shaping of his career. The story of his love for Mme. Leon, as told in this book, could be true of no man but a Frenchman.



Courtesy of the John Lane Co.

MME. LEONIE LÉON

The beautiful woman who was the inspiration of Gambetta's life



M. ÉLIE METCHNIKOFF

Who devotes his life to scientific research and the popularization of science

M. Élie Metchnikoff has the exceeding good fortune to be an entertaining writer as well as a man of science, and his books, instead of frightening off the unscientific reader, attract his attention and hold it. M. Metchnikoff has been described as "an *Omar Khayyām* who has divorced the Daughter of the Vine, and espoused hard work and plain living." The new volume by this popular scientist is called "The Prolongation of Human Life: Optimistic Essays." Here we have a most comprehensive and far-reaching title, and one that gives an author much scope. What M. Metchnikoff has to say about prolonging life is most sane and reasonable. He thinks, as do many other scientists, that life can be not only prolonged but made much better worth living, while at the same time

death may be contemplated with serenity, if not with positively agreeable sensations. If M. Metchnikoff can make converts to his pleasant theories, he will have done much to convert pessimists into optimists.



Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been giving her opinion of the heroines of early-nineteenth-century fiction, and they are not flattering:

Analyze the nineteenth-century heroine thoroughly in the light of this twentieth century, and you will be amazed at the cattishness of, we will say, Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," the hopeless stupidity, or worse, of that little bore, Amelia, in "Vanity Fair." And yet, our dear old Thackeray admired these women of his own creation. To him and to his generation, they were the ideal types of feminine

loveliness. The heroines of those days knew nothing of literature, except of the lightest kind, hence they were not "bookish." They were ignorant of science or philosophy, hence they were not "blue-stockings." They were adorably weak, delightfully ignorant, hence they were altogether charming heroines.

Those "good old days"! A marvellous change, truly, has taken place since they have passed away, and I think it is only some dear vicress, some "Early Victorian," who would deplore it. Men, certainly, would not care for a return of the Amelias and Lady Castlewood in this age of awakened feminine intelligence. What pleasure is there in talking to a ninny? Why should a man care to be tied to a creature whose ethical standards are lower than his own? And the strange part of it is that the change has, apparently, all happened in the last twenty-five years.

Mrs. Burnett is the creator of a number of stalwart heroines. Where could you find a sturdier one than Joan, that Lass o' Lowrie's, in her first novel? or one of greater nerve or firmer muscle than the Lady of Quality, who killed her man with the butt end of her riding-whip and kicked his dead body out of sight under the sofa? There is nothing "adorably weak" about such a heroine as this, for she could swear with the most hardened old sinners who gathered at her sporting father's fireside. I quite agree with Mrs. Burnett as to the "hopeless stupidity" of Amelia, but I cannot call Lady Castlewood "cattish," though I find her very insipid. There was nothing stalwart about Thackeray's heroines, and while I would not give that quality to the heroines of Dickens they are as a rule less insipid than his great contemporary's. Perhaps Thackeray's illustrations have helped to give us a certain contempt for his



From a photograph taken last summer at Sands Point, L. I.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

heroines, for he endows them with the sloping shoulders of the champagne bottle and the unexpressive faces of rag dolls. Even the wicked but fascinating Becky Sharp does not live up to her character in his illustrations.

Mrs. Burnett gives Du Maurier and Charles Dana Gibson credit for the "phenomenal physical improvement" in the women of to-day:

Before the "Gibson girl" appeared in this country, or the Greek types of Du Maurier appeared in England, the physical development of women was distinctly lower in both countries than it is to-day. But the work of these two artists seemed to act like a spur to the sex which they idealized so successfully. Like a miracle, almost, the pale, thin, stooping, low-statured creatures of the old poets' dreams and the three-volumed novelists' raptures grew suddenly into tall, erect, robust women, with eyes alert and intelligent, hair brushed back in waves above the forehead—the woman, in fact, that one meets on almost every block of a city street, and who impresses one at a glance with

her beauty, her intelligence, her self-reliance and strength of character.

While neither Mr. Du Maurier nor Mr. Gibson can be said to have created a type of female beauty, they did much to encourage it. In other words, they made the "tall, erect, robust woman" fashionable. Every American girl's ambition was to be a "Gibson girl" until within the last few months. Now they are all trying to make "Fluffy Ruffles" of themselves, which perhaps is hardly so noble an ambition!

22

I have been reading some extracts from a book called "Queer Things About Persia." This is one of the "queer things":

The same man who drops rose petals under your feet in order to make them avoid the hardness of the road, will not hesitate to make you suffer the most cruel tortures. He delights in the murmur of the rivulet in the moonshine, but the sound of blood flowing from an open wound has also for him its fascination. The singing of the nightingale fills him with rapture in the night, but he quivers with pleasure at the cry of pain from a victim.

Equally queer, perhaps, is the alleged attitude of the Persian toward truth:

The Persian does not consider a lie a sin. He thinks that we have a bad opinion of lying because we do not know how to lie, and if he shows an unbounded confidence in everything the Europeans say, it is chiefly because he thinks we are totally devoid of the gift.

In other words, the Persians are a childlike and primitive people. Not all primitive peoples, however, delight equally in poetry and bloodshed. In that particular the Persians are more picturesque than the Tartars, for instance. Individual examples may be found, even in civilized countries, of men who sing while they slay. We call such men abnormal, but in Persia they seem to be the common or garden variety. As for lying, has not that accomplishment been named with the arts?

When the late Edward Lear published his "Book of Nonsense," which was made up mainly of limericks, he little foresaw the amount of time that would be given to the making of these verses in later years, or the amount of money that would be paid for them —over twelve hundred dollars, in one case, for what the *New York Times* truthfully describes as "one silly line." The craze for limericks breaks out in England about once in every decade, always in connection with prizes offered by the penny weeklies. Sir Thomas Lipton has turned the craze to account in advertising his teas, but he exacts no entrance fee. The way the weeklies do it is to print all of a limerick but the last line, letting the contestant, after paying sixpence for the privilege, fill it out as he pleases. You can readily see that this is a very canny offer on the part of the publisher, for the contestants, by the six-penny contribution, furnish their own prize money. It is estimated that eight penny weeklies recently paid out \$61,985 in limerick prize money in one week! Some one has worked this sum out on the basis of sixpence (twelve cents) per person, and proved thereby that about 500,000 persons must have competed in this intellectual contest. Not to be "out of it," *Punch* prints "Our Elysian Limericks," awarding the first prize to Sir Walter Scott for this:

O! young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide border his steed is the best;

He rode all alone,

And to judge by his tone,

"Bridal" paths were the paths for which he was in quest.

Robert Browning, also, is one of the lucky winners:

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Drick galloped, we galloped all three,

"Good speed!" cried they all,

"Quick!" echoed the wall,

For it was n't a very good echo, you see!

Alas, poor Scott! poor Browning!
poor Lear!



From a photograph by Schemboche, Florence

"OUIDA"

The well-known novelist Mme. de la Rame, who denies that she is in want

Ouida, the well-known author, who made so great a reputation by her novels, her clever essays, and by her campaign in behalf of the Boers (which the English have never forgiven), Ouida, the clever novelist, for many years the most popular author, who received in her salon artists and literati of every country, now dwells in the most squalid misery and seclusion. The editors no longer remember her, the great American

reviews no longer request her articles and novels.

Ouida is now sixty-eight years of age, weak, humble, despondent, and dejected. Her former friends are no longer alive, that sumptuous residence at Florence and the most brilliant intellectual salon of Paris are now no more than a memory. Almost blind, full of misery, she is the guest of a poor family of peasants, who divide with her their bowl of soup



MR. DAVID BELASCO IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

and crust of bread. Her companions in misfortune are two dogs, as old and miserable as herself. Dogs were always a mania with this curious writer. At Florence and in the villa of Sant' Allessio, she had at one time three score of every breed and age. One day she gave a great feast, inviting all the dogs of the neighborhood. The papers spoke of the event as the whim of a mad woman, and said that Ouida was becoming eccentric, neurotic and impulsive.

In the last few years Ouida has acquired still another mania—a fondness for lawsuits. She brought suit against the sons of the owner of the villa where she lived, for trespassing on private property. It resulted in her winning her case, but it cost many pennies and she surely had none too many, because, in the brilliant period of her life, Ouida spent with great prodigality and with deplorable recklessness. The sufferings of these last years have rendered her unrecognizable and she totters as she walks. But she refuses all aid, saying that she wishes to die far from the gossiping world, alone with her pride and with her two faithful dogs.

Assistance is pouring in from all sides and the Italian Minister of Public Instruction has ordered that Ouida be supported by a pension. "Shall we not unite in helping her in time?" writes a correspondent of mine. "I hope so, because pitiful indeed is the change in fortune of this writer, who had her quarter of an hour of fame, and who now endures the greatest misery on that same coast of Viareggio where lived many of the characters of her novels."



Is Mr. Belasco always in a contemplative mood? or only when he poses before a camera? I have never seen a picture of him that did not represent him with eyes, downcast, apparently contemplating his sleeve-links. If it is the contemplation of his sleeve-links that has taught him to understand so well what the average American theatre-goer wants, he has not studied them in vain, and I would advise some less knowing managers to borrow the same sleeve-links and spend some time in contemplating them. From the days when Mr. Belasco managed the stage of the Madison Square Theatre for thirty-five dollars a week, and adapted plays for the Mallorys at five dollars a night, he has risen steadily in his business. Some of his stars may show the effect of too much training—their methods may not reveal sufficient individuality, —but they seldom fail to please the public and that, after all, is what they are in business for.



At last New York has a comparatively cheap cab service, and it looks as if it had come to stay. Some years ago an enterprising author and ex-publisher "promoted" a cheap cab service in New York, and there are many who will recall the yellow-bodied coupés that lined the cab stands. Twenty-five cents a mile was the fare, if I recollect rightly.

These cabs were well patronized, but there were not enough of them; and then the drivers of all the old "growlers" in the city had their cabs painted yellow, and this led not only to confusion but to war. Seeing a yellow cab, a "fare" would jump in, tell the driver to drive to such and such a street, and when he got there hand out a quarter. Not being a genuine yellow cabby, the driver would demand a dollar. Then came trouble. The twenty-five cent cabs were not long-lived. The company said they did n't pay. So an army of painters took them in hand, and the "canaries" disappeared from our streets.



Not only has "Susan Clegg" added much to the gayety of nations but now "Aunt Mary"—she who was rejuvenated—is helping the country forget its troubles. Mrs. French is doing a missionary work, for she is making people laugh when they are worried and "blue." Miss May Robson has made a great success in the stage version of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and arrangements are already under way for putting "Mrs. Clegg" behind the footlights. She will be welcome, for as a laugh-provoker she is irresistible. If you want to forget your troubles, read "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop" or "The Man in the House."



A young opera-singer who claims Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen" as her great-grandmother is soon to be heard in London. There are some of us who might not be proud of this relationship, but the lady in question considers it something to boast of. Here is the story as her press agent tells it:



MRS. ANNE WARNER FRENCH, THE CREATOR OF
"SUSAN CLEGG"

Our singer's name is Mme. Mintz Nadushka, and she is the wife of a French journalist. Carmen, it appears, was Mérimée's name for a gypsy called Ar Mintz, who lived in the south of Spain, near Gibraltar. She was never a cigar-maker at Seville, indeed, she never lived in a city, for she loved the freedom of the country. When quite a child she married one of the gypsies in her tribe, a man called Yaleo, who died soon afterwards. She was arrested for smuggling at Tarifa and was put into prison. From her close quarters she was released by an officer of high birth, Don José Navarro, a good fellow at heart but of a jealous disposition. To enjoy Carmen's society he deserted from the army and followed her into the hills. For a year he was with her, but this period was not one of bliss for either party, owing to their respective tempers. Eventually the officer found that Carmen's affection for him was declining, and believing that somebody else was winning her love, he killed her. Carmen had one child, a daughter,

who married a troubadour named Djarko. They had a large family, including a daughter Thecla, who became the wife of a British artilleryman at Gibraltar, named Harry Gresham. He died in India, and left his wife with a little girl, who has since become known as Mintz Nadushka.



This is interesting if true, but if we are to believe Mr. Channing Pollock's "Confessions," there is more poetry than truth in press agents' tales. The "Carmen" story is straight enough, and if Mme. Mintz Nadushka wants to claim this adventurous lady as a great-grandmother, who shall say her nay?



We all know that there are school-girls who will peep into their books at an examination, or listen to the voice of a prompting schoolmate, but the story of a school-teacher that has just reached us from Paris is something entirely new. For years past it has been noticed that the pupils of a certain school in the Latin Quarter have passed the state examinations with flying colors, and have thereby gained the prizes in the Civil Service at which they aimed. Now it is discovered that the lady principal herself, or one of her teachers, assumed a name in alphabetical order with that of the pupil, and appeared before the examining board. In this way she got a seat next the pupil to whom she whispered the correct answers to questions. The discovery of this fraud has made something of a sensation, and the prompted pupils have been promptly ejected from their appointments.



The death of George Allen, Ruskin's publisher, recalls a pleasant adventure I had in England a few years ago. I was in search of country presses, and Ruskin's works bore the imprint of George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. Here, of course, was a country press, and a well-known one. I would make a pilgrimage to the spot without

delay. A pilgrimage is more interesting when made with a companion than when made alone, so two of us took the train from London to Orpington. It was not a long journey, as miles go, but it took much time, and we arrived at Orpington at the luncheon hour, though we had left London by a fairly early train. Near the station was an inn—not such as we read about or see pictured in books of polite travel, or as we unearth in motoring. It was just a plain, everyday railway inn, where we got a cold-meat luncheon washed down by the none-too-cold beer of the country. We asked the young woman who waited upon us if she could direct us to the Sunnyside Press. She looked hard at us and hard out of the window, and shook her head. She had never heard of such a thing. We suggested that she consult the landlord: men were much more likely to know of such places. The landlord returned to the coffee-room with her. Had he heard aright?—a Sunnyside Press at Orpington? No, it was quite impossible. There was a place called Sunnyside not far up the road, where Mr. Allen lived: that was the only Sunnyside he knew. That was a good enough Sunnyside for us, and up the road we went.



There were no indications of a printing establishment about this modern villa, yet we ventured to ring and ask if we could see Mr. Allen. Not unless we went up to London could we see him. There we should find him at Ruskin House, Charing Cross Road. So this was the Allen of whom we were in quest; but where was the press? There was none, and never had been. The beautiful editions of Ruskin that had made author and publisher rich had been printed somewhere else, but in the early days they had been published from Orpington, and all the Allen family had taken part in the enterprise. We had a pleasant chat with the ladies, and some interesting Ruskin manuscripts and other memorials of the



"BREEZY MEADOW,"
Miss Kate Sanborn's Farm at Metcalfe, Mass.

famous writer were shown to us. A few days later I met Mr. Allen at Ruskin House and told him of my adventure, which seemed to amuse him very much.

22

It is well known that Ruskin would never authorize an American edition of his works. He did n't like the way certain pirated copies were printed. A firm of New York booksellers and publishers wrote him for authorization, and offered to pay him regular royalties (this was in the days before international copyright); but he refused—in a curt letter which they

framed and hung up in their office. I may add that this did not prevent their publishing a complete edition of Ruskin, many sets of which were smuggled into England, and sold at a much lower price than the handsomer Allen editions. Years later, when Ruskin's mind became enfeebled and all his publishing affairs were put into Mr. Allen's hands, arrangements were made for an authorized American edition, for which Ruskin's old friend, Charles Eliot Norton, furnished introductions. This was called the Brantwood Edition, and being printed at the Sunnyside Press, it was as beautiful as the other editions of Ruskin's works.



MISS KATE SANBORN,
Who made abandoned farms popular, at her own fireside

I should think that it would be a very remunerative as well as a very pleasant business to be the publisher of one author only, providing that that author was a popular one, as in the case of Ruskin. I should ask no greater riches than would be mine were I to have the exclusive publication of either Scott's, Dickens's or Thackeray's novels, or, among our own countrymen, of Hawthorne or Cooper or Irving, to name but a few. If one only knew which of the younger authors was to be a Scott or a Cooper, one might agree to publish for him alone; but it would be too great a risk to make arrangements in advance, there are so many one-book authors nowadays.

A number of years ago, when I was young in the business, there was a Broadway publisher who may be said

to have been a one-author publisher. This was the late W. J. Widdleton, who published the works of Edgar Allan Poe to the exclusion of all but two or three books of other writers, which he put on his list because he liked them, rather than because they were among the best "sellers." There have been instances where authors have published their own works to the exclusion of others. In some cases—notably that of the late A. C. Gunther, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York"—this has been successfully done; in others, as in that of Walt Whitman, "the contrary was the reverse," as Artemus Ward once said.



To a recent number of the *New England Magazine* Miss Kate Sanborn

contributes an interesting paper on "Farming as I See It." It is well known by those who keep informed in such matters that Miss Sanborn was a pioneer among Abandoned Farmers. She wrote a book on the subject that did much toward turning the city man's attention farmward, although she did not write altogether optimistically. Nor is her present article an optimistic one. I should say, after carefully reading it, that while Miss Sanborn had lived a pleasant life and greatly enjoyed it, having a keen sense of humor, she had not made farming "pay." I should like to live near "Breezy Meadow," for a neighbor might get rich buying chickens, vegetables, eggs and milk from her. Two cents and a half a quart for the purest Jersey milk! I pay nine cents, here in New York. Eight cents a dozen for green corn, and so on down the list. In a letter accompanying some photographs, Miss Sanborn says:

I want you to see that I am a real farmer hay, rye and vegetables. I built on to the original old house all after the kitchen, and have made a very cosy den of a hen-house at the end. I have set out over eight hundred trees and shrubs, and made fine walks all over the hills and through the woods. My "skeeter cheaters" are a great comfort. We breakfast often in one, in front of the house.

The "skeeter cheaters" are interesting, but where I have my farm of two acres, we don't need them. We have no mosquitoes to cheat. I have seen but a simple one in the four summers I have spent on the place, and I am not sure that even that one was a mosquito. It did n't look like a real one, and a native to whom I showed it said positively, "That ain't no skeeter."



By the time this paragraph appears in print, if all goes well Mme. Nordica will have broken ground at Ardsley on the Hudson for the Lillian Nordica Festival House. The designs for the house were made by Herr von Possart of the Munich

Court Theatre, who is coming to this country to direct the building of the temple of music which Mme. Nordica hopes to have ready for dedication in 1909. The founder's plan, so far as it has been disclosed, is to found a school for the training of American voices, as well as an auditorium for the giving of opera. She contends—and no one will contradict her—that much harm comes of sending young girls abroad to study music. In the course of an interview published in the *New York Times*, Mme. Nordica says:

I am planning a great opera school, too. It is the curse of this country that so many young girls are sent abroad to learn to sing in opera without any preparation here. A girl should not go abroad to study unless she is able to take care of herself by using her voice before she goes. I was able to support myself by singing before I ever went to Europe.

The trouble is that girls do not realize what is required of them when they enter an operatic career. They must learn languages, and they must learn acting. Some girls imagine they can go into the chorus. Even then in some opera-houses a répertoire of eighty operas in different languages is the requirement.

Europe is full of young girls who have no business there. They think they are learning to sing, but they are wasting their money. I am to sing at a benefit concert in Paris, which is given solely to raise money to send girls home who have failed. The situation is frightful. There should be a competent committee in America first to tell a girl truthfully if her voice is great enough to pay her to study, and second, to tell her what and how she is to study, and I think it is safe to say that any girl who is unable to earn money with her voice before she leaves this country had better stay here.

Every word of this is gospel truth, and there is much more that might be said on the moral side of the question, which is an important one. Occasionally some one comes forward and tells the pitiful tale, or part of it, for the half has not been told; but this does not prevent girls from every State in the Union flocking across the ocean



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MME. NORDICA AS BRUNHILDE

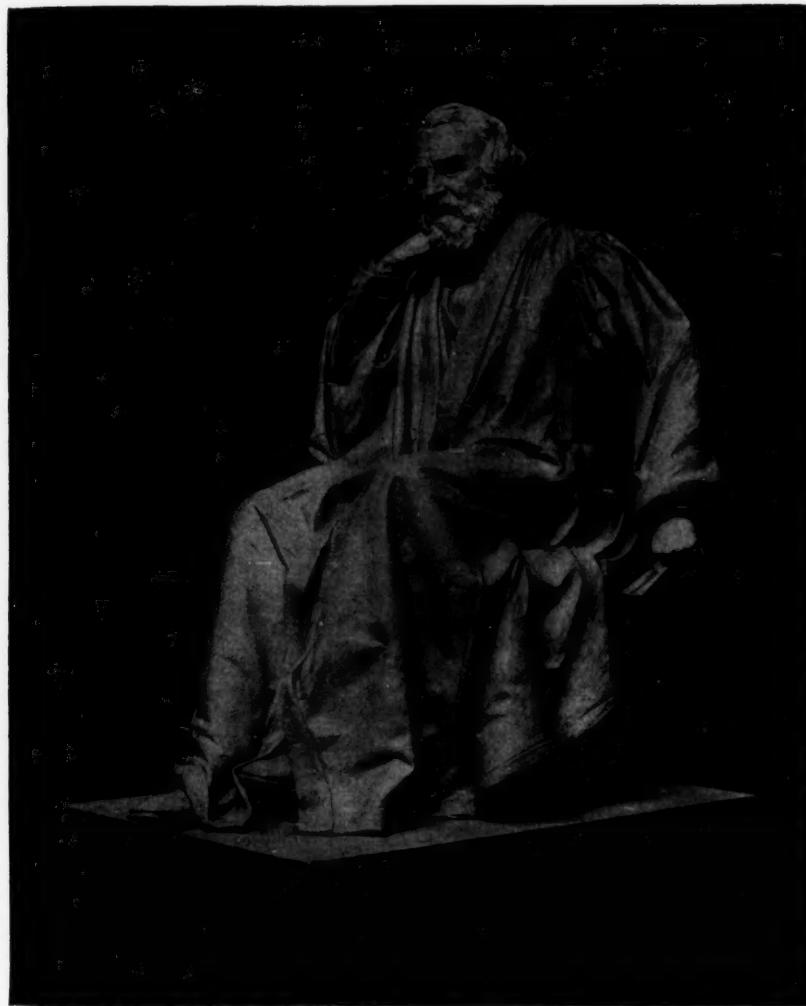
E. W. Histed, photo.

to get what cannot be given them—a voice for singing. There is nothing about which people are more unscrupulous than encouraging the voiceless to believe that they can sing. Of course this cannot be stopped, but if Mme. Nordica can stem the tide of would-be songbirds from crossing the ocean, and induce them to find out their limitations on this side of the water, she will be doing a great missionary work. My sincere thanks to her in advance.



A few months ago, Mrs. Grace McGowan Cooke and Miss Alice McGowan sold a story to the *Saturday*

Evening Post entitled "The Children of the Barren." Before the story was published, *Harper's Magazine* printed a story with the same title by Grace Ellery Channing, and the title of the *Post* story was changed to "An Apostle to the Children." Last April PUTNAM'S MONTHLY purchased of Mrs. Cooke a story with the title "Two Daughters of One Race." But in the October *Atlantic*, the same writer who had anticipated her before, has a story with this identical title; so the name of the PUTNAM story has been changed to "Sisters." Mrs. Cooke writes: "I have only one objection to Mrs. Stetson's getting the same titles that wedo, and that is her luck in using them first."



From the statue in bronze by William Couper

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Some time next spring Mr. William Couper's bronze statue of Longfellow will be unveiled at Washington, where it will stand at the corner of Rhode Island and Connecticut avenues. Congress gave the site and \$4,000, and \$21,000 was raised by popular subscription, encouraged by the Longfellow National Memorial Association, of which Chief Justice Fuller is President, and ex-President

Cleveland and President Roosevelt are honorary members of the Board of Regents. Mr. Couper has avoided the unpicturesque clothes of convention by dressing the poet in college robes. I don't suppose that Mr. Longfellow was very often seen in these robes, but that makes no difference; they are much better for artistic purposes than a frock coat and trousers.



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

Beer, George L. *British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765.* *Macmillan.*

Crane Walter. *An Artist's Reminiscences.* *Macmillan.*

Curtin, Jeremiah. *The Mongols.* *Little, Brown.*

Ellis, Edwin J. *The Real Blake.* *McClure.*

Hill, Frederick Trevor. *Decisive Battles of the Law.* *Harper.*

Lemaitre, Jules. *Jean Jacques Rousseau.* *McClure.*

Mistral, Frederic. *Memoirs of my Early Life.* *Baker and Taylor.*

Oberholtzer, Ellis P. *Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War.* *Jacobs.*

Perry, Bliss. *John Greenleaf Whittier.* *Houghton.*

Tilley, Arthur. *François Rabelais.* *Lippincott.*

Trevelyan, Sir George Otto. *The American Revolution. Part III.* *Longmans.*

Victoria Queen. *Letters.* Ed. by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. *Longmans.*

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Binyon, Laurence. *Attila: A Verse Drama.* *Dutton.*

Björkman, Edwin. *Ibsen as He Should Be Read.* *Moffat, Yard.*

Crowninshield, Frederic. *Under the Laurel.* *Dodd, Mead.*

Furness, Horace Howard. *Antony and Cleopatra.* *Variorum Edition.* *Lippincott.*

Irving, Henry B. *Occasional Papers.* *Small, Maynard.*

Payne, William Morton. *Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* *Holt.*

Phillips, Stephen. *Poems.* *Lane.*

Whitney, Helen Hay. *Gipsy Verses.* *Duffield.*

Woodberry, George E. *The Appreciation of Literature.* *Baker & Taylor.*

Fiction

Benson, E. F. *Sheaves.* *Doubleday.*

McLaws, L. *The Welding.* *Little, Brown.*

Mason, Edith H. *The Real Agatha.* *McClure.*

Mason, A. E. W. *The Broken Road.* *Scribner.*

Phelps, Elizabeth S. *Walled In.* *Harper.*

Rhodes, H. *The Flight to Eden.* *Holt.*

Robins, Elizabeth. *Under the Southern Cross.* *Stokes.*

Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. *A Fountain Sealed.* *Century.*

Streckfuss, Adolf. *The Lonely House.* Trans. by Mrs. A. L. Wister. *Lippincott.*

Tarkington, Booth. *His Own People.* *Doubleday.*

Thanet, Octave. *The Lion's Share.* *Bobbs-Merrill.*

Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *Milly and Olly.* *Doubleday.*

Travel and Description

Bates, Katharine Lee. *From Gretna Green to Land's End.* *Crowell.*

Davis, Richard Harding. *The Congo and the Coasts of Africa.* *Scribner.*

Landor, A. Henry Savage. *Across Wildest Africa.* *Scribner.*

Marshall, Herbert M. and Hester. *Cathedral Cities of France.* *Dodd, Mead.*

Van Norman, Louis E. *Poland, the Knight Among Nations.* *Revell.*

Whiting, Lilian. *Italy, the Magic Land.* *Little, Brown.*

Miscellaneous

Day, James R. *The Raid on Prosperity.* *Appleton.*

MacLaren Ian. *God's Message to the Human Soul.* *Revell.*

Mallock, W. H. *A Critical Examination of Socialism.* *Harper.*

Shaw, Albert. *The Outlook for the Average Man.* *Macmillan.*

Wallington, N. U. *Historic Churches of America.* Intro. by E. E. Hale. *Duffield.*

